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VOLUME XVIII

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The Bibelot

ARTHUR SYMONS *was born in Wales February 28, 1865. In 1886 his first book was given to the press,* An Introduction to the Study of Browning, *and from that date onward until 1909, when the* Romantic Movement in English Poetry *was published, there was scarcely a year in which a book of prose or verse did not attest his wonderful facility; a facility that was and is of the highest distinction. Not only in English but in American magazines a large body of his work still remains uncollected. It would, indeed, be difficult to give in the space at our command anything like an adequate idea of what the name of Arthur Symons fairly represents. It is still more difficult to write of one who alive is yet in a condition that removes him from the world of consciously living men. Some four years ago this brilliant* littérateur, *suddenly attacked by general paralysis, was reduced below the mental condition of a child. How much of this malady resulted from inherited conditions it would be difficult to determine as the facts have never been*

made public. That there were such tendencies may be assumed from an article for July, 1908, in The Fortnightly Review.[1] *As a fact this very article relies upon implicit statements made in the autobiography which we offer our readers,* A Prelude to Life. *If this is in any degree true it is the grimmest argument against any creed on the face of the earth that could be offered. To have poisoned the mind of a child in such fashion is worthy only of a devil or a Jesuit. Somehow, one recalls a similar experience as given by Lafcadio Hearn in which, however, this early fear of hell led to a far different conclusion.*

Taking up our subject in hand A Prelude to Life *was first printed in* Spiritual Adventures, *1905, and there can be no question as to its genuine autobiographical value. Seldom has the child psychology been set before us with such regard to literary finish and the exact truth. We think of nothing of recent date to compare with it save Mr. Edmund Gosse's* Father

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[1] *See* The Pose of Mr. Arthur Symons *by Francis Gribble. A somewhat disagreeable title but, as explained by Mr. Gribble, "the word 'pose' is used without any unfriendly intention and, indeed, almost as photographers use it."*

and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments, (*London, 1907*). *The larger work is unquestionably a full length portrait. The shorter essay in self-portraiture is and was intended as a mere "thumb-nail" or "kit-kat." One may also hark back to the early chapters of Rousseau's* Confessions, *and we cannot but feel glad that both later men of genius knew nothing — at least have said nothing — of the malodorous subjects with which the youthful Rousseau possessed a more than ample acquaintance.*

The bibliographical list printed at the end of this Prelude *is relied upon as a demonstration of an activity unequalled by that of any other man of letters of to-day. Symons, even more than Lionel Johnson, is rightly to be taken as the legitimate successor and pupil of Walter Pater. In literary research he stands alone as the English discoverer of Casanova. Whether or not the* Romantic Movement in Poetry, (*1909*) *received final revision at his hands may be questioned, but concerning all of his books before that date and, considering the cancellation and revision of his earlier work, it all bears witness to an honesty of purpose and to a literary ideal which few writers in England and none in*

America have had courage to carry out. If silence and darkness have fallen upon him enough remains to place Arthur Symons in that front rank of authors who, as Pater remarked long ago, "had something to say," and, like himself, in all his finished criticism generously expanded his subject "to the full measure of its intention."

"Are ye not overfond —
Ye who would carry memory to the shades,
Those blessed seats in the deep meads and glades?
For me — I have been bond
To griefs too many and to joys too fierce;
May neither with remembrance longer pierce!
Lead me caducean wand,
Where the green turf with silent dew is wet:
There my burnt, throbbing temples will I steep;
I would forget.
So let me sink in the Great Deep of Sleep!"

FOR FEBRUARY:
A PRELUDE TO LIFE (Concluded.)

FOR MARCH:
THE DYING OF FRANCIS DONNE:
A STUDY
BY ERNEST DOWSON.

A Prelude to Life

By

Arthur Symons.

He is not dead, this friend, not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as, face to face, this friend
You fancy dead. . . . .

Push gaily on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward, mile by mile,
Till you can overtake,
He strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling as he sees you through the break,
Waits on the stile.

R. L. Stevenson.

BENIGNANT principalities and powers
Of evil, powers of the world's abysmal hours,
Take me and make me yours: I am yours: O take
The sacrifice of soul and body, break
The mould of this void spirit, scatter it
Into the vague and shoreless infinite,
Pour it upon the restless arrogant
Winds of tumultuous spaces; grant, O grant
That the loosed sails of this determinate soul
Hurry it to disaster, and the goal
Of swiftest shipwreck; that this soul descend
The unending depths until oblivion end
In self-oblivion, and at last be lost
Where never any other wandering ghost,
Voyaging from other worlds remembered not,
May find it and remind of things forgot.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A PRELUDE TO LIFE.

I.

I AM afraid I must begin a good way back if I am to explain myself to myself at all satisfactorily. I can see how the queer child I was laid the foundation of the man I became, and yet I remember singularly little of my childhood. My parents were never very long in one place, and I have never known what it was to have a home, as most children know it; a home that has been lived in so long that it has got into the ways, the bodily creases, of its inhabitants, like an old, comfortable garment, warmed through and through by the same flesh. I left the town where I was born when I was one year old, and I have never seen it since. I do not even remember in what part of England my eyes first became conscious of the things about them. I remember the hammering of iron on wood, when a great ship was launched in a harbour; the terrifying sound of cannons, as they burst into smoke on a great plain near an ancient castle, while the soldiers rode in long lines across the grass; the clop-clop of a cripple with a wooden leg; with my intense terror at the toppling

wagons of hay, as I passed them in the road. I remember absolutely nothing else out of my very early childhood; I have not even been told many things about it, except that I once wakened my mother, as I lay in a little cot at her side, to listen to the nightingales, and that Victor Hugo once stopped the nurse to smile at me, as she walked with me in her arms at Fermain Bay, in Guernsey. If I have been a vagabond, and have never been able to root myself in any one place in the world, it is because I have no early memories of any one sky or soil. It has freed me from many prejudices in giving me its own unresting kind of freedom; but it has cut me off from whatever is stable, of long growth in the world.

I could not read until I was nine years old, and I could not read because I resolutely refused to learn. I declared that it was impossible; that I, at all events, never could do it; and I made the most of a slight weakness in my eyes, saying that it hurt them, and drawing tears out of my eyes at the sight of a book. I liked being read to, and I used to sit on the bed while my sister, who often had to lie down to rest, read out

stories to me. I had a theory that a boy must never show any emotion, and the pathetic parts of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" tried me greatly. On one occasion I felt my sobs choking me, and the passion of sorrow, mingled with the certainty that my emotion would betray itself, sent me into a paroxysm of rage, in which I tore the book from my sister's hands, and attacked her with my fists.

I never learned to read properly until I went to school at the age of nine. I had been for a little while to a dame's school, and learned nothing. I could only read easy words, out of large print books, and I was totally ignorant of everything in the world, when I suddenly found I had to go to school. I was taken to see the schoolmaster, whom I hated, because I had been told he had only one lung, and I heard them explaining to him how backward I was, and how carefully I had to be treated. When the day came I left the house as if I were going to the scaffold, walked very slowly until I had nearly reached the door of the school, and then, when I saw the other boys hurrying in with their satchels, and realised that I was to be

in their company, to sit on a form side by side with strangers, who knew all the things I did not know, I turned round and walked away much more quickly than I had come. I took some time in getting home, and I had to admit that I had not been to school. In the afternoon I was sent back, not alone. I have no recollection of more than the obscure horror of that first day at school. I went home in the evening with lessons that I knew had to be learned. Life seemed suddenly to have become serious. Up to then I had always fancied that the grave things people said to me had no particular meaning for me; for other people, no doubt, but not for me. I had played with other boys on the terrace facing the sea; I had seen them going off to school, and I had not had to go with them. Now everything had changed. There was no longer any sea; I had to live in a street; I had lessons to learn, and other people were to be conscious how well I learned them.

It was that which taught me to read. What had seemed to me not worth doing when I had only myself to please, for I could never realise that my parents, so to

speak, counted, became all at once a necessity, because now there were others to reckon with. It was discovered that in the midst of my unfathomable ignorance I had one natural talent: I could spell, without ever being taught. I saw other boys poring over the columns of their spelling-books, trying in vain to get the order of the letters into their heads. I never even read them through; they came to me by ear, instinctively. Finding myself able to do without trying something that the others could not succeed in doing at all, I felt that I could be hardly less intelligent than they, and I felt the little triumph of outdoing others. I began to learn greedily.

The second day I was at school I found the schoolroom door shut when I came into the playground, and I was told that I could not come in. I climbed the gymnasium ladder and looked through the window. Two boys were having a furious fight, and the bigger boys of the school were gravely watching it. I was completely fascinated: it was a new sensation. That day a boy bigger than myself jeered at me. I struck him. There was a rapid fight before all the

school, and I knocked him down. I never needed to fight again, nor did I.

When I had once begun to learn, I learned certain things very quickly, and others not at all. I never understood a single proposition of Euclid; I never could learn geography, or draw a map. Arithmetic and algebra I could do moderately, so long as I merely had to follow the rules; the moment common sense was required I was helpless. History I found entertaining, and I could even remember the dates, because they had to do with facts which were like stories. French and Latin I picked up easily, Greek with more difficulty. German I was never able to master; I had an instinctive aversion to the mere sound of it, and I could not remember the words; there were no pegs in my memory for them to hang upon, as there were for the words of all the Romance languages. When a thing did not interest me, nothing could make me learn it. I was not obstinate, I was helpless. I have never been able to make out why geography was so completely beyond my power. I have travelled since then over most of Europe, and I have learned geography with the sight

of my eyes. But with all my passion for places I have never been able to find my way in them until I have come to find it instinctively, and I suppose that is why the names in the book or on the map said nothing to me. At an examination when I was easily taking half the prizes, I have read through my papers in geography and in Euclid, and taken them up to the headmaster's desk, and handed them back to him, calmly telling him that I could not answer a single question. I was never able to go in for matriculation, or any sort of general public examination, to the great dissatisfaction of my masters, because, while I could have come out easily at the top in most of the subjects, there were always one or two in which I could do nothing.

I was not popular, at any of my schools, either with the boys or with the masters, but I was not disliked. I neither hated out-of-door games nor particularly cared for them, I rather liked cricket, but never played football. I was terribly afraid of making a mistake before other people, and would never attempt anything unless I was sure that I could do it. I did not make friends

readily, and I was somewhat indifferent to my friends. I cannot now recollect a single school-friend at all definitely, except one strange little creature, with the look and the intelligence of a grown man; and I remember him chiefly because he seemed to care very much for me, not because I ever cared much for him. He had a mathematical talent which I was told was a kind of genius, but, even then, he was only just kept alive, and he died in boyhood. He seemed to me different from any one else I knew, more like a girl than a boy; some one to be pitied. I remember his saying good-bye to me when they took him away to die.

What the masters really thought of me I never quite knew. I looked upon them as a kind of machine, not essentially different from the blackboard on which they wrote figures in chalk. They sometimes made mistakes about things which I knew, and this gave me a general distrust of them. I took their praise coolly, as a thing which was my due, and I was quite indifferent to their anger. I took no pains to conceal my critical attitude towards them, and one

classical master in particular was in terror of me. He was not a sound scholar, and he knew that I knew it. Every day he watched me out of the corner of his eye to see if I was going to expose him, and he bribed me by lending me books which I wanted to read. I loathed him, and left him alone. One day he carried his deceit too far; there was an inquiry, and he disappeared. I have no doubt my criticism was often unjust; I had the insolence of the parvenu in learning. It had come to me too late for me to be able to take it lightly. I corrected the dictation, put "Maréchal" for "Marshal" because the word was used in reference to Ney, who I knew was a Frenchman; and was furious when my pedantry lost me a mark.

During all this time I was living in the country, in small country towns in the South of England, places to which Blackmore and Kingsley had given a sort of minor fame. I remember long drives by night over Dartmoor, and the sea at Westward Ho. Dartmoor had always a singular fascination for me, partly because of its rocky loneliness, the abrupt tors on which one

could so easily be surprised in the mist, and partly because there was a convict prison there, in a little town which we often had occasion to visit. The most exquisite sensation of pleasure which the drinking of water has ever given me was one hot day on Dartmoor, when I drank the coldest water there ever was in the world out of the hollow of my hand under a little Roman bridge that we had to cross in driving to Princetown. The convict settlement was at Princetown, and as we came near we could see gangs of convicts at work on the road. Warders with loaded muskets walked up and down, and the men, in their drab clothes marked in red with the broad-arrow, shovelled and dug sullenly, like slaves. I thought every one of them had been a murderer, and when one of them lifted his head from his work to look at us as we passed I seemed to see some diabolical intention in his eyes. I still remember one horrible grimace, done, I suppose, to frighten me. I feared them, but I pitied them; I felt certain that some one was plotting how to escape, and that he would suddenly drop his shovel and begin to run, and that I

should see the musket pointed at him and hear the shot, and see the man fall. Once there was an alarm that two convicts had escaped, and I expected at every moment to see them jump out from behind a rock as we drove back at night. The warders had been hurrying through the streets, I had seen the bloodhounds in leash; I sickened at the thought of the poor devils who would be captured and brought back between two muskets. Once I saw an escaped convict being led back to prison; his arms were tied with cords, he had a bloody scar on his forehead, his face was swollen with heat and helpless rage

But I have another association with Princetown besides the convicts. It was in the house of one of the warders that I first saw "Don Quixote." We had gone in to get some tea, and, as we waited in the parlour, and my father talked with the man, a grave, powerful person dressed in dark-blue clothes, I came upon a book and opened it, and began to read. I thought it the most wonderful book I had ever seen; I could not put it down, I refused to be separated from it, and the warder said he would lend

it to me, and I might take it back with me that night. There was a thunderstorm as we drove back over the moor in the black darkness; I remember the terror of the horse, my father's cautious driving, for the road was narrow and there was a ditch on each side; the rain poured, and the flashes of lightning lit up the solid darkness of the moor for an instant, and then left us in the hollow of a deeper darkness. I clutched the book tight under my overcoat; the majesty of the storm mingled in my head with the heroic figure of which I had just caught a glimpse in the book; I sat motionless, inexpressibly happy, and when we reached home I had to waken myself out of a dream.

The dream lasted until I had finished the book, and after. I cannot remember how I felt, I only know that no book had ever meant so much to me. It was "Don Quixote" which wakened in me the passion for reading. From that time I read incessantly, and I read everything. The first verse I read was Scott, and from Scott I turned to Byron, at twelve or thirteen, as to a kind of forbidden fruit, which must be delicious because

it is forbidden. I had been told that Byron was a very, very great poet, and a very, very wicked man, an atheist, a writer whom it was dangerous to read. At school I managed to get hold of a Byron, which I read surreptitiously at the same moment that I was reading "The Headless Horseman." I thought "The Headless Horseman" very fine and gory, but I was disappointed in the Byron, because I could not find "Don Juan" in it. I knew, through reading a religious paper which condemned wickedness in great detail, that "Don Juan" was in some way appallingly wicked. I wanted to see for myself, but I never, at that time, succeeded in finding an edition immodest enough to contain it.

II.

While all this, and much more that I have forgotten, was building up about me the house of life that I was to live in, I was but imperfectly conscious of more than a very few things in the external world, and but half awake to more than a very few things in the world within me. I lived in the country, or at all events with lanes and fields always about me; I took long walks, and liked walking; but I never was able to distinguish oats from barley, or an oak from a maple; I never cared for flowers, except slightly for their colour, when I saw many of them growing together; I could not distinguish a blackbird from a thrush; I was never conscious in my blood of the difference between spring and autumn. I always loved the winter wind and the sunlight, and to plunge through crisp snow, and to watch the rain through leaves. But I would walk for hours without looking about me, or caring much for what I saw; I was never tired, and the mere physical delight of walking shut my eyes and my ears. I was always thinking, but never to much

purpose; I hated to think, because thinking troubled me, and whenever I thought long my thoughts were sure to come round to one of two things: the uncertainty of life, and the uncertainty of what might be life after death. I was terribly afraid of death; I did not know exactly what held me to life, but I wanted it to last for ever. I had always been delicate, but never with any definite sickness; I was uneasy about myself because I saw that others were uneasy about me, and my voracious appetite for life was partly a kind of haste to eat and drink my fill at a feast from which I might at any time be called away. And then I was still more uneasy about hell.

My parents were deeply religious; we all went to church, a Nonconformist church, twice on Sunday; I was not allowed to read any but pious books or play anything but hymns or oratorios on Sunday; I was taught that this life, which seemed so real and so permanent to me, was but an episode in existence, a little finite part of eternity. We had grace before and after meals; we had family prayers night and morning; we seemed to live in continual communication

with the other world. And yet, for the most part, the other world meant nothing to me. I believed, but could not interest myself in the matter. I read the Bible with keen admiration, especially Ecclesiastes; the Old Testament seemed to me wholly delightful, but I cared less for the New Testament; there was so much doctrine in it, it was so explicit about duties, about the conduct of life. I was taught to pray to God the Father, in the name of God the Son, for the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost. I said my prayers regularly; I was absolutely sincere in saying them; I begged hard for whatever I wanted, and thought that if I begged hard enough my prayer would be answered. But I found it very difficult to pray. It seemed to me that prayer was useless unless it were uttered with an intimate apprehension of God, unless an effort of will brought one mentally into his presence. I tried hard to hypnotise myself into that condition, but I rarely succeeded. Other thoughts drifted through my mind while my lips were articulating words of supplication. I said, over and over again, "O Lord, for Jesus' sake!" and even while I was saying

the words with fervour I seemed to lose hold of their meaning. I was taught that being clever mattered little, but that being good mattered infinitely. I wanted to want to be good, but all I really wanted was to be clever. I felt that this in itself was a wickedness. I could not help it, but I believed that I should be punished for not being able to help it. I was told that if I was very good I should go to heaven, but that if I was wicked I should go to hell. I saw but one alternative.

And so the thought of hell was often in my mind, for the most part very much in the background, but always ready to come forward at any external suggestion. Once or twice it came to me with such vividness that I rolled over on the ground in a paroxysm of agony, trying to pray God that I might not be sent to hell, but unable to fix my mind on the words of the prayer. I felt the eternal flames taking hold on me, and some foretaste of their endlessness seemed to enter into my being. I never once had the least sensation of heaven, or any desire for it. Never at any time did it seem to me probable that I should get there.

I remember once in church, as I was looking earnestly at the face of a child for whom I had a boyish admiration, that the thought suddenly shot across my mind: "Emma will die, Emma will go to heaven, and I shall never see her again." I shivered all through my body, I seemed to see her vanishing away from me, and I turned my eyes aside, so that I could not see her. But the thought gnawed at me so fiercely that a prayer broke out of me, silently, like sweat: "O God, let me be with her! O God, let me be with her!" When I came out into the open air, and felt the cold breeze on my forehead, the thought had begun to relax its hold on me, and I never felt it again, with that certainty; but it was as if a veil had been withdrawn for an instant, the veil which renders life possible, and, for that instant, I had seen.

When my mother talked to me about pious things, I felt that they were extraordinarily real to her, and this impressed me the more because her thirst for this life was even greater than mine, and her hold on external things far stronger. My father was a dryly intellectual, despondent person,

whose whole view of life was coloured by the dyspepsia which he was never without, and the sick headaches which laid him up for a whole day, every week or every fortnight. He was quite unimaginative, cautious in his affairs, a great reader of the newspaper; but he never seemed to me to have had the same sense of life as my mother and myself. I respected him, for his ability, his scholarship, and his character; but we had nothing akin, he never interested me. He was severely indulgent to me; I never knew him to be unkind, or even unreasonable. But I took all such things for granted, I felt no gratitude for them, and I was only conscious that my father bored me. I had no dislike for him; an indifference, rather; perhaps a little more than indifference, for if he came into the room, and I did not happen to be absorbed in reading, I usually went out of it. We might sit together for an hour, and it never occurred to either of us to speak. So when he spoke to me of my soul, which he did seriously, sadly, with an undertone of reproach, my whole nature rose up against him. If to be good was to be like him, I did not wish to be good.

With my mother, it was quite different. She had the joy of life, she was sensitive to every aspect of the world; she felt the sunshine before it came, and knew from what quarter the wind was blowing when she awoke in the morning. I think she was never indifferent to any moment that ever passed her by; I think no moment ever passed her by without being seized in all the eagerness of acceptance. I never knew her when she was not delicate, so delicate that she could rarely go out of doors in the winter; but I never heard her complain, she was always happy, with a natural gaiety which had only been strengthened into a kind of vivid peace by the continual presence of a religion at once calm and passionate. She was as sure of God as of my father; heaven was always as real to her as the room in which she laughed and prayed. Sometimes, as she read her Bible, her face quickened to an ecstasy. She was ready at any moment to lay down the book and attend to the meanest household duties; she never saw any gulf between meditation and action; her meditations were all action. When a child, she had lain awake, longing

to see a ghost; she had never seen one, but if a ghost had entered the room she would have talked with it as tranquilly as with a living friend. To her the past, the present, and the future were but moments of one existence; life was everything to her, and life was indestructible. Her own personal life was so vivid that it never ceased, even in sleep. She dreamed every night, precise, elaborate dreams, which she would tell us in the morning with the same clearness as if she were telling us of something that had really happened. She was never drowsy, she went to sleep the moment her head was laid on the pillow, she awoke instantly wide awake. There were things that she knew and things that she did not know, but she was never vague. A duty was as clear to her as a fact; infinitely tolerant to others, she expected from herself perfection, the utmost perfection of which her nature was capable. It was because my mother talked to me of the other world that I felt, in spite of myself, that there was another world. Her certainty helped to make me the more afraid.

She did not often talk to me of the other world. She preferred that I should see it

reflected in her celestial temper and in a capability as of the angels. She sorrowed at my indifference, but she was content to wait; she was sure of me, she never doubted that, sooner or later, I should be saved. This, too, troubled me. I did not want to be saved. It is true that I did not want to go to hell, but the thought of what my parents meant by salvation had no attraction for me. It seemed to be the giving up of all that I cared for. There was a sort of humiliation in it. Jesus Christ seemed to me a hard master.

Sometimes there were revival services at the church, and I was never quite at my ease until they were over. I was afraid of some appeal to my emotions, which for the moment I should not be able to resist. I knew that it would mean nothing, but I did not want to give in, even for a moment. I felt that I might have to resist, with more than my customary indifference, and I did not like to admit to myself that any active resistance could be necessary. I knelt, as a stormy prayer shook the people about me into tears, rigid, forcing myself to think of something else. I saw the preacher move about the church, speaking to one after

another, and I saw one after another get up and walk to the communion rail, in sign of conversion. I wondered that they could do it, whatever they felt; I wondered what they felt; I dreaded lest the preacher should come up to me with some irresistible power, and beckon me up to that rail. If he did come, I knelt motionless, with my face in my hands, not answering his questions, not seeming to take the slightest notice of him; but my heart was trembling, I did not know what was going to happen; I felt nothing but that horrible uneasiness, but I feared it might leave me helpless, at the man's mercy, or at God's perhaps.

As we walked home afterwards, I could see the others looking at me, wondering at my spiritual stubbornness, wondering if at last I had felt something. To them, I knew, I was like a man who shut his eyes and declared that he could not see. "You have only to open your eyes," they said to the man. But the man said, "I prefer being blind." It was inexplicable to them. But they were not less inexplicable to me.

III.

From the time when "Don Quixote" first opened my eyes to an imaginative world outside myself, I had read hungrily; but another world was also opened to me when I was about sixteen. I had been taught scales and exercises on the piano; I had tried to learn music, with very little success, when one day the head-master of the school asked me to go into his drawing-room and copy out something for him. As I sat there copying, the music-master, a German, came in and sat down at the piano. He played something which I had never heard before, something which seemed to me the most wonderful thing I had ever heard. I tried to go on copying, but I did not know what I was writing down; I was caught into an ecstasy, the sound seemed to envelop me like a storm, and then to trickle through me like rain-drops shaken from wet leaves, and then to wrap me again in a tempest which was like a tempest of grief. When he had finished I said, "Will you play that over again?" As he played it again I began to

distinguish it more clearly; I heard a slow, heavy trampling of feet, marching in order, then what might have been the firing of cannon over a grave, and the trampling again. When he told me that it was Chopin's Funeral March, I understood why it was that the feet had moved so slowly, and why the cannon had been fired; and I saw that the melody which had soothed me was the timid, insinuating consolation which love or hope sometimes brings to the mourner. I asked him if he would teach me music and if he would teach me that piece. He promised to teach me that piece, and I learned it. I learned no more scales and exercises; I learned few more pieces; but in a little while I could read at sight; and when I was not reading a book I was reading a piece of music at the piano. I never acquired the technique to play a single piece correctly, but I learned to touch the piano as if one were caressing a living being, and it answered me in an intimate and affectionate voice.

Books and music, then, together with my solitary walks, were the only means of escape which I was able to find from the tedium of things as they were. I was passionately in

love with life, but the life I lived was not the life I wanted. I did not know quite what I wanted, but I knew that what I wanted was something very different from what I endured. We were poor, and I hated the constraints of poverty. We were surrounded by commonplace, middle-class people, and I hated commonplace and the middle classes. Sometimes we were too poor even to have a servant, and I was expected to clean my own boots. I could not endure getting my hands or my shirt-cuffs dirty; the thought of having to do it disgusted me every day. Sometimes my mother, without saying anything to me, had cleaned my boots for me. I was scarcely conscious of the sacrifices which she and the others were continually making. I made none, of my own accord, and I felt aggrieved if I had to share the smallest of their privations.

From as early a time as I can remember, I had no very clear consciousness of anything external to myself; I never realised that others had the right to expect from me any return for the kindness which they might show me or refuse to me, at their choice. I existed, others also existed; but between us

there was an impassable gulf, and I had rarely any desire to cross it. I was very fond of my mother, but I felt no affection towards any one else, nor any desire for the affection of others. To be let alone, and to live my own life for ever, that was what I wanted; and I raged because I could never entirely escape from the contact of people who bored me and things which depressed me. If people called, I went out of the room before they were shown in; if I had not time to get away, I shook hands hurriedly, and slipped out as soon as I could. I remember a cousin who used to come to tea every Sunday for two or three years. My aversion to her was so great that I could hardly answer her if she spoke to me, and I used to think of Shelley, and how he too, like me, would "lie back and languish into hate." The woman was quite inoffensive, but I am still unable to see her or hear her speak without that sickness of aversion which used to make the painfulness of Sunday more painful.

People in general left me no more than indifferent; they could be quietly avoided. They meant no more to me than the chairs on which they sat; I was untouched by their

fortunes; I was unconscious of my human relationship to them. To my mother every person in the world became, for the moment of contact, the only person in the world; if she merely talked with any one for five minutes she was absorbed to the exclusion of every other thought; she saw no one else, she heard nothing else. I watched her, with astonishment, with admiration; I felt that she was in the right and I in the wrong; that she gained a pleasure and conferred a benefit, while I only wearied myself and offended others; but I could not help it. I felt nothing, I saw nothing, outside myself.

I always had a room upstairs, which I called my study, where I could sit alone, reading or thinking. No one was allowed to enter the room; only, in winter, as I always let the fire go out, my mother would now and then steal in gently without speaking, and put more coals on the fire. I used to look up from my books furiously, and ask why I could not be left alone; my mother would smile, say nothing, and go out as quietly as she had come in. I was only happy when I was in my study, but, when I had shut the door behind me, I forgot all

about the tedious people who were calling downstairs, the covers of the book I was reading seemed to broaden out into an enclosing rampart, and I was alone with myself.

At my last school there was one master, a young man, who wrote for a provincial newspaper, of which he afterwards became the editor, with whom I made friends. He had read a great deal, and he knew a few literary people; he was equally fond of literature and of music. Some school composition of mine had interested him in me, and he began to lend me books, and to encourage me in trying to express myself in writing. I had already run through Scott and Byron, with a very little Shelley, and had come to Browning, whom he detested. When I was laid up with scarlatina he sent me over a packet of books to read; one of them was Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," which seemed to give voice to all the fever that I felt just then in my blood. I read "Wuthering Heights" at the same time, and Rabelais a little time afterwards. I read all the bound volumes of the "Cornhill Magazine" from the beginning right through,

stories, essays, and poems, and I remember my delight in "Harry Richmond," at a time when I had never heard the name of George Meredith. I read essays signed "R. L. S.", from which I got my first taste of a sort of gipsy element in literature which was to become a passion when, later on, "Lavengro" fell into my hands. The reading of "Lavengro" did many things for me. It absorbed me from the first page, with a curiously personal appeal, as of some one akin to me, and when I came to the place where Lavengro learns Welsh in a fortnight, I laid down the book with a feeling of fierce emulation. I had often thought of learning Italian: I immediately bought an Italian Bible, and a grammar; I worked all day long, not taking up "Lavengro" again, until, at the end of the fortnight which I had given myself, I could read Italian. Then I finished "Lavengro."

"Lavengro" took my thoughts into the open air, and gave me my first conscious desire to wander. I learned a little Romany, and was always on the lookout for gipsies. I realised that there were other people in the world besides the conventional

people I knew, who wore prim and shabby clothes, and went to church twice on Sundays, and worked at business and professions, and sat down to the meal of tea at five o'clock in the afternoon. And I realised that there was another escape from these people besides a solitary flight in books; that if a book could be so like a man, there were men and women, after all, who had the interest of a book as well as the warm advantage of being alive. Humanity began to exist for me.

But with this discovery of a possible interest in real people, there came a deeper loathing of the people by whom I was surrounded. I had for the most part been able to ignore them; now I wanted to get away, so that I could live my own life, and choose my own companions. My vague notions of sex became precise, became a torture.

When I first read Rabelais and the "Poems and Ballads," I was ignorant of my own body; I looked upon the relationship of man and woman as something essentially wicked; my imagination took fire, but I was hardly conscious of any physical reality connected with it. I was inexpressibly timid

in the presence of a woman; I hardly ever met young people of my own age; and I had a feeling of the deepest reverence for women, from which I endeavoured to banish the slightest consciousness of sex. I thought it an inexcusable disrespect; and in my feeling towards the one or two much older women who at one time or another had a certain attraction for me, there was nothing, conscious at least, but a purely romantic admiration. At the same time I had a guilty delight in reading books which told me about the sensations of physical love, and I trembled with ecstasy as I read them. Thoughts of them haunted me; I put them out of my head by an effort, I called them back, they ended by never leaving me.

I think it was a little earlier than this that I began to walk in my sleep, and to have nightmares; but it was just then that I suffered most from those obscure terrors of the night. Once, when I was a child, I remember waking up in my nightshirt on the drawing-room sofa, and being wrapped up in a shawl and carried upstairs by my father, and put back into bed. I had come down in my sleep, opened the door, and walked

into the room without seeing any one, and laid myself down on the sofa. I did not often dream, but, whenever I dreamed, it was of infinite spirals, up which I had to climb, or of ladders, whose rungs dropped away from me as my feet left them, or of slimy stone stairways into cold pits of darkness, or of the tightening of a snake's coils around me, or of walking with bare feet across a floor curdling with snakes. I awoke, stifling a scream, my hair damp with sweat, out of impossible tasks in which time shrank and swelled in some deadly game with life; something had to be done in a second, and all eternity passed, lingering, while the second poised over me like a drop of water always about to drip: it fell, and I was annihilated into depth under depth of blackness.

Into these dreams of abstract horror there began to come a disturbing element of sex. My books and my thoughts haunted me; I was restless and ignorant, physically innocent, but with a sort of naïve corruption of mind. All the interest which I had never been able to find in the soul, I found in what I only vaguely apprehended of the body.

To me it was something remote, evil, mainly inexplicable; but nothing I had ever felt had meant so much to me. I never realised that there was any honesty in sex, that nature was after all natural. I reached stealthily after some stealthy delight of the senses, which I valued the more because it was a forbidden thing. Love I never associated with the senses, it was not even passion that I wanted; it was a conscious, subtle, elaborate sensuality, which I knew not how to procure. And there was an infinite curiosity, which I hardly even dared dream of satisfying; a curiosity which was like a fever. I was scarcely conscious of any external temptations. The ideas in which I had been trained, little as they had seemed consciously to affect me, had given me the equivalent of what I may call virtue, in a form of good taste. I was ashamed of my desires, of my sensations, though I made no serious effort to escape them; but I knew that, even if the opportunity were offered, something, some scruple of physical refinement, some timidity, some unattached sense of fitness, would step in to prevent me from carrying them into practice.

IV.

Every now and then my father used to talk to me seriously, saying that I should have to choose some profession, and make my own living. I always replied that there was nothing I could possibly do, that I hated every profession, that I would rather starve than soil my hands with business, and that so long as I could just go on living as I was then living, I wanted nothing more. I did not want to be a rich man, I was never able to realise money as a tangible thing, I wanted to have just enough to live on, only not at home; in London. My father did not press the matter; I could see that he dreaded my leaving home, and he knew that, for the time, going to London was out of the question.

One summer I went down to a remote part of England to stay with some of my relations. I had seen none of them since I was a child, I knew nothing about them, except that some were farmers, some business people; there was an astronomer, an old sea-captain, and a mad uncle who lived

in a cottage by himself on a moor near the sea, and grew marvellous flowers in a vast garden. I stayed with a maiden aunt, who was like a very old and very gaunt little bird; she was deaf, wrinkled, and bent, but her hair was still yellow, her voice a high piping treble, and she ran about with the tireless vivacity of a young girl. She had been pretty, and had all the little vanities of a coquette; she wore bright, semi-fashionable clothes, and conspicuous hats. She had much of the natural gaiety of my mother, who was her elder sister; and she was infinitely considerate of me, turning out one of her little rooms that I might have it for a study. She liked me to play to her, and would sit by the side of the old piano listening eagerly. The mad uncle was her brother, and he would come in sometimes from his cottage, bringing great bundles of flowers. He was very kind and gentle, and he would sometimes tell me of the letters he had been writing to the Prince of Wales on the subject of sewage, and of how the Prince of Wales had acknowledged his communications. He had many theories about sewage; I have heard that some of them

were plausible and ingenious; and he was convinced that his theories would some day be accepted, and that he would become famous. I believe his brain had been turned by an unlucky passion for a beautiful girl; he was only in an asylum for a short time; and for the most part lived happily in his cottage among his flowers, developing theories of sewage, and taking sun-baths naked in the garden.

The people of whom I saw most were some cousins: the father kept a shop, and they all helped in the business. They were very kind, and did all they could for me by feeding me plentifully and taking me for long drives in the country, which was very hilly and wooded, and sometimes to the sea, which was not too far off to reach by driving. We had not an idea in common, and I always wondered how it was possible that my aunt, who was my mother's eldest sister, could ever have married my uncle. He was a kind man, and, in his way, intelligent; but he talked incessantly, insistently, and with something unctuous in his voice and manner; he came close to me while he spoke, and tapped my shoulder with his

fingers or my leg with his stick. I could not bear him to touch me; sometimes he dropped his h's, and, as I heard them drop, I saw the old man looking fixedly into my face with his large, keen, shifting eyes.

One of the daughters had something inquiring in her mind, a touch of rebellious refinement; she had enough instinct for another kind of life to be at least discontented with her own; with her I could talk. But the others fitted into their environment without a crease or a ruffle. They went to the shop early in the morning, slaved there all day, taught in the Sunday-School on Sundays, said the obvious things to one another all day long, were perfectly content to be where they were, do what they did, think what they thought, and say what they said. Their house reflected them like a mirror. Everything was clean and new, there was plenty of everything; and I used to sit in their drawing-room looking round it in a vain attempt to find a single thing which I could have lived with, in a house of my own.

I went home from the visit gladly, glad to be at home again. We were living then

in the Midlands, and I used to spend whole days at Kenilworth, at Warwick, at Coventry; I knew them from Scott's novels, but I had never seen a ruined castle, a city with ancient buildings, and I began to feel that there was something else to be seen in the world besides the things I had dreamed of seeing. I took a boat at Leamington, and rowed up the river as far as the chain underneath Warwick Castle. I do not know why I have always remembered that moment, as if it marked a date to me. It was with a full enjoyment of the contrast that I found them busy preparing for a *fête* when I got back to Leamington; stringing up the Chinese lanterns to the branches of trees, and putting out little tables on the grass. At Coventry I loved going through the narrow streets, looking up at the windows which leaned together under their gabled roofs. I saw Lady Godiva borne through the streets, more clothed than she appears in the pictures, in the midst of a gay and solemn procession, tricked out in old-fashioned frippery. And I spent a long day there, one of the days of the five-day fair, which feasted me with sensations on

which I lived for weeks. It was the first time I had ever plunged boldly into what Baudelaire calls "the bath of multitude;" it intoxicated me, and seemed, for the first time in my life, to carry me outside myself. I pushed my way through the crowds in those old and narrow streets, in an ecstasy of delight at all that movement, noise, colour, and confusion. I seemed suddenly to have become free, in contact with life. I had no desire to touch it too closely, no fear of being soiled at its contact; a vivid spirit of life seemed to come to me, in my solitude, releasing me from thought, from daily realities.

Once I went as far as Chester. It was the Cup day, and there was an excursion. I watched the race, feeling a momentary excitement as the horses passed close to me, and the pellets of turf shot from their heels into the air above my head; the crowd was more varied than any crowd I had ever seen, and I discovered a blonde gipsy girl, in charge of a cocoanut-shy, who let me talk a little Romany with her. I thought Chester, with its arcades and its city-walls, the most wonderful old place I had ever seen. As I

walked round the wall, a woman leaned out of a window and called to me: I thought of Rahab in the Bible, and went home dreaming romantically about the harlot on the wall.

One day, as I was walking along a country road, I was stopped by a sailor, who asked me how far it was to some distant place. He was carrying a small bundle, and was walking, he told me, until he came to a certain sea-port. He did not beg, but accepted gladly enough what I gave him. He had been on many voyages, and had picked up a good many words of different languages, which he mispronounced in a scarcely intelligible jargon of his own. He had been left behind by his ship in Russia, where he had stayed on account of a woman: she could speak no English, and he but little Russian; but it did not seem to have mattered. It was the first time I had seemed to come so close to the remote parts of the world; and, as he went on his way, he turned back to urge me to go on some voyage which he seemed to remember with more pleasure than any other: to the West Indies, I think. I began to pore over maps,

and plan to what parts of the world I would go.

Meanwhile, little by little, I was beginning to live my own life at home; I played the piano on Sundays, to whatever tune I liked; I read whatever I liked on Sundays; and, finally, I ceased to go to church. Latterly I had come to put my boredom there to some purpose: I followed the lessons word by word in Bibles and Testaments in many languages, and, while the sermon was going on, I kept my Bible quietly open on my knees, and read on, chapter after chapter, while the preacher preached I knew not what: I never heard a word of it, not even the text. I read, not for the Bible's sake, but to learn the language in which I was reading it. My parents knew this, but after all it was the Bible, and they could hardly object to my reading the Bible. Sometimes I scribbled down ideas that came into my head; sometimes I merely sat there, with a stony inattention, showing, I fancy, in my face, all the fierce disgust that I felt. During the sermon I always found it quite easy to abstract my attention; during the hymns I

amused myself by criticising the bad rhymes and false metaphors; but during prayer-time, though I kept my eyes wide open, and sat as upright as I dared, I could hardly help hearing what was said. What was said, very often, made me ashamed, as if I were unconsciously helping to repeat absurdities to God.

When I told my parents that I could go to church no longer, I had no definite reason to allege, except that the matter did not interest me. I did not doubt the truth of the Christian religion; I neither affirmed nor denied; it was something, to me, beside the question. I could argue about dogma; I defended a liberal interpretation of doctrines; I insisted that there were certain questions which we were bound to leave open. But I was not alienated from Christianity by intellectual difficulties; it had never taken hold of me, and I gave up nothing but a pretence in giving up the sign of outward respect for it. My parents were deeply grieved, but, then as always, they respected my liberty.

The first time I remember going to London, for I had been there when a child,

was by an excursion, which brought me back the same night. Of the day, or of what I did then, I can recall nothing; daylight never meant so much to me as the first lighting of the lamps. I found my way back to King's Cross, in some bewilderment, to find that one train had gone, and that the next would leave me an hour or two more in London. I walked among the lights, through hurrying crowds of people, in long, dingy streets, not knowing where I was going, till I found myself outside a great building which seemed to be a kind of music-hall. I went in; it was the Agricultural Hall, and some show was being given there. There were acrobats, gymnasts, equilibrists, performing beasts; there was a vast din, concentrating all the noises of a fair within four walls; people swarmed to and fro over the long floor, paying more heed to one another than to the performance. I scrutinised the show and the people, a little uneasily; it was very new to me, and I was not yet able to feel at home in London. I found my way to the station like one who comes home, half dizzy and half ashamed, after a debauch.

The next time I went to London, I went for a week. I stayed in a lodging-house near the British Museum, a mean, uncomfortable place, where I had to be indoors by midnight. During the day I read in the Museum; the atmosphere weighed upon me, and gave me a headache every day; the same atmosphere weighed upon me in the streets around the Museum; I was dull, depressed, anxious to get through with the task for which I had come to London, anxious to get back again to the country. I went back with a little book-learning, of the kind that I wanted to acquire; I began to have books sent down to me from a library in London; I worked, more and more diligently, at reading and studying books; and I began to think of devoting myself entirely to some sort of literary work. It was not that I had anything to say, or that I felt the need of expressing myself. I wanted to write books for the sake of writing books; it was food for my ambition, and it gave me something to do when I was alone, apart from other people. It helped to raise another barrier between me and other people.

I went up to London again for a longer visit, and I stayed in a lodging-house in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the Embankment, near the stage-door of one of the theatres.[1] A little actress and her mother were staying in the house, and I felt that I was getting an intimate acquaintance with the stage, as I sat up with the little actress, after her mother had gone to bed, and listened timidly to her stories of parts and dresses and the other girls. She was quite young, and still

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1 At a somewhat later date in *Josiah Flynt—An Impression* by Emily M. Burbank (see *My Life* by Josiah Flynt, pp. 348-355) a vivacious description is given of Symons as follows: "I can see him now, big, blond and very English, his hands deep in the pockets of his gray tweeds; an old, brown velveteen jacket, faded blue socks and soft tan slippers, harmonizing with his 'stage-setting'—well mellowed by time. Books lined the walls, and a spinnet, on which Symons played, when alone, stood in one corner. He had prepared tea and elaborate sweets for us, and then forgot to offer them, so busy was he, talking of his friend, Christina Rossetti, whose poems he had just edited! When he spoke of Olive Schreiner, some one asked him if she was interesting, and I remember quite well Symons' reply: 'I stood all one night listening to her talk!'"

ingenuous enough to look forward to the day when she would have her name on the placards in letters I forget how many inches high. I had been to my first theatre, it was Irving in "King Lear," and now I was hearing about the stage from one who lived on it. A little actress, afterwards famous for her beauty, and then a child with masses of gold hair about her ears, lived next door, at another lodging-house, which her mother kept. I watched for her to pass the window, or for a chance of meeting her in the street. When I went back again to the country, it was with a fixed resolve to come and live in London, where, it seemed, I could, if I liked, be something more than a spectator of the great, amusing crowd. The intoxication of London had got hold of me; I felt at home in it, and I felt that I had never yet found anywhere to be at home in.

I lived in London for five years, and I do not think there was a day during those five years in which I did not find a conscious delight in the mere fact of being in London. When I found myself alone, and in the midst of a crowd, I began to be astonishingly happy. I needed so little, at the

beginning of that time. I have never been able to stay long under a roof without restlessness, and I used to go out into the streets, many times a day, for the pleasure of finding myself in the open air and in the streets. I had never cared greatly for the open air in the country, the real open air, because everything in the country except the sea, bored me; but here, in the "motley" Strand, among these hurrying people, under the smoky sky, I could walk and yet watch. If there ever was a religion of the eyes, I have devoutly practised that religion. I noted every face that passed me on the pavement; I looked into the omnibuses, the cabs, always with the same eager hope of seeing some beautiful or interesting person, some gracious movement, a delicate expression, which would be gone if I did not catch it as it went. This search without an aim grew to be almost a torture to me; my eyes ached with the effort, but I could not control them. At every moment, I knew, some spectacle awaited them; I grasped at all these sights with the same futile energy as a dog that I saw once standing in an Irish stream, and

snapping at the bubbles that ran continually past him on the water. Life ran past me continually, and I tried to make all its bubbles my own.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

A note of this nature, purely tentative as it is, should contain some reference to a few volumes bearing on the personal life of Arthur Symons. We have already cited Josiah Flynt's *My Life* (1908), as well as *London: A Book of Aspects* (1909), to which add the newly published *Hail and Farewell!* (*Ave*) by George Moore, (London, 1911). Two other works by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch are decidedly worth while reading: *The Work of Arthur Symons: An Appreciation.* Fcap 8vo, wrappers, (Edinburgh [n. d.] 1907), and *The Renaissance of the Nineties.* Sq., Fcap, 8vo, (London, 1911).

I. POETRY.

1. DAYS AND NIGHTS. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1889.

2. SILHOUETTES. Fcap, 8vo. Grey paper boards. London, 1892.

3. LONDON NIGHTS. 500 copies on Small Paper. 50 copies on Large Paper. Octavo, cloth. London, 1895.

4. SILHOUETTES. Second edition revised and enlarged. 400 copies on Small Paper. 15 copies on Large Paper, signed by the author. Octavo, cloth. London, 1896.

5. Amoris Victima. 400 copies on Small Paper. 25 copies on Large Paper. Octavo, cloth. London, 1897.

6. Images of Good and Evil. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1899.

7. Poems. 2 vols. Octavo, cloth, portrait. London, 1902.

8. A Book of Twenty Songs. Square 16mo. Green paper wrappers. London, 1905.

9. The Fool of the World and Other Poems. Octavo, cloth. London, 1906.

THE MOSHER REPRINTS.

1. Silhouettes. Narrow 8vo. The only complete edition issued. In *Old World Series* at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.50 net. Portland, Maine, 1909.

2. Lyrics. Issued in *Lyric Garland Series* at 50c. and $1.00 net. Second edition, October, 1907. Portland, Maine, 1903.

3. Pompilia. By Robert Browning with Introduction by Arthur Symons. In *Old World Series* at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.50 net. This Introduction is not a mere reprint of passages from *The Study of Browning*. Portland, Maine, 1903.

4. Poems in Prose from Charles Baudelaire. Issued in *Ideal Series* at 50c. and $1.00 net. Portland, Maine, 1909.

5. The Poems of Ernest Dowson. Small 4to, vellum boards. Contains the essay on Dowson as originally published in *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1900. (Out of print.) Portland, Maine, 1902.

II. PROSE.

1. An Introduction to the Study of Browning. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1886. This is a copy originally intended for Robert Browning and contains an unpublished quatrain inscribed: To Robert Browning, Esq., from Arthur Symons.

"To draw no envy, Browning, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too much."

2. Second impression. London, 1887.
3. Third impression. London, 1890.
4. Fourth impression. London, 1894.
5. Fifth impression. London, 1897.

The above are all in the same *format*.

2. An Introduction to the Study of Browning. New edition, revised and enlarged. This is in new *format* reset throughout. Crown octavo, gilt top, cloth, uncut. London, 1906.

3. Studies in Two Literatures. Demy 8vo., cloth. London, 1897. This volume has never been reprinted.

4. The Symbolist Movement in Literature. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1899.

5. The Symbolist Movement in Literature. Second edition revised. Demy 8vo., cloth. London, 1908. The Preface to this edition, however, is dated London, June, 1899.

6. Plays, Acting and Music. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1903.

7. Plays, Acting and Music: A Book of The-

ORV. Second edition. Demy octavo, cloth. London, 1909.

8. CITIES. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1903.

9. CITIES OF ITALY. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1907. This book was printed in New York but carries the same dedication as *Cities* of which, however, it reprints the first three articles while the rest of it is drawn from uncollected material.

10. STUDIES IN PROSE AND VERSE. Crown octavo, cloth. London, (n. d.) 1904.

11. STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. Octavo, cloth. London, 1906.

12. WILLIAM BLAKE. Demy octavo, cloth. London, 1907.

13. THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY. Demy octavo, cloth. London, 1909. Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. Presumably this is all that remains of what was to have been *A History of English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century*. Vol. I, *The Georgian Age*.

14. LONDON: A BOOK OF ASPECTS. The imprint of this volume reads as follows: *London: Privately printed for Edmund D. Brooks and his friends. Minneapolis, 1909*. Demy octavo, blue boards, linen back. Symons was well acquainted with Josiah Flynt, tramp and traveller, as may be seen from an interesting account of their friendly relations given by Flynt in *My Life*. Curiously the second section of Symons' Introduction reappears verbatim in *London*. See pages 35–44.

15. PORTRAITS ANGLAIS. Par Arthur Symons. Qu' ont Traduits Jack Cohen, H. D. Davray, George

Khnopff, Edward et Louis Thomas. Demy octavo, brown paper boards. Bruges, 1907.

16. Great Acting in English. Privately printed. Crown octavo, brown paper wrappers. London, 1907. From *The Monthly Review*, June, 1907.

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V. EDITORIAL.

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2. THE ESSAYS OF LEIGH HUNT. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. Crown octavo, cloth. London, 1903.

Symons edited an earlier collection of essays by Hunt in 1887 for the Scott Library.

3. A Sixteenth Century Anthology. Square 16mo., cloth. London, 1905.

4. Poems of Coleridge. Fcap 8vo., cloth. London, 1905.

5. My Life. By Josiah Flynt. Octavo, cloth. New York, 1908.

Introductions to *Colomba and Carmen*, *The Latin Quarter*, *Poems of Keats*, *Poetical Works of Mathilde Blind*, *Boule de Suif*, and twenty-five or thirty others, were also written by Symons.

The Savoy. January to December, 1896, 3 vols. Quarto. Decorated cloth covers.

This short-lived but fascinating magazine was originally issued by Leonard Smithers as an illustrated quarterly at 2s. 6d. net. Two numbers, January and April, 1896, forming Vol. I, were so issued. With the second number Arthur Symons' name appears on the title-page as editor. Presumably the first number was issued under his control. Beginning with July, 1896, *The Savoy* was issued monthly, ending with December, 1896. Vol. II, consisting of July, August and September, and Vol. III, of October, November and December. The last number was written entire by Arthur Symons, a *tour de force* that can only be compared with that very rare issue of *The Pagan Review* by William Sharp whereof the first and only number, dated September 15, 1892, is by W. S. himself —"the onlie begetter."

The Bibelot

THERE is but one critic who has done ample justice to Ernest Dowson and more especially to his prose, which at best is little known and not likely to be reprinted. Therefore, in giving as we now give The Dying of Francis Donne *it would be impossible to do better than reproduce what Arthur Symons has so well said for all time:*

"Dowson was the only poet I ever knew who ever cared more for his prose than his verse; but he was wrong, and it is not by his prose that he will live, exquisite as that prose was, at its best. He wrote two novels in collaboration with Mr. Arthur Moore: A Comedy of Masks, *in 1893, and* Adrian Rome, *in 1899, both done under the influence of Mr. Henry James, both interesting because they were personal studies, and studies of known surroundings, rather than for their actual value as novels. A volume of 'Stories and Studies in Sentiment,' called* Dilemmas, *in which the influence of Mr. Wedmore was felt in addition to the influence of Mr. James, appeared in 1895. Several other short stories, among his best work in prose, have not yet been reprinted from* The Savoy. *Some translations from the French, done as hack work, need not be mentioned here, though they were never without some traces of his peculiar quality of charm in language. The short stories were indeed rather 'studies in sentiment' than stories; studies of singular delicacy,*

but with only a faint hold on life, so that perhaps the best of them was not unnaturally a study in the approaches of death: 'The Dying of Francis Donne.' For the most part they dealt with the same motives as the poems, hopeless and reverent love, the ethics of renunciation, the disappointment of those who are too weak or too unlucky to take what they desire. They have a sad and quiet beauty of their own, the beauty of second thoughts and subdued emotions, of choice and scholarly English, moving in the more fluid and reticent harmonies of prose almost as daintily as if it were moving to the measure of verse. Dowson's care over English prose was like that of a Frenchman writing his own language with the respect which Frenchmen pay to French. Even English things had to come to him through France, if he was to prize them very highly; and there is a passage in Dilemmas *which I have always thought very characteristic of his own tastes, as it refers to an 'infinitesimal library, a few French novels, an Horace, and some well-thumbed volumes of the modern English poets in the familiar edition of Tauchnitz.' He was Latin by all his affinities, and that very quality of slightness, of parsimony almost in his dealings with life and the substance of art, connects him with the artists of Latin races, who have always been so fastidious in their rejection of mere nature, when it comes too nakedly or too clamorously into sight and hearing, and so gratefully content with a few choice things faultlessly done."*

Beside the story reprinted there are two others, The Eyes of Pride *and* Countess Marie of the Angels, *printed in* The Savoy *for January and April, 1896, and these at some future date we hope*

to present our readers. We have also added the five themes In Prose *given in the original edition of his* Decorations, *1899, and in our reprint of his* Collected Poems, *1902, which are to be found nowhere else.*

FOR APRIL:

UNDER AN ELM TREE
BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE HAPPIEST OF THE POETS
BY W. B. YEATS.

THE DYING OF FRANCIS DONNE :
A STUDY

PROSE POEMS
By
ERNEST DOWSON.

THE DYING OF FRANCIS DONNE.

A STUDY.

"*Memento homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*"

I.

He had lived so long in the meditation of death, visited it so often in others, studied it with such persistency, with a sentiment in which horror and fascination mingled; but it had always been, as it were, an objective, alien fact, remote from himself and his own life. So that it was in a sudden flash, quite too stupefying to admit in the first instance of terror, that knowledge of his mortality dawned on him. There was absurdity in the idea too.

"I, Francis Donne, thirty-five and some months old, am going to die," he said to himself; and fantastically he looked at his image in the glass, and sought, but quite vainly, to find some change in it which should account for this incongruity, just as, searching in his analytical habit into the recesses of his own mind, he could find no such alteration of his inner consciousness as

would explain or justify his plain conviction. And quickly, with reason and casuistry, he sought to rebut that conviction.

The quickness of his mind — it had never seemed to him so nimble, so exquisite a mechanism of syllogism and deduction — was contraposed against his blind instinct of the would-be self-deceiver, in a conflict to which the latter brought something of desperation, the fierce, agonized desperation of a hunted animal at bay. But piece by piece the chain of evidence was strengthened. That subtile and agile mind of his, with its special knowledge, cut clean through the shrinking protests of instinct, removing them as surely and as remorselessly, he reflected in the image most natural to him, as the keen blade of his surgical knives had removed malignant ulcers.

"I, Francis Donne, am going to die," he repeated, and, presently, "*I am going to die soon;* in a few months, in six perhaps, certainly in a year."

Once more, curiously, but this time with a sense of neutrality, as he had often diagnosed a patient, he turned to the mirror. Was it his fancy, or, perhaps, only for the

vague light that he seemed to discover a strange gray tone about his face?

But he had always been a man of a very sallow complexion.

There were a great many little lines, like pen-scratches, scarring the parchment-like skin beneath the keen eyes: doubtless, of late, these had multiplied, become more noticeable, even when his face was in repose.

But, of late, what with his growing practice, his lectures, his writing; all the unceasing labour, which his ambitions entailed, might well have aged him somewhat. That dull, immutable pain, which had first directed his attention from his studies, his investigations, his profession, to his corporal self, the actual Francis Donne, that pain which he would so gladly have called inexplicable, but could explain so precisely, had ceased for the moment. Nerves, fancies! How long it was since he had taken any rest! He had often intended to give himself holiday, but something had always intervened. But he would do so now, yes, almost immediately; a long, long holiday — he would grudge nothing — somewhere quite out of the way, somewhere, where there was fishing; in

Wales, or perhaps in Brittany; that would surely set him right.

And even while he promised himself this necessary relaxation in the immediate future, as he started on his afternoon round, in the background of his mind there lurked the knowledge of its futility; rest, relaxation, all that, at this date, was, as it were, some tardy sacrifice, almost hypocritical, which he offered to powers who might not be propitiated.

Once in his neat brougham, the dull pain began again; but by an effort of will he put it away from him. In the brief interval from house to house — he had some dozen visits to make — he occupied himself with a medical paper, glanced at the notes of a lecture he was giving that evening at a certain Institute on the "Limitations of Medicine."

He was late, very late for dinner, and his man, Bromgrove, greeted him with a certain reproachfulness, in which he traced, or seemed to trace, a half-patronizing sense of pity. He reminded himself that on more than one occasion, of late, Bromgrove's manner had perplexed him. He was glad

to rebuke the man irritably on some pretext, to dismiss him from the room, and he hurried, without appetite, through the cold or overdone food which was the reward of his tardiness.

His lecture over, he drove out to South Kensington, to attend a reception at the house of a great man — great not only in the scientific world, but also in the world of letters. There was some of the excitement of success in his eyes as he made his way, with smiles and bows, in acknowledgment of many compliments, through the crowded rooms. For Francis Donne's lectures — those of them which were not entirely for the initiated — had grown into the importance of a social function. They had almost succeeded in making science fashionable, clothing its dry bones in a garment of so elegantly literary a pattern. But even in the ranks of the profession it was only the envious, the unsuccessful, who ventured to say that Donne had sacrificed doctrine to popularity, that his science was, in their contemptuous parlance, "mere literature."

Yes, he had been very successful, as the world counts success, and his consciousness

of this fact, and the influence of the lights, the crowd, the voices, was like absinthe on his tired spirit. He had forgotten, or thought he had forgotten, the phantom of the last few days, the phantom which was surely waiting for him at home.

But he was reminded by a certain piece of news which late in the evening fluttered the now diminished assembly: the quite sudden death of an eminent surgeon, expected there that night, an acquaintance of his own, and more or less of each one of the little, intimate group which tarried to discuss it. With sympathy, with a certain awe, they spoke of him, Donne and the others; and both the awe and the sympathy were genuine.

But as he drove home, leaning back in his carriage, in a discouragement, in a lethargy, which was only partly due to physical reaction, he saw visibly underneath their regret — theirs and his own — the triumphant assertion of life, the egoism of instinct. They were sorry, but oh, they were glad! royally glad, that it was another, and not they themselves whom something mysterious had of a sudden snatched away from his busy career, his interests, perhaps from all

intelligence; at least, from all the pleasant sensuousness of life, the joy of the visible world, into darkness. And he knew the sentiment, and honestly dared not blame it. How many times had not he, Francis Donne himself experienced it, that egoistic assertion of life in the presence of the dead — the poor, irremediable dead? . . . And now, he was only good to give it to others.

Latterly, he had been in the habit of subduing sleeplessness with injections of morphia, indeed in infinitesimal quantities. But to-night, although he was more than usually restless and awake, by a strong effort of reasonableness he resisted his impulse to take out the little syringe. The pain was at him again with the same dull and stupid insistence; in its monotony, losing some of the nature of pain and becoming a mere nervous irritation. But he was aware that it would not continue like that. Daily, almost hourly, it would gather strength and cruelty; the moments of respite from it would become rarer, would cease. From a dull pain it would become an acute pain, and then a torture, and then an agony, and then a madness. And in those last days,

what peace might be his would be the peace of morphia, so that it was essential that, for the moment, he should not abuse the drug.

And as he knew that sleep was far away from him, he propped himself up with two pillows, and by the light of a strong reading-lamp settled himself to read. He had selected the work of a distinguished German *savant* upon the cardial functions, and a short treatise of his own, which was covered with recent annotations, in his crabbed handwriting, upon "Aneurism of the Heart." He read avidly, and against his own deductions, once more his instinct raised a vain protest. At last he threw the volumes aside, and lay, with his eyes shut, without, however, extinguishing the light. A terrible sense of helplessness overwhelmed him; he was seized with an immense and heart-breaking pity for poor humanity as personified in himself; and, for the first time since he had ceased to be a child, he shed puerile tears.

II.

The faces of his acquaintance, the faces of the students at his lectures, the faces of Francis Donne's colleagues at the hospital,

were altered; were, at least, sensibly altered to his morbid self-consciousness. In every one whom he encountered, he detected, or fancied that he detected, an attitude of evasion, a hypocritical air of ignoring a fact that was obvious and unpleasant. Was it so obvious, then, the hidden horror which he carried incessantly about with him? Was his secret, which he would still guard so jealously, become a byword and an anecdote in his little world? And a great rage consumed him against the inexorable and inscrutable forces which had made him to destroy him; against himself, because of his proper impotence; and, above all, against the living, the millions who would remain when he was no longer, the living, of whom many would regret him (some of them his personality, and more, his skill), because he could see under all the unconscious hypocrisy of their sorrow, the exultant self-satisfaction of their survival.

And with his burning sense of helplessness, of a certain bitter injustice in things, a sense of shame mingled; all the merely physical dishonour of death shaping itself to his sick and morbid fancy into a violent

symbol of what was, as it were, an actually *moral* or intellectual dishonour. Was not death, too, inevitable and natural an operation as it was, essentially a process to undergo apart and hide jealously, as much as other natural and ignoble processes of the body?

And the animal, who steals away to an uttermost place in the forest, who gives up his breath in a solitude and hides his dying like a shameful thing, — might he not offer an example that it would be well for the dignity of poor humanity to follow?

Since Death is coming to me, said Francis Donne to himself, let me meet it, a stranger in a strange land, with only strange faces round me and the kind indifference of strangers, instead of the intolerable pity of friends.

III.

On the bleak and wave-tormented coast of Finistère, somewhere between Quiberon and Fouesnant, he reminded himself of a little fishing-village: a few scattered houses (one of them being an *auberge* at which ten years ago he had spent a night,) collected

round a poor little gray church. Thither Francis Donne went, without leave-takings or explanation, almost secretly, giving but the vaguest indications of the length or direction of his absence. And there for many days he dwelt, in the cottage which he had hired, with one old Breton woman for his sole attendant, in a state of mind which, after all the years of energy, of ambitious labour, was almost peace.

Bleak and gray it had been, when he had visited it of old, in the late autumn; but now the character, the whole colour of the country was changed. It was brilliant with the promise of summer, and the blue Atlantic, which in winter churned with its long crested waves so boisterously below the little white light-house, which warned mariners (alas! so vainly), against the shark-like cruelty of the rocks, now danced and glittered in the sunshine, rippled with feline caresses round the hulls of the fishing-boats whose brown sails floated so idly in the faint air.

Above the village, on a grassy slope, whose green was almost lurid, Francis Donne lay, for many silent hours, looking

out at the placid sea, which could yet be so ferocious, at the low violet line of the Island of Groix, which alone interrupted the monotony of sky and ocean.

He had brought many books with him but he read in them rarely; and when physical pain gave him a respite for thought, he thought almost of nothing. His thought was for a long time a lethargy and a blank.

Now and again he spoke with some of the inhabitants. They were a poor and hardy, but a kindly race: fishers and the wives of fishers, whose children would grow up and become fishermen and the wives of fishermen in their turn. Most of them had wrestled with death; it was always so near to them that hardly one of them feared it; they were fatalists, with the grim and resigned fatalism of the poor, of the poor who live with the treachery of the sea.

Francis Donne visited the little cemetery, and counted the innumerable crosses which testified to the havoc which the sea had wrought. Some of the graves were nameless; holding the bodies of strange seamen which the waves had tossed ashore.

"And in a little time I shall lie here," he

said to himself; "and here as well as elsewhere," he added with a shrug, assuming, and, for once, almost sincerely, the stoicism of his surroundings, "and as lief to-day as to-morrow."

On the whole, the days were placid; there were even moments when, as though he had actually drunk in renewed vigour from that salt sea air, the creative force of the sun, he was tempted to doubt his grievous knowledge, to make fresh plans of life. But these were fleeting moments, and the reaction from them was terrible. Each day his hold on life was visibly more slender, and the people of the village saw, and with a rough sympathy, which did not offend him, allowed him to perceive that they saw, the rapid growth and the inevitableness of his end.

IV.

But if the days were not without their pleasantness, the nights were always horrible — a torture of the body and an agony of the spirit. Sleep was far away, and the brain, which had been lulled till the evening, would awake, would grow electric with life and

take strange and abominable flights into the darkness of the pit, into the black night of the unknowable and the unknown.

And interminably, during those nights which seemed eternity, Francis Donne questioned and examined into the nature of that Thing, which stood, a hooded figure beside his bed, with a menacing hand raised to beckon him so peremptorily from all that lay within his consciousness.

He had been all his life absorbed in science; he had dissected, how many bodies? and in what anatomy had he ever found a soul? Yet if his avocations, his absorbing interest in physical phenomena had made him somewhat a materialist, it had been almost without his consciousness. The sensible, visible world of matter had loomed so large to him, that merely to know that had seemed to him sufficient. All that might conceivably lie outside it, he had, without negation, been content to regard as outside his province.

And now, in his weakness, in the imminence of approaching dissolution, his purely physical knowledge seemed but a vain possession, and he turned with a passionate

interest to what had been said and believed from time immemorial by those who had concentrated their intelligence on that strange essence, which might after all be the essence of one's personality, which might be that sublimated consciousness — the Soul — actually surviving the infamy of the grave?

> Animula, vagula, blandula!
> Hospes comesque corporis,
> Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
> Pallidula, rigida, nudula.

Ah, the question! It was an harmony, perhaps (as, who had maintained? whom the Platonic Socrates in the "Phaedo" had not too successfully refuted), an harmony of life, which was dissolved when life was over? Or, perhaps, as how many metaphysicians had held both before and after a sudden great hope, perhaps too generous to be true, had changed and illuminated, to countless millions, the inexorable figure of Death — a principle, indeed, immortal, which came and went, passing through many corporal conditions until it was ultimately resolved into the great mind, pervading all things? Perhaps? . . . But what scanty consolation, in all such theories, to the poor body, racked

with pain and craving peace, to the tortured spirit of self-consciousness so achingly anxious not to be lost.

And he turned from these speculations to what was, after all, a possibility like the others; the faith of the simple, of these fishers with whom he lived, which was also the faith of his own childhood, which, indeed, he had never repudiated, whose practices he had simply discarded, as one discards puerile garments when one comes to man's estate. And he remembered, with the vividness with which, in moments of great anguish, one remembers things long ago familiar, forgotten though they may have been for years, the triumphant declarations of the Church:

"*Omnes quidem resurgemus, sed non omnes immutabimur. In momento, in ictu oculi, in novissima tuba: canet enim tuba: et mortui resurgent incorrupti, et nos immutabimur. Oportet enim corruptibile hoc induere immortalitatem. Cum autem mortale hoc induerit immortalitatem tunc fiet sermo qui scriptus est: Absorpta est mors in victoria. Ubi est, mors, victoria tua? Ubi est, mors, stimulus tuus?*"

Ah, for the certitude of that! of that victorious confutation of the apparent destruction of sense and spirit in a common ruin. . . . But it was a possibility like the rest; and had it not more need than the rest to be more than a possibility, if it would be a consolation, in that it promised more? And he gave it up, turning his face to the wall, lay very still, imagining himself already stark and cold, his eyes closed, his jaw closely tied (lest the ignoble changes which had come to him should be too ignoble), while he waited until the narrow boards, within which he should lie, had been nailed together, and the bearers were ready to convey him into the corruption which was to be his part.

And as the window-pane grew light with morning, he sank into a drugged, unrestful sleep, from which he would awake some hours later with eyes more sunken and more haggard cheeks. And that was the pattern of many nights.

V.

One day he seemed to wake from a night longer and more troubled than usual, a night which had, perhaps, been many nights

and days, perhaps even weeks; a night of an ever-increasing agony, in which he was only dimly conscious at rare intervals of what was happening, or of the figures coming and going around his bed: the doctor from a neighbouring town, who had stayed by him unceasingly, easing his paroxysms with the little merciful syringe; the soft, practised hands of a sister of charity about his pillow; even the face of Bromgrove, for whom doubtless he had sent, when he had foreseen the utter helplessness which was at hand.

He opened his eyes, and seemed to discern a few blurred figures against the darkness of the closed shutters through which one broad ray filtered in; but he could not distinguish their faces, and he closed his eyes once more. An immense and ineffable tiredness had come over him, but the pain — oh, miracle! had ceased. . . . And it suddenly flashed over him that this — *this* was Death; this was the thing against which he had cried and revolted; the horror from which he would have escaped; this utter luxury of physical exhaustion, this calm, this release.

The corporal capacity of smiling had

passed from him, but he would fain have smiled.

And for a few minutes of singular mental lucidity, all his life flashed before him in a new relief; his childhood, his adolescence, the people whom he had known; his mother, who had died when he was a boy, of a malady from which, perhaps, a few years later, his skill had saved her; the friend of his youth who had shot himself for so little reason; the girl whom he had loved, but who had not loved him. . . . All that was distorted in life was adjusted and justified in the light of his sudden knowledge. *Beati mortui* . . . and then the great tiredness swept over him once more, and a fainter consciousness, in which he could yet just dimly hear, as in a dream, the sound of Latin prayers, and feel the application of the oils upon all the issues and approaches of his wearied sense; then utter unconsciousness, while pulse and heart gradually grew fainter until both ceased. And that was all.

PROSE POEMS.

I. THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS.

BEARDED, with tawny faces, as they sat on the quay, looking listlessly at nothing with their travelled eyes, I questioned them:

"We have adventured," they said.

"Tell me of your travels, O mariners, of that you have sought and found, of high perils undergone and great salvage and of those fortunate islands which lie in a quiet sea, azure beyond my dreaming."

"We have found nothing. There is nothing saved," they said.

"But tell me, O mariners, for I have travelled a little. I have looked for the woman I might have loved, and the friend we hear of, and the country where I am not. Tell me of your discoveries."

One of them answered:

"We tell you the truth. We are old, withered mariners, and long and far have we wandered in the seas of no discovery. We have been to the end of the last ocean, but there was nothing, not even the things of which you speak. We have adventured,

but we have not found anything, and here we are again in the port of our nativity, and there is only one thing we expect. Is it not so, comrades?"

Each raised a hand of asseveration; and they said: "We tell you the truth: there are no fortunate islands."

And they fell into their old silence.

II. MARKETS.

AFTER AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

"WHERE are you going, beautiful maiden?"

"I am going to market, sir."

"And what do you take with you, beautiful maiden? Lilies out of your garden? White milk, warm from the cow, little pats of yellow butter, new-laid eggs, this morning's mushrooms? Where is your basket? Why have you nothing in your hands?

"I am going to market, sir."

"Beautiful maiden, may I come with you?"

"Oh, sir."

III. ABSINTHIA TAETRA.

GREEN changed to white, emerald to an opal: nothing was changed.

The man let the water trickle gently into his glass, and as the green clouded, a mist fell away from his mind.

Then he drank opaline.

Memories and terrors beset him. The past tore after him like a panther and through the blackness of the present he saw the luminous tiger eyes of the things to be.

But he drank opaline.

And that obscure night of the soul, and the valley of humiliation, through which he stumbled were forgotten. He saw blue vistas of undiscovered countries, high prospects and a quiet, caressing sea. The past shed its perfume over him, to-day held his hand as it were a little child, and to-morrow shone like a white star: nothing was changed.

He drank opaline.

The man had known the obscure night of the soul, and lay even now in the valley of humiliation; and the tiger menace of the things to be was red in the skies. But for a little while he had forgotten.

Green changed to white, emerald to an opal: nothing was changed.

IV. THE VISIT.

As though I were still struggling through the meshes of some riotous dream, I heard his knock upon the door. As in a dream, I bade him enter, but with his entry, I awoke. Yet when he entered it seemed to me that I was dreaming, for there was nothing strange in that supreme and sorrowful smile which shone through the mask which I knew. And just as though I had not always been afraid of him I said: "Welcome."

And he said very simply, "I am here."

Dreaming I had thought myself, but the reproachful sorrow of his smile showed me that I was awake. Then dared I open my eyes and I saw my old body on the bed, and the room in which I had grown so tired, and in the middle of the room the pan of charcoal which still smouldered. And dimly I remembered my great weariness and the lost whiteness of Lalage and last year's snows; and these things had been agonies.

Darkly, as in a dream, I wondered why they gave me no more hurt, as I looked at my old body on the bed; why, they were like old maids' fancies (as I looked at my gray body on the bed of my agonies) — like silly toys of children that fond mothers lay up in lavender (as I looked at the twisted limbs of my old body), for these things had been agonies.

But all my wonder was gone when I looked again into the eyes of my guest, and I said:

"I have wanted you all my life."

Then said Death (and what reproachful tenderness was shadowed in his obscure smile):

"You had only to call."

V. THE PRINCESS OF DREAMS.

POOR legendary princess! In her enchaunted tower of ivory, the liberator thought that she awaited him.

For once in a dream he had seen, as they were flowers de luce, the blue lakes of her eyes, had seemed to be enveloped in a tangle of her golden hair.

And he sought her through the countless windings of her forest for many moons, sought her through the morasses, sparing not his horses nor his sword. On his way he slew certain evil magicians and many of his friends, so that at his journey's end his bright sword was tarnished and his comeliness swart with mud. His horses he had not spared; their bones made a white track behind him in the windings of the forest: but he still bore her ransom, all the costly, graceful things stored in a cypress chest: massed pearls and amethysts and silks from Samarcand, Valance of Venice, and fine tapestry of Tyre. All these he brought with him to the gates of her ivory tower.

Poor legendary princess.

For he did not free her and the fustian porter took his treasure and broke his stained sword in two.

And who knows where he went, horseless and disarmed, through the morasses and the dark windings of her forest under the moonless night, dreaming of those blue lakes which were flowers de luce, her eyes? Who knows? For the fustian porter says nothing, being slow of wit.

But there are some who say that she had no wish to be freed, and that those flowers de luce, her eyes, are a stagnant, dark pool, that her glorious golden hair was only long enough to reach her postern gate.

Some say, moreover, that her tower is not of ivory and that she is not even virtuous nor a princess.

The Bibelot

FOR *a longer period than I can recall it has been my wish to recover the exquisite little essay* Under an Elm-Tree, *contributed to* The Commonweal *in 1889, and reissued in a diminutive sixteen page booklet in 1891, which was sold at the time and possibly for some years afterwards at the price of one penny!*[1] *Since then it has become one of the* introuvables *that good bookmen covet but seldom find save at an exorbitant figure.*

Rightly placed it stands beside A Dream of John Ball, (*1888,*) A King's Lesson, (*1891,*) *and all the rest of that noble socialism which erected itself into a perfect House of Life in* News from Nowhere, (*1890*). *Best of all it reminds us that the Collected Works of the Master are now approaching completion,*[2] *and in the final splendid shape*

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1 *Under an Elm-Tree; or, Thoughts in the Country-Side. By Wm. Morris, author of "The Earthly Paradise," &c., &c. Aberdeen: Printed and Published by James Leatham, 15 St. Nicholas Street, 1891.*

2 *The Collected Works of William Morris with Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. London, 1910-1912. Octavo, blue boards, linen backs with*

which his daughter has edited will stand in evidence of an individuality that is unique. There was but one William Morris and to liken any other to him is as fatal a compliment and as stupid as the worst devil's advocate could devise. It belongs with "the Belgian Shakespeare" sort of thing. For whether we think of him as poet, craftsman, or social reformer he is aloof and alone, and his would-be-thought imitators as good as dead and damned in their crass ineptitude.

It is pleasant to imagine the Irish poet as writing his appreciation of Morris at some such favourite haunt as Coole Park, within view of the Galway hills and the lake of shadowy waters nearby.[3] *Originally printed in* The Fortnightly Review, *March 1, 1903, the essay was reissued almost immediately in, as it seems to me, his most beautiful book of prose,* Ideas of Good and Evil, *(London, 1903). There, along with much else of unfading excellence, it should be sought for by those of us who would come to know Yeats for what he is — a great writer of English undefiled.*

The brevity of Morris required precisely what we append — The Happiest of the

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paper label, uncut. To be completed in twenty-four volumes, of which twelve are now ready.

3 *See George Moore in* Hail and Farewell, *1911.*

Poets — *and here the two are brought together in happiest apposition. It would be impossible to lay hold upon a finer appreciation than that contained in the last section of Mr. Yeats' paper. There is a restraint, a sanity of utterance, with a completely sympathetic interpretation of Morris as poet, artist, and socialist, that is nowhere else discoverable. For it is clearly seen and said of him, that he "would show us a beauty that would wither if it did not set us at peace with natural things, and if we did not believe that it existed always a little, and would some day exist in its fullness."*

Let me end with the final passage from Professor Mackail's Life *which takes us back to the graveside of the poet when "he was buried in the little churchyard of Kelmscott on the sixth of October," 1896. It takes us back indeed, but it does not leave us there, or as men without hope.*

"'*It came to pass,*' *says the ancient forgotten author of the* Volsunga Saga, *when he has to tell of the death of the father of King Volsung,* '*that he fell sick and got his death, being minded to go home to Odin, a thing much desired of many folk in those days.*' *With no such desire had this last inheritor of the Viking spirit approached*

his end. To be, 'though men call you dead, a part and parcel of the living wisdom of all things,' still to live somewhere in the larger life of this and no other world, such had been his desire, such his faith and hope throughout the loneliness and fixedness in which he had passed his mortal days. He might seem, now the entanglement of life was snapped, to have resumed his place among the lucid ranks that, still sojourning yet still moving onward, enter their appointed rest and their native country unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

FOR MAY:

PASSAGE TO INDIA AND
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD
BY WALT WHITMAN.

UNDER AN ELM-TREE
By
WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE HAPPIEST OF THE POETS
By
W. B. YEATS.

UNDER AN ELM-TREE; OR, THOUGHTS IN THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

MIDSUMMER in the country — here you may walk between the fields and hedges that are as it were one huge nosegay for you, redolent of bean-flowers and clover and sweet hay and elder-blossom. The cottage gardens are bright with flowers, the cottages themselves mostly models of architecture in their way. Above them towers here and there the architecture proper of days bygone, when every craftsman was an artist and brought definite intelligence to bear upon his work. Man in the past, nature in the present, seem to be bent on pleasing you and making all things delightful to your senses; even the burning, dusty road has a look of luxury as you lie on the strip of roadside green, and listen to the blackbirds singing, surely for your benefit, and, I was going to say, as if they were paid to do it, but I was wrong, for as it is they seem to be doing their best.

And all, or let us say most, things are brilliantly alive. The shadowy bleak in the river down yonder, which — ignorant of the fate that Barking Reach is preparing for its

waters — is sapphire blue under this ruffling wind and cloudless sky, and barred across here and there with the pearly white-flowered water-weeds, every yard of its banks a treasure of delicate design, meadowsweet and dewberry and comfrey and bed-straw — from the bleak in the river, among the labyrinth of grasses, to the starlings busy in the new-shorn fields, or about the grey ridges of the hay, all is eager, and I think all is happy that is not anxious.

What is that thought that has come into one's head as one turns round in the shadow of the roadside elm? A country-side worth fighting for if that were necessary, worth taking trouble to defend its peace. I raise my head, and betwixt the elm-boughs I see far off a grey buttressed down rising over the sea of green and blue-green meadows and fields, and dim on the flank of it over its buttresses I can see a quaint figure made by cutting the short turf away from the chalk of the hill-side; a figure which represents a White Horse according to the heraldry of the period, eleven hundred years ago. Hard by the hill-side the country people of the day did verily fight for the peace and loveliness

of this very country where I lie, and coming back from their victory scored the image of the White Horse as a token of their valour, and, who knows? perhaps as an example for their descendants to follow.

For a little time it makes the blood stir in me as I think of that; but as I watch the swallows flitting past me betwixt hedge and hedge, or mounting over the hedge in an easy sweep and hawking over the bean-field beyond, another thought comes over me. These live things I have been speaking of, bleak and swallows and starlings and blackbirds, are all after their kind beautiful and graceful, not one of them is lacking in its due grace and beauty; but yesterday as I was passing by a hay-field there was an old red-roan cart-horse looking seriously but good-humouredly at me from a gap in the hedge, and I stopped to make his acquaintance; and I am sorry to say that in spite of his obvious merits he was ugly, Roman-nosed, shambling, ungainly: yet how useful had he been—for others. Also the same day (but not in the same field) I saw some other animals, male and female, with whom also I made acquaintance, for the male ones

at least were thirsty. And these animals, both male and female, were ungraceful, unbeautiful, for they were making hay before my eyes. Then I bethought me that as I had seen starlings in Hertfordshire that were of the same race as the Thames-side starlings, so I had seen or heard of featherless two-legged animals of the same race as the thirsty creatures in the hay-field; they had been sculptured in the frieze of the Parthenon, painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, imagined in literature as the heroes and heroines of romance; nay, when people had created in their minds a god of the universe, creator of all that was, is, or shall be, they were driven to represent him as one of that same race to which the thirsty haymakers belonged; as though supreme intelligence and the greatest measure of gracefulness and beauty and majesty were at their highest in the race of those ungainly animals.

Under the elm-tree these things puzzle me, and again my thoughts return to the bold men of that very country-side who, coming back from Ashdown field, scored that White Horse to look down for ever on

the valley of the Thames; and I thought it likely that they had this much in common with the starlings and the bleak, that there was more equality among them than we are used to now, and that there would have been more models available amongst them for Woden than one would be like to find in the Thames-side meadows.

Under the elm-tree I don't ask myself whether that is owing to the greater average intelligence of men at the present day, and to the progress of humanity made since the time of the only decent official that England ever had — Alfred the Great, to wit; for indeed the place and time are not favourable to such questions, which seem sheer nonsense amidst of all that waste of superabundant beauty and pleasure held out to men who cannot take it or use it, unless some chance rich idler may happen to stray that way. My thoughts turn back to the haymakers and their hopes, and I remember that yesterday morning I said to a bystander, "Mr. So-and-so (the farmer) is late in sending his men into the hay-field."

Quoth he, "You see, sir, Mr. So-and-so is short-handed."

"How 's that?" said I, pricking up my Socialist ears.

"Well, sir," said he, "these men are the old men and women bred in the village, and pretty much past work; and the young men with more work in them, they do think that they ought to have more wages than them, and Mr. So-and-so he wont pay it. So you see, he be short-handed."

As I turned away, thinking over all the untold, untellable details of misery that lay within this shabby, sordid story, another one met my ears. A labourer of the village comes to a farmer and says to him that he really can't work for 9s. a week any more, but must have 10s. Says the farmer "Get your 10s. somewhere else then." The man turns away to two months lack of employment, and then comes back begging for his 9s. slavery.

Commonplace stories of unsupported strikes, you will say. Indeed they are, if not they would be easily remedied; the casual tragedy cut short; the casual wrong-doer branded as a person out of humanity. But since they are so commonplace ——

What will happen, say my gloomy

thoughts to me under the elm-tree, with all this country beauty so tragically incongruous in its richness with the country misery which cannot feel its existence? Well, if we must still be slaves and slave-holders, it will not last long; the Battle of Ashdown will be forgotten for the last commercial crisis: Alfred's heraldry will yield to the lions on the half-crown. The architecture of the crafts-gildsmen will tumble down, or be "restored" for the benefit of hunters of the picturesque, who, hopeless, themselves are incapable of understanding the hopes of past days, or the expression of them. The beauty of the landscape will be exploited and artificialised for the sake of the villa-dwellers' purses where it is striking enough to touch their jaded appetites; but in quiet places like this it will vanish year by year (as indeed it is now doing) under the attacks of the most grovelling commercialism.

Yet think I to myself under the elm-tree, whatever England, once so beautiful, may become, it will be good enough for us if we set no hope before us but the continuance of a population of slaves and slave-holders for the country which we pretend to love,

while we use it and our sham love for it as a stalking-horse for robbery of the poor at home and abroad. The worst outward ugliness and vulgarity will be good enough for such sneaks and cowards.

Let me turn the leaf and find a new picture, or my holiday is spoilt; and don't let some of my Socialist friends with whom I have wrangled about the horrors of London say, "This is all that can come of your country life." For as the round of the seasons under our system of landlord farmer and labourer produces in the country pinching parsimony and dullness, so does the "excitement of intellectual life" in the cities produce the slum under the capitalist system of turning out and selling market wares not for use but for waste. Turn the page, I say. The hay-field is a pretty sight this month seen under the elm, as the work goes forward on the other side of the way opposite to the bean-field till you look at the haymakers closely. Suppose the haymakers were friends working for friends on land which was theirs, as many as were needed, with leisure and hope ahead of them instead of hopeless toil and anxiety, need their useful

labour for themselves and their neighbours cripple and disfigure them and knock them out of the shape of men fit to represent the Gods and Heroes? And if under such conditions a new Ashdown had to be fought (against *capitalist* robbers this time), the new White Horse would look down on the home of men as wise as the starlings in their *equality*, and so perhaps as happy.

THE HAPPIEST OF THE POETS.

I.

ROSSETTI, in one of his letters, numbers his favourite colours in the order of his favour, and throughout his work one feels that he loved form and colour for themselves and apart from what they represent. One feels sometimes that he desired a world of essences, of unmixed powers, of impossible purities. It is as though the Last Judgment had already begun in his mind, and that the essences and powers, which the divine hand had mixed into one another to make the loam of life, fell asunder at his touch. If he painted a flame or a blue distance, he painted as though he had seen the flame out of whose heart all flames had been taken, or the blue of the abyss that was before all life, and if he painted a woman's face, he painted it in some moment of intensity when the ecstasy of the lover and of the saint are alike, and desire becomes wisdom without ceasing to be desire. He listens to the cry of the flesh till it becomes proud and passes beyond the world where some immense desire that the intellect can-

not understand mixes with the desire of a body's warmth and softness. His genius, like Shelley's, can hardly stir but to the rejection of nature, whose delight is profusion, but never intensity, and, like Shelley's, it follows the Star of the Magi, the Morning and Evening Star, the mother of impossible hope, although it follows through deep woods, where the star glimmers among dew-drenched boughs, and not through "a wind-swept valley of the Apennine." Men like him cannot be happy as we understand happiness, for to be happy one must delight, like nature, in mere profusion, in mere abundance, in making and doing things, and if one sets an image of the perfect before one, it must be the image that draws her perpetually, the image of a perfect fullness of natural life, of an Earthly Paradise. That is to say, one's emotion must never break the bonds of life, one's hands must never labour to loosen the silver cord, one's ears must never strain to catch the sound of Michael's trumpet. One must not be among those that would have prayed in old times in some chapel of the star, but among those who would have prayed under the shadow

of the Green Tree, and on the wet stones of the Well, among the worshippers of natural abundance.

II.

I do not think it was accident, so subtle are the threads that lead the soul, that made William Morris, who seems to me the one perfectly happy and fortunate poet of modern times, celebrate the Green Tree and the goddess Habundia, and wells and enchanted waters in so many books. In "The Well at the World's End," green trees and enchanted waters are shown to us, as they were understood by old writers, who thought that the generation of all things was through water; for when the water that gives a long and a fortunate life, and that can be found by none but such a one as all women love, is found at last, the Dry Tree, the image of the ruined land, becomes green. To him, indeed, as to older writers, Well and Tree are all but images of the one thing, of an "energy" that is not the less "eternal delight" because it is half of the body. He never wrote, and could not have written, of a man or woman who was not of

the kin of Well or Tree. Long before he had named either, he had made his "Wanderers" follow a dream indeed, but a dream of natural happiness, and all the people of all his poems and stories, from the confused beginning of his art in "The Hollow Land," to its end in "The Sundering Flood," are full of the heavy sweetness of this dream. He wrote, indeed, of nothing but of the quest of the Grail, but it was the Heathen Grail that gave every man his chosen food, and not the Grail of Malory or Wagner; and he came at last to praise, as other men have praised, the martyrs of religion or of passion, men with lucky eyes, and men whom all women love.

We know so little of man, and of the world, that we cannot be certain that the same invisible hands, that gave him an imagination pre-occupied with good fortune, gave him also health and wealth, and the power to create beautiful things without labour, that he might honour the Green Tree. It pleases me to imagine the copper mine which brought, as Mr. Mackail has told, so much unforeseen wealth and in so astonishing a way, as no less miraculous

than the three arrows in "The Sundering Flood." No mighty poet in his misery dead could have delighted enough to make us delight in men "who knew no vain desire of foolish fame," but who thought the dance upon "the stubble field," and "the battle with the earth," better than "the bitter war," "where right and wrong are mixed together." "Oh, the trees, the trees!" he wrote in one of his early letters, and it was his work to make us, who had been taught to sympathise with the unhappy till we had grown morbid, to sympathise with men and women, who turned everything into happiness because they had in them something of the abundance of the beechen boughs, or of the bursting wheatear. He alone, I think, has told the story of Alcestis with perfect sympathy for Admetus, with so perfect a sympathy that he cannot persuade himself that one so happy died at all; and he, unlike all other poets, has delighted to tell us that the men after his own heart, the men of his "News from Nowhere," sorrowed but a little while over unhappy love. He cannot even think of nobility and happiness apart, for all his people are like his men of Burg Dale,

who lived "in much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately or desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands, and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil, and feasted, and were merry; to-morrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget. Life shamed them not, nor did death make them afraid. As for the Dale wherein they dwelt, it was, indeed, most fair and lovely, and they deemed it the blessing of the earth, and they trod the flowery grass beside its rippled stream amidst the green tree boughs, proudly and joyfully, with goodly bodies and merry hearts."

III.

I think of his men as with broad brows and golden beards and mild eyes and tranquil speech, and of his good women as like "The Bride" in whose face Rossetti saw and painted for once the abundance of earth, and not the half hidden light of his star. They are not in love with love for its own sake, with a love that is apart from the world, or at enmity with it, as Swinburne imagines Mary Stuart, and as all men have

imagined Helen. They do not seek in love that ecstasy, which Shelley's nightingale called death, that extremity of life in which life seems to pass away like the Phœnix, in flame of its own lighting, but rather a gentle self-surrender, that would lose more than half its sweetness if it lost the savour of coming days. They are good housewives; they sit often at the embroidery frame, and they have wisdom in flocks and herds, and they are, before all, fruitful mothers. It seems at times as if their love was less a passion for one man out of the world, than submission to the hazard of destiny, and the hope of motherhood, and the innocent desire of the body. They accept changes and chances of life as gladly as they accept spring and summer and autumn and winter, and because they have sat under the shadow of the Green Tree, and drunk the Waters of Abundance out of their hollow hands, the barren blossoms do not seem to them the most beautiful. When Habundia takes the shape of Birdalone, she comes first as a young, naked girl, standing among great trees, and then as an old carline, Birdalone in stately old age. And when she praises

Birdalone's naked body, and speaks of the desire it shall awaken, praise and desire are innocent, because they would not break the links that chain the days to one another. The desire seems not other than the desire of the bird for its mate in the heart of the wood, and we listen to that joyous praise as though a bird watching its plumage in still water had begun to sing in its joy, or as if we heard hawk praising hawk in the middle air, and because it is the praise of one made for all noble life, and not for pleasure only, it seems, though it is the praise of the body, that it is the noblest praise.

Birdalone has never seen her image but in "a broad latten dish," so the wood-woman must tell her of her body and praise it.

"Thus it is with thee; thou standest before me a tall and slim maiden, somewhat thin, as befittest thy seventeen summers; where thy flesh is bare of wont, as thy throat and thine arms and thy legs from the middle down, it is tanned a beauteous colour, but otherwise it is even as fair a white, wholesome and clean, as if the golden sunlight, which fulfilleth the promise of the earth, were playing therein. . . . . Delicate and

clean-made is the little trench that goeth from thy mouth to thy lips, and sweet it is, and there is more might in it than in sweet words spoken. Thy lips they are of the finest fashion, yet rather thin than full; and some would not have it so; but I would, whereas I see therein a sign of thy valiancy and friendliness. Surely he who did thy carven chin had a mind to a master work, and did no less. Great was the deftness of thine imaginer, and he would have all folk who see thee wonder at thy deep thinking, and thy carefulness, and thy kindness. Ah! maiden, is it so that thy thoughts are ever deep and solemn? Yet at least I know it of thee that they be hale and true and sweet.

"My friend, when thou hast a mirror, some of all this shalt thou see, but not all; and when thou hast a lover, some deal wilt thou hear, but not all. But now thy she-friend may tell it thee all, if she have eyes to see it, as have I; whereas no man could say so much of thee before the mere love should overtake him, and turn his speech into the folly of love, and the madness of desire."

All his good women, whether it is Danae in her tower, or that woman in "The Wood of the World's End," who can make the withered flowers in her girdle grow young again by the touch of her hand, are of the kin of the wood-woman. All his bad women, too, and his half-bad women are of her kin. The evils their enchantments make are a disordered abundance, like that of weedy places, and they are cruel as wild creatures are cruel, and they have unbridled desires. One finds their evils in their typical shape in that isle of "The Wondrous Isles," where the wicked witch has her pleasure house and her prison, and in that "Isle of the Old and the Young," where, until her enchantment is broken, second childhood watches over children who never grow old, and who seem to the bystander, who knows their story, "like images" or like "the rabbits on the grass." It is as though nature spoke through him at all times, in the mood that is upon her when she is opening the apple-blossom or reddening the apple, or thickening the shadow of the boughs, and that the men and women of his verse and of his stories are all the ministers of her mood.

IV.

When I was a child I often heard my elders talking of an old turreted house where an old great-uncle of mine lived, and of its gardens and its long pond, where there was an island with tame eagles; and one day somebody read me some verses, and said they made him think of that old house, where he had been very happy. The verses ran in my head for years, and became to me the best description of happiness in the world, and I am not certain that I know a better even now. They were those first dozen verses of "Golden Wings," that begin:—

Midways of a walled garden
In the happy poplar land
Did an ancient castle stand,
With an old knight for warden.

Many scarlet bricks there were
In the walls and old grey stone
Over which red apples shone
At the right time of the year.

On the bricks the green moss grew
Yellow lichen on the stone,
Over which red apples shone;
Little war that castle knew.

When William Morris describes a house of any kind, and makes his description poetical, it is always, I think, some house that he would have liked to have lived in, and I remember him saying about the time when he was writing of that great house of "The Wolfings": "I decorate modern houses for people, but the house that would please me would be some great room where one talked to one's friends in one corner, and ate in another, and slept in another, and worked in another." Indeed, all he writes seems to me like the make-believe of a child who is remaking the world, not always in the same way, but always after its own heart, and so, unlike all other modern writers, he makes his poetry out of unending pictures of a happiness that is often what a child might imagine, and always a happiness that sets mind and body at ease. Now it is a picture of some great room full of merriment; now of the wine-press; now of the golden threshing-floor; now of an old mill among apple trees; now of cool water after the heat of the sun; now of some well-sheltered, well-tilled place among woods or mountains, where men and women live happily, knowing

of nothing that is too far off or too great for the affections. He has but one story to tell us, how some man or woman lost and found again the happiness that is always half of the body; and even when they are wandering from it, leaves must fall over them and flowers make fragrances about them, and warm winds fan them, and birds sing to them, for being of Habundia's kin they must not forget the shadow of her Green Tree even for a moment, and the waters of her Well must be always wet upon their sandals. His poetry often wearies us, as the unbroken green of July wearies us, for there is something in us, some bitterness because of the fall it may be, that takes a little from the sweetness of Eve's apple after the first mouthful; but he who did all things gladly and easily, who never knew the curse of labour, found it always as sweet as it was in Eve's mouth. All kinds of associations have gathered about the pleasant things of the world, and half taken the pleasure out of them for the greater number of men, but he saw them as when they came from the Divine Hand. I often see him in my mind, as I saw him once at Hammersmith, holding

up a glass of claret towards the light, and saying, "Why do people say it is prosaic to get inspiration out of wine. Is it not the sunlight and the sap in the leaves. Are not grapes made by the sunlight and the sap?"

V.

In one of his little Socialist pamphlets he tells how he sat under an elm-tree and watched the starlings, and thought of an old horse and an old labourer that had passed him by, and of the men and women he had seen in towns; and he wondered how all these had come to be as they were. He saw that the starlings were beautiful and merry, and that men and the old horse they had subdued to their service were ugly and miserable, and yet the starlings, he thought, were of one kind, whether there or in the south of England, and the ugly men and women were of one kind with those whose nobility and beauty had moved the ancient sculptors and poets to imagine the gods and the heroes after the images of men. Then he began, he tells us, to meditate how this great difference might be ended, and a new life, which would permit men to have beauty

in common among them, as the starlings have, be built on the wrecks of the old life. In other words, his mind was illuminated from within and lifted into prophecy in the full right sense of the word; and he saw the natural things he was alone gifted to see, in their pecfect form; and having that faith which is alone worth having, for it includes all others, a sure knowledge established in the constitution of his mind, that perfect things are final things, he announced that all he had seen would come to pass. I do not think he troubled to understand books of Economics, and Mr. Mackail says, I think, that they vexed him and wearied him. He found it enough to hold up, as it were, life as it is to-day, beside his visions, and to show how faded its colours were and how sapless it was. And if we had not enough artistic feeling, enough feeling for the perfect that is, to admit the authority of the vision; or enough faith to understand that all that is imperfect passes away, he would not, as I think, have argued with us in a serious spirit. Though I think that he never used the kind of words I use in writing of him; though I think he would even have disliked

a word like faith, with its theological associations, I am certain that he understood thoroughly, as all artists understand a little, that the important things, the things we must believe in or perish, are beyond argument. We can no more reason about them than can the pigeon come but lately from the egg, about the hawk, whose shadow makes it cower among the grass. His vision is true because it is poetical, because we are a little happier when we are looking at it; and he knew, as Shelley knew by an act of faith, that the economists should take their measurements, not from life as it is, but from the vision of men like him, from the vision of the world made perfect, that is buried under all minds. The early Christians were of the kin of the wilderness and of the Dry Tree, and they saw an unearthly Paradise, but he was of the kin of the Well and of the Green Tree, and he saw an Earthly Paradise.

He obeyed his vision when he tried to make first his own house, for he was in this matter also like a child playing with the world, and then houses of other people, places where one could live happily; and he obeyed it when he wrote essays about the

nature of happy work, and when he spoke at street corners about the coming changes.

He knew clearly what he was doing towards the end, for he lived at a time when poets and artists have begun again to carry the burdens that priests and theologians took from them angrily some few hundred years ago. His art was not more essentially religious than Rossetti's art, but it was different, for Rossetti, drunken with natural beauty, saw the supernatural beauty, the impossible beauty, in his frenzy, while he being less intense and more tranquil, would show us a beauty that would wither if it did not set us at peace with natural things, and if we did not believe that it existed always a little, and would some day exist in its fullness. He may not have been, indeed he was not, among the very greatest poets, but he was among the greatest of those who prepare the last reconciliation when the Cross shall blossom with roses.

The Bibelot

"Neither Poe nor Whitman can be accepted as a wholly satisfactory poet; we may dispute the substance of the one and the form of the other; but in those two men — and in those two men alone — there is that vital essence which criticism can never explain, but must accept, or become a dusty signpost pointing along forsaken highways."[1]

I.

THE three selections which we have chosen from Leaves of Grass *are given in their order of date and, as it seems to me, have a cumulative value that is worth while retaining. In any adequate estimate the bibliography of Whitman is an essential and not to be neglected feature.*[2] *From first*

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1 *See* The Athenæum, *(December 23, 1905,) page 858.*

2 *This has been given by Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs. See Complete Works of Walt Whitman, Vol. X. (New York, 1902.) Since the definitive edition was issued the following volumes of the greatest value to students have been published:* Walt Whitman *by Isaac Hull Platt, 1904;* A Life of Walt Whitman *by Henry Bryan Binns, 1905;* Walt Whitman and Leaves of Grass: An Introduction *by W. H. Trimble, 1905;* Walt Whitman, His Life and Work *by Bliss Perry; First Edition, 1906; Second Revised Edition, 1908;* Days with Walt Whitman, with some notes on his Life and

to last, beginning in 1855 and continuing almost to the end of life, the poet had been exfoliating, and those who would reckon with him as a living force must go to his text as it slowly evolved until in the completed Leaves *we have the finished product. Fifty years is not a long time to await the judgment of prosperity, and now we see that within this period Whitman has come into hailing distance of genuine appreciation of the permanent amidst the transitory, of what is cosmic in place of the chaotic, though it is still true that he is often underrated both poetically and ethically. A better acquaintance with rhythmic laws leaves little to be said of his work as a species of "undigested securities" and still less to say in deprecation of his spiritual insight.*

II.

The Song of the Open Road *first appeared in the* Leaves *of 1856. It was then known as* Poem of the Road *and was so entitled in the edition of 1860. What this poem means the late George Rice Carpenter has well set forth: "The* Open Road *is one of the most haunting of all his compo-*

Work *by Edward Carpenter, 1906;* Walt Whitman *by George Rice Carpenter, 1909.*

sitions. Starting from the highway, which entices one to push out boldly and carelessly into unknown districts, he transfers his symbolism to the open road of thought and feeling and action, urging his friends tenderly to throw aside convention and conservatism and enter heartily upon the journey of life, questing for the unknown:—

'Allons! after the Great Companions! and to belong to them!
They too are on the road! they are swift and majestic men! they are the greatest women . . .'"

Concerning Passage to India *there is excellent agreement on all sides by the critics and, as we know, Whitman himself, speaking within a short time of his death said: "There's more of me, the essential, ultimate me, in that than in any of the poems . . . The burden of it is evolution—the one thing escaping the other—the unfolding of cosmic purposes." As Mr. Bliss Perry restates the case: "The completion of the Suez Canal and of the Pacific Railroad, making tangible the old dreams of a passage to the Orient, are used as symbols not only of the growing unity of the world, but of the voyages of the soul in search of God."*

Finally, we come to his Song of the Universal, *read by proxy as the Commence-*

ment poem at Tufts College, Mass., June 17, 1874. It was first printed in Two Rivulets, *1876, and in all later editions is found as a sub-title under the division* Birds of Passage. *It is difficult to say of our three selections which is the highest in expression, both as to form and content, but it would not be difficult to find others that to many minds are their equal. It is a question of choice and we have chosen. It only reveals the richness of the mine we have quarried.*

As for Joy, Shipmate, Joy! *our facsimile reveals an unpublished variant, reproduced from the original manuscript, now in possession of the writer as a gift from his friend, Horace Traubel.*[3] *Somehow it makes plain exactly* what *Whitman had to say to his own soul. It was this poem the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson desired inscribed upon his memorial tablet; and it is this poem which well might stand as an epitaph for a man of his nobility.*

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3 *The two volumes already published,* With Walt Whitman in Camden *by Horace Traubel, (1906–1908,) are to be continued by a third volume which Mr. Mitchell Kennerley will have ready this fall. It is a book no serious student of Whitman can afford to do without.*

III.

"*The Highest said: Don't let us begin so low — isn't our range too coarse — too gross? . . . . The Soul answer'd: No, not when we consider what it is all for — the end involv'd in Time and Space.*"

May we not then at last dismiss the academic aridities of so-called criticism of Whitman to the lumber-room of lost causes? If anyone can accept the statement that Whitman acquired his form through familiarity with Samuel Warren's The Lily and the Bee (*1851*), *they would also be justified in taking Ossian-Macpherson and Tupper as the source of his poetical material. The view as to Warren originated with Mr. Walter Learned, who passed it over to Mr. Charles H. Ames, who in turn gave it to Mr. Bliss Perry. In its review of Professor Perry's book,* (*October 11, 1906,*) The Nation *let the cat out of the critical bag by incidentally remarking* "There needs but a touch of genius *to fit the lines* [*cited from the aforesaid* Lily and the Bee] *to stand with the most characteristic of Whitman's.*" *Even Mr. Perry himself admits* "*after all is said*" *that Whitman's* "*own essential model . . . was the rhythmical patterns of the English Bible.*"

And if Burns has survived his own description and his own proofs of being "the old hawk" that Henley took him to be, the good grey poet has surely reached a period when he, too, has outlived the foulest abuse, public and private, of men who knew better, if they knew anything at all to his credit or discredit.[4]

"I greet you at the beginning of a great career!" Immortal words "that pierce the night like stars," which in 1855 set their seal of divine approval upon a book literally despised and rejected of men. It was as Emerson clearly saw, "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed," or perhaps will ever contribute to the world of literature and of light. And on this high note we may confidently leave our poet to "recorders ages hence."

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4 *Such, for example, as the thinly veiled "great man who lived in Cambridge," and "was visited by a stranger, who was on his way to visit Whitman also; but his host turned him aside, affirming that the author of the* Leaves of Grass . . . *was 'a common street blackguard and nothing but a low New York rowdy.'" See* Essays in Puritanism *by Andrew Macphail, (1905,) page 249.*

THREE SELECTIONS FROM LEAVES OF GRASS:

I SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

II PASSAGE TO INDIA

III SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL

By

WALT WHITMAN.

For the Eternal Ocean bound,
These ripples, passing surges, streams of Death and Life.

Come, said my Soul,
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)
That should and after death invisibly return,
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)
Ever with pleased smile I may keep on,
Ever and ever yet the verses owning — as, first, I here and now,
Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name,

WALT WHITMAN.

WHITMAN has often been likened to Rousseau, to Carlyle, to Browning, to Tolstoi, and to Nietzsche, and there are obvious similarities in each case. The points of dissimilarity, however, are even more striking. Rousseau was less robust; Carlyle, less positive in his influence; Browning, more analytic and intellectual; Nietzsche, more insurgent and rebellious; Tolstoi, more ascetic and conscience-haunted. Whitman's analogues, I suspect, are rather to be found in great personalities, in men who represent a new attitude, in men who bring a message to their brothers, a truth mainly expressed in their lives and only incidentally through their writings,—such men, shall we say, as Francis of Assisi, or George Fox, or many an Oriental teacher of earlier or later times. These are the great accepters and unifiers of life; their teachings and examples pass beyond the confines of literature or politics; they show new and noble ways of living. Of this type, in his own degree, Whitman seems to me to have been. He is the first and the most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and in America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship.

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER.

Joy! Shipmate! Joy!

(To my own Soul)

Joy - shipmate! joy!
For now the long, long anchorage we leave!
Our ship is clear at last - she leaps
She swiftly courses from the shore - Joy! shipmate! joy!
Soon, soon we breathe the breezes - soon we sail the sea!
The sea of Freedom Time and Space - the all expanding sea.

PASSAGE TO INDIA.

1.

SINGING my days,
Singing the great achievements of the present,
Singing the strong light works of engineers,
Our modern wonders, (the antique ponderous Seven outvied,)
In the Old World the east the Suez canal,
The New by its mighty railroad spann'd,
The seas inlaid with eloquent gentle wires;
Yet first to sound, and ever sound, the cry with thee O soul,
The Past! the Past! the Past!

The Past — the dark unfathom'd retrospect!
The teeming gulf — the sleepers and the shadows!
The past — the infinite greatness of the past!
For what is the present after all but a growth out of the past?
(As a projectile form'd, impell'd, passing a certain line, still keeps on,
So the present, utterly form'd, impell'd by the past.)

2.

Passage O soul to India!
Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables.

Not you alone proud truths of the world,
Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,
But myths and fables of eld, Asia's, Africa's fables,

The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams,
The deep diving bibles and legends,
The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions;
O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the rising sun!
O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting to heaven!
You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnish'd with gold!
Towers of fables immortal fashion'd from mortal dreams!
You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!
You too with joy I sing.

Passage to India!
Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first?
The earth to be spann'd, connected by network,
The races, neighbours, to marry and be given in marriage,
The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought near,
The lands to be welded together.

A worship new I sing,
You captains, voyagers, explorers, yours,
You engineers, you architects, machinists, yours,
You, not for trade or transportation only,
But in God's name, and for thy sake O soul.

3.

Passage to India!
Lo soul for thee of tableaus twain,

I see in one the Suez canal initiated, open'd,
I see the procession of steamships, the Empress Eugenie's leading the van,
I mark from on deck the strange landscape, the pure sky, the level sand in the distance,
I pass swiftly the picturesque groups, the workmen gather'd,
The gigantic dredging machines.

In one again, different, (yet thine, all thine, O soul, the same,)
I see over my own continent the Pacific railroad surmounting every barrier,
I see continual trains of cars winding along the Platte carrying freight and passengers,
I hear the locomotives rushing and roaring, and the shrill steam-whistle,
I hear the echoes reverberate through the grandest scenery in the world,
I cross the Laramie plains, I note the rocks in grotesque shapes, the buttes,
I see the plentiful larkspur and wild onions, the barren, colorless, sage-deserts,
I see in glimpses afar or towering immediately above me the great mountains, I see the Wind river and the Wahsatch mountains,
I see the Monument mountain and the Eagle's Nest, I pass the Promontory, I ascend the Nevadas,
I scan the noble Elk mountain and wind around its base,
I see the Humboldt range, I thread the valley and cross the river,

I see the clear waters of lake Tahoe, I see forests of majestic
pines,
Or crossing the great desert, the alkaline plains, I behold
enchanting mirages of waters and meadows,
Marking through these and after all, in duplicate slender lines,
Bridging the three or four thousand miles of land travel,
Tying the Eastern to the Western sea,
The road between Europe and Asia.

(Ah Genoese thy dream! thy dream!
Centuries after thou art laid in thy grave,
The shore thou foundest verifies thy dreams.)

4.

Passage to India!
Struggles of many a captain, tales of many a sailor dead,
Over my mood stealing and spreading they come,
Like clouds and cloudlets in the unreach'd sky.

Along all history, down the slopes,
As a rivulet running, sinking now, and now again to the
surface rising,
A ceaseless thought, a varied train — lo, soul, to thee, thy
sight, they rise,
The plans, the voyages again, the expeditions;
Again Vasco de Gama sails forth,
Again the knowledge gain'd, the mariner's compass,

Lands found and nations born, thou born America,
For purpose vast, man's long probation fill'd,
Thou rondure of the world at last accomplish'd.

5.

O vast Rondure, swimming in space,
Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty,
Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,
Unspeakable high processions of sun and moon and countless stars above,
Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees,
With inscrutable purpose, some hidden prophetic intention,
Now first it seems my thought begins to span thee.

Down from the gardens of Asia descending radiating,
Adam and Eve appear, then their myriad progeny after them,
Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations,
With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-happy hearts,
With that sad incessant refrain, *Wherefore unsatisfied soul?* and *Whither O mocking life?*

Ah who shall soothe these feverish children?
Who justify these restless explorations?
Who speak the secret of impassive earth?
Who bind it to us? what is this separate Nature so unnatural?

What is this earth to our affections? (unloving earth, without
a throb to answer ours,
Cold earth, the place of graves.)

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried
out,
Perhaps even now the time has arrived.

After the seas are all cross'd, (as they seem already cross'd,)
After the great captains and engineers have accomplish'd
their work,
After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist,
the geologist, ethnologist,
Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,
The true son of God shall come singing his songs.
Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and
inventors, shall be justified,
All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,
All affection shall be fully responded to, the secret shall be told,
All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd
and link'd together,
The whole earth, this cold, impassive, voiceless earth, shall
be completely justified,
Trinitas divine shall be gloriously accomplish'd and compacted
by the true son of God, the poet,
He shall indeed pass the straits and conquer the mountains,
He shall double the cape of Good Hope to some purpose,)
Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,
The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

6.

Year at whose wide-flung door I sing!
Year of the purpose accomplish'd!
Year of the marriage of continents, climates and oceans!
(No mere doge of Venice now wedding the Adriatic,)
I see O year in you the vast terraqueous globe given and giving all,
Europe to Asia, Africa join'd, and they to the New World,
The lands, geographies, dancing before you, holding a festival garland,
As brides and bridegrooms hand in hand.

Passage to India!
Cooling airs from Caucasus far, soothing cradle of man,
The river Euphrates flowing, the past lit up again.

Lo soul, the retrospect brought forward,
The old, most populous, wealthiest of earth's lands,
The streams of the Indus and the Ganges and their many affluents,
(I my shores of America walking to-day behold, resuming all,)
The tale of Alexander on his warlike marches suddenly dying,
On one side China and on the other side Persia and Arabia,
To the south the great seas and the bay of Bengal,
The flowing literatures, tremendous epics, religions, castes,
Old occult Brahma interminably far back, the tender and junior Buddha,

Central and southern empires and all their belongings, possessors,
The wars of Tamerlane, the reign of Aurungzebe,
The traders, rulers, explorers, Moslems, Venetians, Byzantium, the Arabs, Portuguese,
The first travelers famous yet, Marco Polo, Batouta the Moor,
Doubts to be solv'd, the map incognita, blanks to be fill'd,
The foot of man unstay'd, the hands never at rest,
Thyself O soul that will not brook a challenge.

The mediæval navigators rise before me,
The world of 1492, with its awaken'd enterprise,
Something swelling in humanity now like the sap of the earth in spring,
The sunset splendor of chivalry declining.

And who art thou sad shade?
Gigantic, visionary, thyself a visionary,
With majestic limbs and pious beaming eyes,
Spreading around with every look of thine a golden world,
Enhuing it with gorgeous hues.

As the chief histrion,
Down the footlights walks in some great scena,
Dominating the rest I see the Admiral himself,
(History's type of courage, action, faith,)
Behold him sail from Palos leading his little fleet,
His voyage behold, his return, his great fame,

His misfortunes, calumniators, behold him a prisoner, chain'd,
Behold his dejection, poverty, death.

(Curious in time I stand, noting the efforts of heroes,
Is the deferment long? bitter the slander, poverty, death?
Lies the seed unreck'd for centuries in the ground? lo, to
God's due occasion,
Uprising in the night, it sprouts, blooms,
And fills the earth with use and beauty.)

7.

Passage indeed O soul to primal thought,
Not lands and seas alone, thy own clear freshness,
The young maturity of brood and bloom,
To realms of budding bibles.

O soul, repressless, I with thee and thou with me,
Thy circumnavigation of the world begin,
Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,
To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
Again with fair creation.

8.

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship O soul,
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,

Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds, (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul,)
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.

With laugh and many a kiss,
(Let others deprecate, let others weep for sin, remorse, humiliation,)
O soul thou pleasest me, I thee.

Ah more than any priest O soul we too believe in God,
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally.

O soul thou pleasest me, I thee,
Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,
Thoughts, silent thoughts, of Time and Space and Death, like waters flowing,
Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,
Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, lave me all over,
Bathe me O God in thee, mounting to thee,
I and my soul to range in range of thee.

O Thou transcendent,
Nameless, the fibre and the breath,
Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre of them,
Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving,

Thou moral, spiritual fountain — affection's source — thou reservoir,
(O pensive soul of me — O thirst unsatisfied — waitest not there?
Waitest not haply for us somewhere there the Comrade perfect?)
Thou pulse — thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,
How should I think, how breathe a single breath, how speak, if, out of myself,
I could not launch, to those, superior universes?

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth;
What love than thine and ours could wider amplify?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours O soul?
What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?
What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?
For others' sake to suffer all?

Reckoning ahead O soul, when thou, the time achiev'd,
The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage done,
Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aim attain'd,
As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found,
The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

9.

Passage to more than India!
Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far flights?
O soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like those?
Disportest thou on waters such as those?
Soundest below the Sanscrit and the Vedas?
Then have thy bent unleash'd.

Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce enigmas!
Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems!
You, strew'd with the wrecks of skeletons, that, living, never reach'd you.

Passage to more than India!
O secret of the earth and sky!
Of you O waters of the sea! O winding creeks and rivers!
Of you O woods and fields! of you strong mountains of my land!
Of you O prairies! of you gray rocks!
O morning red! O clouds! O rain and snows!
O day and night, passage to you!

O sun and moon and all you stars! Sirius and Jupiter!
Passage to you!

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking
like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long
enough?

Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

1.

AFOOT and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

2.

You road I enter upon and look around, I believe you are not all that is here,
I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial,
The black with his woolly head, the felon, the diseas'd, the illiterate person, are not denied;
The birth, the hasting after the physician, the beggar's tramp, the drunkard's stagger, the laughing party of mechanics,
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple,
The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the town, the return back from the town,
They pass, I also pass, any thing passes, none can be interdicted,
None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me.

3.

You air that serves me with breath to speak!
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings and give them shape!
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!
I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear to me.

You flagg'd walks of the cities! you strong curbs at the edges!
You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined sides! you distant ships!
You rows of houses! you window-pierc'd façades! you roofs!

You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!
You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!
You doors and ascending steps! you arches!
You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!
From all that has touch'd you I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and now would impart the same secretly to me,
From the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive surfaces, and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me.

4.

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel, do you say to me *Do not leave me?*
Do you say *Venture not — if you leave me you are lost?*
Do you say *I am already prepared, I am well-beaten and undenied, adhere to me?*

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love you,
You express me better than I can express myself,
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

5.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over to men and women You have done such good to me I would do the same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,

I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

6.

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze me,
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd it would not astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room,
(Such a deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race of men,
Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law and mocks all authority and all argument against it.)

Here is the test of wisdom,
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it to another not having it,
Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content,

Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellence of things;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul.

Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds and along the landscape and flowing currents.
Here is realization,
Here is a man tallied — he realizes here what he has in him,
The past, the future, majesty, love — if they are vacant of you, you are vacant of them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?
Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashion'd, it is apropos;
Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers?
Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?

7.

Here is the efflux of the soul,
The efflux of the soul comes from within through embower'd gates, ever provoking questions,

These yearnings why are they? these thoughts in the darkness why are they?
Why are there men and women that while they are nigh me the sunlight expands my blood?
Why when they leave me do my pennants of joy sink flat and lank?
Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?
(I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and always drop fruit as I pass;)
What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?
What with some driver as I ride on the seat by his side?
What with some fisherman drawing his seine by the shore as I walk by and pause?
What gives me to be free to a woman's and man's good-will? what gives them to be free to mine?

8.

The efflux of the soul is happiness, here is happiness,
I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times,
Now it flows unto us, we are rightly charged.

Here rises the fluid and attaching character,
The fluid and attaching character is the freshness and sweetness of man and woman,
The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter every day out of the roots of themselves, than it sprouts fresh and sweet continually out of itself.)

Toward the fluid and attaching character exudes the sweat of the love of young and old,
From it falls distill'd the charm that mocks beauty and attainments,
Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache of contact.

9.

Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!
Traveling with me you find what never tires.

The earth never tires,
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first, Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first,
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

Allons! we must not stop here,
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling we cannot remain here,
However shelter'd this port and however calm these waters we must not anchor here,
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are permitted to receive it but a little while.

Allons! the inducements shall be greater,
We will sail pathless and wild seas,
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper speeds by under full sail.

Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;
Allons! from all formules!
From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests.

The stale cadaver blocks up the passage — the burial waits no longer.

Allons! yet take warning!
He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,
None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and health,
Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself,
Only those may come who come in sweet and determin'd bodies,
No diseas'd person, no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted here.

(I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
We convince by our presence.)

11.

Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

12.

Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to them!
They too are on the road — they are the swift and majestic men — they are the greatest women,
Enjoyers of calms of seas and storms of seas,
Sailors of many a ship, walkers of many a mile of land,
Habituès of many distant countries, habituès of far-distant dwellings,
Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, solitary toilers,

Pausers and contemplators of tufts, blossoms, shells of the shore,
Dancers at wedding-dances, kissers of brides, tender helpers of children, bearers of children,
Soldiers of revolts, standers by gaping graves, lowerers-down of coffins,
Journeyers over consecutive seasons, over the years, the curious years each emerging from that which preceded it,
Journeyers as with companions, namely their own diverse phases,
Forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days,
Journeyers gayly with their own youth, journeyers with their bearded and well-grain'd manhood,
Journeyers with their womanhood, ample, unsurpass'd, content,
Journeyers with their own sublime old age of manhood or womanhood,
Old age, calm, expanded, broad with the haughty breadth of the universe,
Old age, flowing free with the delicious near-by freedom of death.

13.

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,
To merge all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights they tend to,
Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,

To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,
To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long but it stretches and waits for you,
To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither,
To see no possession but you may possess it, enjoying all without labor or purchase, abstracting the feast yet not abstracting one particle of it,
To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich man's elegant villa, and the chaste blessings of the well-married couple, and the fruits of orchards and flowers of gardens,
To take to your use out of the compact cities as you pass through,
To carry buildings and streets with you afterward wherever you go,
To gather the minds of men out of their brains as you encounter them, to gather the love out of their hearts,
To take your lovers on the road with you, for all that you leave them behind you,
To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as roads for traveling souls.

All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments — all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best — toward something great.

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!
You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though you built it, or though it has been built for you.

Out of the dark confinement! out from behind the screen!
It is useless to protest, I know all and expose it.

Behold through you as bad as the rest,
Through the laughter, dancing, dining, supping, of people,
Inside of dresses and ornaments, inside of those wash'd and trimm'd faces,
Behold a secret silent loathing and despair.

No husband, no wife, no friend, trusted to hear the confession,
Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,

Formless and wordless through the streets of the cities,
polite and bland in the parlors,
In the cars of railroads, in steamboats, in the public assembly,
Home to the houses of men and women, at the table, in the
bed-room, everywhere,
Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death
under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbons and
artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of
itself,
Speaking of any thing else but never of itself.

14.

Allons! through struggles and wars!
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

Have the past struggles succeeded?
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?
Now understand me well — it is provided in the essence of
things that from any fruition of success, no matter what,
shall come forth something to make a greater struggle
necessary.

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,
He going with me must go well arm'd,
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry
enemies, desertions.

15.

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe — I have tried it — my own feet have tried it well — be not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law.
Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL.

1.

COME said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the universal.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

By every life a share or more or less,
None born but it is born, conceal'd or unconceal'd the seed is waiting.

2.

Lo! keen-eyed towering science,
As from tall peaks the modern overlooking,
Successive absolute fiats issuing.

Yet again, lo! the soul, above all science,
For it has history gather'd like husks around the globe,
For it the entire star-myriads roll through the sky.

In spiral routes by long detours,
(As a much-tacking ship upon the sea,)

For it the partial to the permanent flowing,
For it the real to the ideal tends.

For it the mystic evolution,
Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified.

Forth from their masks, no matter what,
From the huge festering trunk, from craft and guile and tears,
Health to emerge and joy, joy universal.

Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,
Only the good is universal.

3.

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.

From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.

To fashion's, custom's discord,
To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,
Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,
From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

4.

And thou America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

Thou too surroundest all,
Embracing carrying welcoming all, thou too by pathways broad and new,
To the ideal tendest.

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me O God to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,

In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not
from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

The Bibelot

I.

IT *has long been a matter of common knowledge that the English mind is singularly inelastic concerning matters which, to use a booksellers' phrase, transcend the bounds of decency, more especially so in its preconception of the said boundaries and where they begin and end. Nor does one have to go very far afield in literary research to recall the fact of Pepys and the still to-be-looked-for unexpurgated text of this most human of all diarists. Another instance may be found in the unrivalled memoirs of Anthony Hamilton which have been mishandled by every editor with the single exception of Henry Vizetelly, whose edition, published in 1889, is out of print and practically unknown. Coming to our immediate subject we may safely regard as a negligible quantity everything written in English on Casanova until almost precisely a century after his death.*[1]

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1 *See* The Real Barry Lyndon *by W. E. Garrett Fisher, in* The English Illustrated Magazine *for March, 1896: See also* Highways and Byways in Literature *by Hugh Farrie, London, 1910, Pp. 115-*

To put the case briefly: the first worthwhile essay[2] *on this undivine adventurer was contributed by Havelock Ellis to* The Savoy, *November, 1896. Possibly owing to this fact Mr. Arthur Symons, then editor of that delightful but now defunct magazine, was thus early directed to the rehabilitation of a genius, sinister and sordid, if you will have it so, but none the less a unique personality which serves as a master-key to unlock the moral and social life of the Eighteenth Century. First published in* The North American Review, *September, 1902, (from whom we have purchased the right to reprint,)* Casanova at Dux: An Unpublished Chapter of History *would seem to have attracted scant attention: none the less it must be reckoned with as a serious contribution to literary history. If Grammont and Pepys are seen to be indispensable; if Rousseau and even the unspeakable De Sade must be reckoned with, Casanova in far higher degree is a fixed figure in any ade-*

120, for the sole reference we have found concerning Mr. Symons' essay.

2 *See* Affirmations *by Havelock Ellis. Octavo, London, 1898, Pp. 86-130. The* Savoy *article is here continued and made complete. The name of Mr. Whibley should also be mentioned. See* Literary Portraits, *by Charles Whibley. Octavo, London, 1904, Pp. 291-313.*

quate survey of that dead and gone century be limned for all time and for all the world to know.

During the past decade much water has undoubtedly flowed under the bridge of critical research. Is it not typical of British mental attitude (which being of yesterday is also of to-day and hence seemingly forever,) that Frederic Harrison, dean of critics though he be, should fail to mention in his Among my Books[3] *the name of one who as an interpreter of men and morals stands alone? Alive as he is to the merit of Lockhart's* Scott, *Gibbon's* Autobiography, *Lewes'* Life of Gœthe, *he fails, even casually, to recall Casanova or mention Rousseau; and yet he could discover in a real life of Byron, which, he says, "we never shall have," a something "we should no doubt furiously enjoy."*

II.

Since Symons' aid to our enlightenment much new light has been cast on "what manner of man Casanova seemed to his contemporaries." The time, therefore, is at hand when his memoirs, even in the garbled text we now possess, forms the basis

3 *Now publisbing in* The English Review *beginning with December, 1911.*

of a liberal education, though assuredly of a sort not imparted by any ordinary course of literary study. At last the solitary pursuits of the specialist[4] *are likely to find a more general public, when all serious students, no longer wholly kept from the vivid Pepys, are also to read the authentic adventures of a born wastrel though none the less one whose confessions make the age wherein he moved an ever-living reality. Beside such* comedie humaine *the deeds of Cellini and Carlo Gozzi are as water unto wine. To neglect Casanova is as if you had not assayed and assessed Boswell, or if, as a Latin scholar, you had neglected Petronius and the Lucianic dialogues. To one desirous of coming into close grips with a genuine Superman of the Eighteenth Century such lack of appreciation is pathetically inadequate.*

Thus we owe to Arthur Symons the first disentangling of a rare subliminal self from the rubbish heap of critical near-sightedness — the restoration of a living man to his lost world of undoubted realities. Meanwhile, for those who do not wish to await the complete text, or who are unable to

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4 *See* Casanova et son temps *by Edouard Maynial. Paris: Mercure de France, 1911. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne, Octavo, London, 1911.*

get at the English translation of 1896, there is the two volume expurgated Memoirs *of 1902, and the book by Edouard Maynial.*[5] *For the unexpurgated version,*[6] *which Signor Aldo Ravà is to edit and the firm of Brockhaus will presently publish, we must abide the coming hour. From such material promised us it can be seen that "the unsavory masterpiece of the past" is about to emerge from its undeserved notoriety "into a precious historical document:" while foremost among the names of all good students and true that of Arthur Symons stands as the earliest English investigator who has laid hands upon the real Jacques — not indeed a "Jean-Jacques" whom we all are supposed to*

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5 *The only complete translation in English was the one issued in London, 1896 in 12 vols., octavo, for subscribers only by H. S. Nichols, which, needless to say, was duly suppressed by the indefatigable English Vice Society. There is therefor alone available* The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, The Prince of Adventurers. A New and Abridged Edition, with Introduction, Two Portraits, Notes, and Appendices. *Octavo, cloth, 2 vols., London, 1902. Said to be the joint work of two ladies whose names are not given.*

6 *See an appreciative review of the two latest books on Casanova in* The Nation *for March 21, 1912, that by Maynial as above, and* Lettere di donne a Giacomo Casanova, *by Aldo Ravà with ten portraits and one facsimile, Milan, Treves, 1912.*

know, but a more human experimentalist in living, — the Chevalier de Seingalt, prince of all adventurers past, present or to come.

It is true that most adventurers of old time "come like shadows, so depart," but the one exquisite episode of Henriette pleads for her lover though heaven and earth were silent. It was the hour when happy dreams take leave yet the memory of those old sweet nights, the loveliest of earth, remain to us and are in evidence that they remained to Casanova when everything else of dear and desirable in his unresting life had found

> *"The end of tender words and faces,*
> *The end of all, the poppied sleep."*

FOR JULY:
THE VIELLE-PLAYER'S STORY
BY JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Casanova At Dux:
An Unpublished Chapter of History

By

Arthur Symons.

What should be our last word about Casanova? It is true that although—if indeed one should not say because—he was so heroically natural Casanova was not an average normal man. It is scarcely given to the average man to expend such versatile and reckless skill in the field of the world, or to find so large a part wherein to play off that skill. But neither are the saints and philosophers normal; St. Bernard was not normal, nor yet Spinoza. And surely it is a poor picture of the world which would show us St. Bernard and Spinoza and shut out Casanova. "Vous avez l'outil universel," Fabrice said to Gil Blas. Casanova's brain was just such a tool of universal use, and he never failed to use it. For if you would find the supreme type of the human animal in the completest development of his rankness and cunning, in the very plentitude of his most excellent wits, I know not where you may more safely go than to the Mémoires *of the self-ennobled Jacques Casanova Chevalier de Seingalt.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

La piste casanovérienne, as it is fondly called, has long held a quite reasonable fascination for all students of social history and psychology. These famous *Mémoires* furnish an unique tableau of the eighteenth century, painted for us by a man whose personality was itself unique. The trail has been carefully followed by Englishmen and Frenchmen alike. Mr. Arthur Symons and Mr. Havelock Ellis in our own country have displayed a passionate interest in the wonderful Venetian; while Messieurs Armand Baschet and Octave Uzanne have foraged in the lockers of the Maison Brockhaus at Leipzig, in the Archives of the Venetian Senate, and have given us the results of their researches. . . . . It is to these writers that we owe the discovery that Casanova was not a mere retailer of impossibly indelicate stories, but a memoirist of the first order, and the author of one of the most vivacious and artistically faithful pictures of the romantic age in which he moved, that we are lucky enough to possess. This "passionist," as the French love to call him, this prince of adventurers, was a man of action, who cared to analyse the springs of that action, and posed to himself, and to all his friends, as a philosopher. The list of his philosophical and metaphysical works would startle and weary. The *Mémoires* alone survive.

Introduction to the Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt. Octavo, 2 vols. (*London*, 1902.)

CASANOVA AT DUX:

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

I.

THE "Memoirs" of Casanova, though they have enjoyed the popularity of a bad reputation, have never had justice done to them by serious students of literature, of life and of history. One English writer, indeed, Mr. Havelock Ellis, has realized that "there are few more delightful books in the world," and he has analyzed them in an essay on Casanova, published in "Affirmations," with extreme care and remarkable subtlety. But this essay stands alone, at all events in English, as an attempt to take Casanova seriously, to show him in his relation to his time, and in his relation to human problems. And yet these "Memoirs" are perhaps the most valuable document which we possess on the society of the eighteenth century; they are the history of a unique life, a unique personality, one of the greatest of autobiographies; as a record of adventures, they are more entertaining than "Gil Blas," or "Monte Cristo," or any of the imaginary travels, and escapes, and masquerades in life, which have been written in imitation of them. They tell the story of a

man who loved life passionately for its own sake: one to whom woman was, indeed, the most important thing in the world, but to whom nothing in the world was indifferent. The bust which gives us the most lively notion of him shows us a great, vivid, intellectual face, full of fiery energy and calm resource, the face of a thinker and a fighter in one. A scholar, an adventurer, perhaps a Cabalist, a busy stirrer in politics, a gamester, one "born for the fairer sex," as he tells us, and born also to be a vagabond; this man, who is remembered now for his written account of his own life, was that rarest kind of autobiographer, one who did not live to write, but wrote because he had lived, and when he could live no longer.

And his "Memoirs" take one all over Europe, giving sidelights, all the more valuable in being almost accidental, upon many of the affairs and people most interesting to us during two-thirds of the eighteenth century. Giacomo Casanova was born in Venice, of Spanish and Italian parentage, on April 2d, 1725; he died at the Château of Dux, in Bohemia, on June 4th, 1798. In that lifetime of seventy-three years he

travelled, as his "Memoirs" show us, in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, England, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia, Poland, Spain, Holland, Turkey; he met Voltaire at Ferney, Rousseau at Montmorenci, Fontenelle, d'Alembert and Crébillon at Paris, George III. in London, Louis XV. at Fontainebleau, Catherine the Great at St. Petersburg, Benedict XII. at Rome, Joseph II. at Vienna, Frederick the Great at Sans-Souci. Imprisoned by the Inquisitors of State in the *Piombi* at Venice, he made, in 1755, the most famous escape in history. His "Memoirs," as we have them, break off abruptly at the moment when he is expecting a safe-conduct, and the permission to return to Venice after twenty years' wanderings. He did return, as we know from documents in the Venetian archives; he returned as secret agent of the Inquisitors, and remained in their service from 1774 until 1782. At the end of 1782, he left Venice; and next year we find him in Paris, where, in 1784, he met Count Waldstein, at the Venetian Ambassador's, and was invited by him to become his librarian at Dux. He accepted, and for the fourteen remaining

years of his life lived at Dux, where he wrote his "Memoirs."

Casanova died in 1798, but nothing was heard of the "Memoirs" (which the Prince de Ligne, in his own "Memoirs," tells us that Casanova had read to him, and in which he found "*du dramatique, de la rapidité, du comique, de la philosophie, des choses neuves, sublimes, inimitables même*") until the year 1820, when a certain Carlo Angiolini brought to the publishing house of Brockhaus, in Leipzig, a manuscript entitled "*Histoire de ma vie jusqu'à l'an 1797*," in the handwriting of Casanova. This manuscript, which I have examined at Leipzig, is written on foolscap paper, rather rough and yellow; it is written on both sides of the page, and in sheets or quires; here and there, the paging shows that some pages have been omitted, and in their place are smaller sheets of thinner and whiter paper, all in Casanova's handsome, unmistakable handwriting. The manuscript is done up in twelve bundles, corresponding with the twelve volumes of the original edition; and only in one place is there a gap. The fourth and fifth chapters of the twelfth volume are missing, as

the editor of the original edition points out, adding: "It is not probable that these two chapters have been withdrawn from the manuscript of Casanova by a strange hand; everything leads us to believe that the author himself suppressed them, in the intention, no doubt, of re-writing them, but without having found time to do so." The manuscript ends abruptly with the year 1774, and not with the year 1797, as the title would lead us to suppose.

This manuscript, in its original state, has never been printed. Herr Brockhaus, on obtaining possession of the manuscript, had it translated into German by Wilhelm Schütz, but with many omissions and alterations, and published this translation, volume by volume, from 1822 to 1828, under the title, *Aus den Memoiren des Venetianers Jacob Casanova de Seingalt.*" While the German edition was in course of publication, Herr Brockhaus employed a certain Jean Laforgue, a professor of the French language at Dresden, to revise the orignal manuscript, correcting Casanova's vigorous, but at times incorrect, and often somewhat Italian, French according to his own notions

of elegant writing, suppressing passages which seemed too free-spoken from the point of view of morals and of politics, and altering the names of some of the persons referred to, or replacing those names by initials. This revised text was published in twelve volumes, the first two in 1826, the third and fourth in 1828, the fifth to the eighth in 1832, and the ninth to the twelfth in 1838; the first four bearing the imprint of Brockhaus at Leipzig and Ponthieu et Cie. at Paris; the next four the imprint of Heideloff et Campé at Paris; and the last four nothing but "*A Bruxelles.*" The volumes are all uniform, and were all really printed for the firm of Brockhaus. This, however far from representing the real text, is the only authoritative edition, and my references throughout this article will always be to this edition.

In turning over the manuscript at Leipzig, I read some of the suppressed passages, and regretted their suppression; but Herr Brockhaus, the present head of the firm, assured me that they are not really very considerable in number. The damage, however, to the vivacity of the whole narrative, by the per-

sistent alterations of M. Laforgue, is incalculable. I compared many passages, and found scarcely three consecutive sentences untouched. Herr Brockhaus (whose courtesy I cannot sufficiently acknowledge) was kind enough to have a passage copied out for me, which I afterwards read over, and checked word by word. In this passage Casanova says, for instance: "*Elle venoit presque tous les jours lui faire une belle visite.*" This is altered into: "*Cependant chaque jour Thérèse venait lui faire une visite.*" Casanova says that some one "*avoit, comme de raison, formé le projet d'allier Dieu avec le diable.*" This is made to read: "*Qui, comme de raison, avait saintement formé le projet d'allier les intérêts du ciel aux œuvres de ce monde.*" Casanova tells us that Thérèse would not commit a mortal sin "*pour devenir reine du monde*": "*pour une couronne,*" corrects the indefatigable Laforgue. "*Il ne savoit que lui dire*" becomes "*Dans cet état de perplexité;*" and so forth. It must, therefore, be realized that the "Memoirs," as we have them, are only a kind of pale tracing of the vivid colors of the original.

When Casanova's "Memoirs" were first

published, doubts were expressed as to their authenticity, first by Ugo Foscolo (in the *Westminster Review*, 1827), then by Quérard, supposed to be an authority in regard to anonymous and pseudonymous writings, finally by Paul Lacroix, "*le bibliophile Jacob*," who suggested, or rather expressed his "certainty," that the real author of the "Memoirs" was Stendhal, whose "mind, character, ideas and style" he seemed to recognize on every page. This theory, as foolish and as unsupported as the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, has been carelessly accepted, or at all events accepted as possible, by many good scholars who have never taken the trouble to look into the matter for themselves. It was finally disproved by a series of articles of the late Armand Baschet, entitled "*Preuves curieuses de l'authenticité des Mémoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt*," in "*Le Livre*," January, February, April and May, 1881; and these proofs were further corroborated by two articles of Alessandro d'Ancona, entitled "*Un Avventuriere del Secolo XVIII.*," in the "*Nuova Antologia*," February 1 and August 1, 1882. Baschet had never himself seen

the manuscript of the "Memoirs," but he had learnt all the facts about it from Messrs. Brockhaus, and he had himself examined the numerous papers relating to Casanova in the Venetian archives. A similar examination was made at the Frari at about the same time by the Abbé Fulin; and I myself, in 1894, not knowing at the time that the discovery had been already made, made it over again for myself. There the arrest of Casanova, his imprisonment in the *Piombi*, the exact date of his escape, the name of the monk who accompanied him, are all authenticated by documents contained in the *riferte* of the Inquisition of State; there are bills for the repairs of the roof and walls of the cell from which he escaped; there are the reports of the spies on whose information he was arrested, for his too dangerous free-spokenness in matters of religion and morality. The same archives contain forty-eight letters of Casanova to the Inquisitors of State, dating from 1763 to 1782, among the *Riferte dei Confidenti*, or reports of secret agents; the earliest asking permission to return to Venice, the rest giving information in regard to the immoralities of the city,

after his return there; all in the same handwriting as the "Memoirs." Further proof could scarcely be needed, but Baschet has done more than prove the authenticity, he has proved the extraordinary veracity, of the "Memoirs." F. W. Barthold, in "*Die Geschichtlichen Persönlichkeiten in J. Casanova's Memoiren*," 2 vols., 1846, had already examined some hundred of Casanova's allusions to well-known people, showing the perfect exactitude of all but six or seven, and out of these six or seven inexactitudes ascribing only a single one to the author's intention. Baschet and d'Ancona both carry on what Barthold had begun; other investigators, in France, Italy and Germany, have followed them; and two things are now certain, first, that Casanova himself wrote the "Memoirs" published under his name, though not textually in the precise form in which we have them; and, second, that as their veracity becomes more and more evident as they are confronted with more and more independent witnesses, it is only fair to suppose that they are equally truthful where the facts are such as could only have been known to Casanova himself.

II.

For more than two-thirds of a century it has been known that Casanova spent the last fourteen years of his life at Dux, that he wrote his "Memoirs" there, and that he died there. During all this time people have been discussing the authenticity and the truthfulness of the "Memoirs," they have been searching for information about Casanova in various directions, and yet hardly any one has ever taken the trouble, or obtained the permission, to make a careful examination in precisely the one place where information was most likely to be found. The very existence of the manuscripts at Dux was known only to a few, and to most of these only on hearsay; and thus the singular good fortune was reserved for me, on my visit to Count Waldstein in September, 1899, to be the first to discover the most interesting things contained in these manuscripts. M. Octave Uzanne, though he had not himself visited Dux, had indeed procured copies of some of the manuscripts, a few of which were published by him

in "*Le Livre*," in 1887 and 1889. But with the death of "*Le Livre*" in 1889, the *Casanova inèdit* came to an end, and has never, so far as I know, been continued elsewhere. Beyond the publication of these fragments, nothing has been done with the manuscripts at Dux, nor has an account of them ever been given by any one who has been allowed to examine them.

For five years, ever since I had discovered the documents in the Venetian archives, I had wanted to go to Dux; and four summers ago, when I was staying with Count Lützow at Zempach, in Bohemia, I found the way kindly opened for me. Count Waldstein, the present head of the family, with extreme courtesy, put all his manuscripts at my disposal, and invited me to stay with him. Unluckily, he was called away on the morning of the day that I reached Dux. He had left everything ready for me, and I was shown over the castle by a friend of his, Dr. Kittel, whose courtesy I should like also to acknowledge. After a hurried visit to the castle we started on the long drive to Oberleutensdorf, a smaller Schloss near Komotau, where the Waldstein family was

then staying. The air was sharp and bracing; the two Russian horses flew like the wind; I was whirled along in an unfamiliar darkness, through a strange country, black with coal mines, through dark pine woods, where a wild peasantry dwelt in little mining towns. Here and there, a few men and women passed us on the road, in their Sunday finery; then a long space of silence, and we were in the open country, galloping between broad fields; and always in a haze of lovely hills, which I saw more distinctly as we drove back next morning.

The return to Dux was like a triumphal entry, as we dashed through the market-place filled with people come for the Monday market, pots and pans and vegetables strewn in heaps all over the ground, on the rough paving stones, up to the great gateway of the castle, leaving but just room for us to drive through their midst. I had the sensation of an enormous building: all Bohemian castles are big, but this one was like a royal palace. Set there in the midst of the town, after the Bohemian fashion, it opens at the back upon great gardens, as if it were in the midst of the country. I walked through

room after room, along corridor after corridor; everywhere there were pictures, everywhere portraits of Wallenstein, and battle scenes in which he led on his troops. The library, which was formed, or at least arranged, by Casanova, and which remains as he left it, contains some 25,000 volumes, some of them of considerable value; one of the most famous books in Bohemian literature, Skála's "History of the Church," exists in manuscript at Dux, and it is from this manuscript that the two published volumes of it were printed. The library forms part of the Museum, which occupies a ground-floor wing of the castle. The first room is an armory, in which all kinds of arms are arranged, in a decorative way, covering the ceiling and the walls with strange patterns. The second room contains pottery, collected by Casanova's Waldstein on his Eastern travels. The third room is full of curious mechanical toys, and cabinets, and carvings in ivory. Finally, we come to the library, contained in the two innermost rooms. The book-shelves are painted white, and reach to the low vaulted ceilings, which are whitewashed. At the end of a book-case,

in the corner of one of the windows, hangs a fine engraved portrait of Casanova.

After I had been all over the castle, so long Casanova's home, I was taken to Count Waldstein's study, and left there with the manuscripts. I found six huge cardboard cases, large enough to contain foolscap paper, lettered on the back: "*Gräfl. Waldstein-Wartenberg'sches Real Fiedicommiss, Dux-Oberleutensdorf: Handschriftlicher Nachlass Casanova.*" The cases were arranged so as to stand like books; they opened at the side; and on opening them, one after another, I found series after series of manuscripts roughly thrown together, after some pretence at arrangement, and lettered with a very generalized description of contents. The greater part of the manuscripts were in Casonova's handwriting, which I could see gradually beginning to get shaky with years. Most were written in French, a certain number in Italian. The beginning of a catalogue in the library, though said to be by him, was not in his handwriting. Perhaps it was taken down at his dictation. There were, also, some copies of Italian and Latin poems not written by him. Then there were many

big bundles of letters addressed to him, dating over more than thirty years. Almost all the rest was in his own handwriting.

I came first upon the smaller manuscripts, among which I found, jumbled together on the same and on separate scraps of paper, washing-bills, accounts, hotel bills, lists of letters written, first drafts of letters with many erasures, notes on books, theological and mathematical notes, sums, Latin quotations, French and Italian verses, with variants, a long list of classical names which have and have not been "*francisés*," with reasons for and against; "what I must wear at Dresden"; headings without anything to follow, such as: "reflexions on respiration, on the true cause of youth — the crows"; a new method of winning the lottery at Rome; recipes, among which is a long printed list of perfumes sold at Spa; a newspaper cutting, dated Prague, 25 October, 1790, on the thirty-seventh balloon ascent of Blanchard; thanks to some "noble donor" for the gift of a dog called "Finette"; a passport for "*Monsieur de Casanova, Venetian, allant d'ici en Hollande*," October 13, 1758, ("*Ce Passeport bon pour quinze jours*"), together

with an order for post-horses, gratis, from Paris to Bordeaux and Bayonne.[1]

Occasionally, one gets a glimpse into his daily life at Dux, as in this note, scribbled on a fragment of paper (here and always I translate the French literally): "I beg you to tell my servant what the biscuits are that I like to eat, dipped in wine, to fortify my stomach. I believe that they can all be found at Roman's." Usually, however, these notes, though often suggested by something closely personal, branch off into more general considerations; or else begin with general considerations, and end with a case in point. Thus, for instance, a fragment of three pages begins: "A compliment which is only made to gild the pill is a positive impertinence, and Monsieur Bailli is nothing but a charlatan; the monarch ought to have spit in his face, but the monarch trembled with fear." A manuscript entitled "*Essai d'Egoisme*," dated "Dux, this 27th June, 1769," contains, in the midst of various reflections, an offer to let his *appartement* in return for enough money to "tranquillise

[1] See the account of this visit to Holland, and the reference to taking a passport, "Memoirs," v., 238.

for six months two Jew creditors at Prague." Another manuscript is headed "Pride and Folly," and begins with a long series of antitheses, such as: "All fools are not proud, and all proud men are fools. Many fools are happy, all proud men are unhappy." On the same sheet follows this instance or application:

> Whether it is possible to compose a Latin distich of the greatest beauty without knowing either the Latin language or prosody. We must examine the possibility and the impossibility, and afterwards see who is the man who says he is the author of the distich, for there are extraordinary people in the world. My brother, in short, ought to have composed the distich, because he says so, and because he confided it to me tête-à-tête. I had, it is true, difficulty in believing him; but what is one to do? Either one must believe, or suppose him capable of telling a lie which could only be told by a fool; and that is impossible, for all Europe knows that my brother is not a fool.

Here, as so often in these manuscripts, we seem to see Casanova thinking on paper. He uses scraps of paper (sometimes the blank page of a letter, on the other side of which we see the address) as a kind of informal diary; and it is characteristic of him, of the man of infinitely curious mind,

which this adventurer really was, that there are so few merely personal notes among these casual jottings. Often, they are purely abstract; at times, metaphysical *jeux d'esprit*, like the sheet of fourteen "Different wagers," which begins:

I wager that it is not true that a man who weighs a hundred pounds will weigh more if you kill him. I wager that if there is any difference, he will weigh less. I wager that diamond powder has not sufficient force to kill a man.

Side by side with these fanciful excursions into science, come more serious ones, as in the note on Algebra, which traces its progress since the year 1494, before which "it had only arrived at the solution of problems of the second degree, inclusive." A scrap of paper tells us that Casanova "did not like regular towns." "I like," he says, "Venice, Rome, Florence, Milan, Constantinople, Genoa." Then he becomes abstract and inquisitive again, and writes two pages, full of curious, out of the way learning, on the name of Paradise.

The name of Paradise is a name in Genesis which indicates a place of pleasure (*lieu voluptueux*): this term is Persian. This place of pleasure was made by God before he had created man.

It may be remembered that Casanova quarrelled with Voltaire, because Voltaire had told him frankly that his translation of "*L'Ecossaise*" was a bad translation. It is piquant to read another note written in this style of righteous indignation:

Voltaire, the hardy Voltaire, whose pen is without bit or bridle; Voltaire who devoured the Bible, and ridiculed our dogmas, doubts, and after having made proselytes to impiety, is not ashamed, being reduced to the extremity of life, to ask for the sacraments, and to cover his body with more relics than St. Louis had at Amboise.

Here is an argument more in keeping with the tone of the "Memoirs":

A girl who is pretty and good, and as virtuous as you please, ought not to take it ill that a man, carried away by her charms, should set himself to the task of making their conquest. If this man cannot please her by any means, even if his passion be criminal, she ought never to take offence at it, nor treat him unkindly: she ought to be gentle, and pity him, if she does not love him, and think it enough to keep invincibly hold upon her own duty.

Occasionally he touches upon æsthetical matters, as in a fragment which begins with this liberal definition of beauty:

Harmony makes beauty, says M. de S. P. (Bernardin de St. Pierre), but the definition is too short,

if he thinks he has said everything. Here is mine. Remember that the subject is metaphysical. An object really beautiful ought to seem beautiful to all whose eyes fall upon it. That is all; there is nothing more to be said.

At times we have an anecdote and its commentary, perhaps jotted down for use in that latter part of the "Memoirs" which was never written, or which has been lost. Here is a single sheet, dated "this 2nd September, 1791," and headed "Souvenir":

The Prince de Rosenberg said to me, as we went down stairs, that Madame de Rosenberg was dead, and asked me if the Comte de Waldstein had in the library the illustration of the Villa d'Altichiero, which the Emperor had asked for in vain at the city library of Prague, and when I answered "yes," he gave an equivocal laugh. A moment afterwards, he asked me if he might tell the Emperor. "Why not, monsigneur? It is not a secret." "Is His Majesty coming to Dux?" "If he goes to Oberlaitensdorf (*sic*) he will go to Dux, too; and he may ask you for it, for there is a monument there which relates to him when he was Grand Duke." "In that case, His Majesty can also see my critical remarks on the Egyptian prints."

The Emperor asked me this morning, 6 October, how I employed my time at Dux, and I told him that I was making an Italian anthology. "You have all the Italians, then?" "All, sire." See what a lie leads to. If I had not lied in saying that I was making an anthology, I should not have found myself obliged

to lie again in saying that we have all the Italian poets. If the Emperor comes to Dux, I shall kill myself.

"They say that this Dux is a delightful spot," says Casanova in one of the most personal of his notes, "and I see that it might be for many; but not for me, for what delights me in my old age is independent of the place which I inhabit. When I do not sleep, I dream, and when I am tired of dreaming, I blacken paper, then I read, and most often reject all that my pen has vomited." Here we see him blackening paper, on every occasion, and for every purpose. In one bundle I found an unfinished story, about Roland, and some adventure with women in a cave; then a "Meditation on arising from sleep, 19 May, 1789"; then a "Short Reflection of a Philosopher who finds himself thinking of procuring his own death. At Dux, on getting out of bed on the 13th October, 1793, day dedicated to St. Lucy, memorable in my too long life." A big budget, containing cryptograms, is headed "Grammatical Lottery"; and there is the title page of a treatise on "*The Duplication of the Hexahedron, demonstrated*

geometrically to all the Universities and all the Academies of Europe."[1] There are innumerable verses, French and Italian, in all stages, occasionally attaining the finality of these lines, which appear in half a dozen tentative forms:

> "*Sans mystère point de plaisirs,*
> *Sans silence point de mystère.*
> *Charme divin de mes loisirs,*
> *Solitude! que tu m'es chère!*"

Then there are a number of more or less complete manuscripts of some extent. There is the manuscript of the translation of Homer's "Iliad," *in ottava rima* (published in Venice, 1775-78); of the "*Histoire de Venise*," of the "*Icosameron*," a curious book published in 1787, purporting to be "translated from English," but really an original work of Casanova; "*Philocalies sur les Sottises des Mortels*," a long manuscript never published; the sketch and beginning of "*Le Polemarque, ou la Calomnie demasquée par le presence d'esprit. Tragicomédie en trois actes, composée à Dux dans le mois de Juin de l'Année, 1791*," which recurs again under the form of the "*Polemoscope: La*

[1] See Charles Henry, "*Les Connaissances Mathématiques de Casanova*," Rome, 1883.

Lorgnette menteuse ou la Calomnie demasquée," acted before the Princesse de Ligne at her château at Teplitz, 1791. There is a treatise in Italian, "*Delle Passioni*"; there are long dialogues, such as "*Le Philosophe et le Theologien*," and "*Rêve: Dieu-Moi*"; there is the "*Songe d'un Quart d'Heure*," divided into minutes; there is the very lengthy criticism of "*Bernardin de Saint-Pierre*"; there is the "*Confutation d'une Censure indiscrète qu'on lit dans la Gazette de Jena, 19 Juin, 1789*"; with another large manuscript, unfortunately imperfect, first called "*L'Insulte*," and then "*Placet au Public*," dated "Dux, this 2nd March, 1790," referring to the same criticism on the "*Icosameron*" and the "*Fuite des Prisons*." "*L'Histoire de ma Fuite des Prisons de la République de Venise, qu'on appelle les Plombs*," which is the first draft of the most famous part of the "Memoirs," was published at Leipzig in 1788; and, having read it in the Marcian Library at Venice, I am not surprised to learn from this indignant document that it was printed "under the care of a young Swiss, who had the talent to commit a hundred faults of orthography."

III.

We come now to the documents directly relating to the "Memoirs," and among these are several attempts at a preface, in which we see the actual preface coming gradually into form. One is entitled *Casanova au Lecteur*," another *Histoire de mon Existence*," and a third "*Preface*." There is also a brief and characteristic "*Précis de ma vie*," dated November 17, 1797. Some of these have been printed in "*Le Livre*," 1887. But by far the most important manuscript that I discovered, one which, apparently, I am the first to discover, is a manuscript entitled "*Extrait du Chapitre 4 et 5*." It is written on paper similar to that on which the "Memoirs" are written; the pages are numbered 104-148; and though it is described as "*Extrait*," it seems to contain, at all events, the greater part of the missing chapters to which I have already referred, Chapters IV. and V. of the last volume of the "Memoirs." In this manuscript we find Armelline and Scolastica, whose story is interrupted by the abrupt ending of Chapter III.; we find Mariuccia of Vol. VII. chapter

9, who married a hair-dresser; and we find also Jaconine, whom Casanova recognizes as his daughter, "much prettier than Sophia, the daughter of Thérèse Pompeati whom I had left at London."[1] It is curious that this very important manuscript, which supplies the one missing link in the "Memoirs," should never have been discovered by any of the few people who have had the opportunity of looking over the Dux manuscripts. I am inclined to explain it by the fact that the case in which I found this manuscript contains some papers not relating to Casanova. Probably, those who looked into this case looked no further. I have told Herr Brockhaus of my discovery, and I hope to see Chapters IV. and V. in their places when the long-looked for edition of the complete text is at length given to the world.

Another manuscript which I found tells with great piquancy the whole story of the Abbé de Brosses' ointment, the curing of the Princesse de Conti's pimples, and the birth of the Duc de Montpensier, which is told very briefly, and with much less point,

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1 See Memoirs, IX., 272, et seq.

in the "Memoirs" (vol. III., p. 327). Readers of the "Memoirs" will remember the duel at Warsaw with Count Branicki in 1766 (vol. X., pp. 274-320), an affair which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and of which there is an account in a letter from the Abbé Taruffi to the dramatist, Francesco Albergati, dated Warsaw, March 19, 1766, quoted in Ernesto Masi's "Life of Albergati," Bologna, 1878. A manuscript at Dux in Casanova's handwriting gives an account of this duel in the third person; it is entitled: "*Description de l'affaire arrivée a Varsovie le 5 Mars, 1766.*" D'Ancona, in the "*Nuova Antologia*" (vol. 67, p. 412), referring to the Abbé Taruffi's account, mentions what he considers to be a slight discrepancy: that Taruffi refers to the *danseuse* about whom the duel was fought as La Casacci, while Casanova refers to her as La Catai. In this manuscript Casanova always refers to her as La Casacci; La Catai is evidently one of M. Laforgue's arbitrary alterations of the text.

In turning over another manuscript, I was caught by the name Charpillon, which every reader of the "Memoirs" will remember as

the name of the harpy by whom Casanova suffered so much in London, in 1763-4. This manuscript begins by saying: "I have been in London for six months and have been to see them (that is, the mother and daughter) in their own house," where he finds nothing but "swindlers, who cause all who go there to lose their money in gambling." This manuscript adds some details to the story told in the ninth and tenth volumes of the "Memoirs," and refers to the meeting with the Charpillons four and a half years before, described in volume V., pages 482-485. It is written in a tone of great indignation. Elsewhere, I found a letter written by Casanova, but not signed, referring to an anonymous letter which he had received in reference to the Charpillons, and ending: "My handwriting is known." It was not until the last that I came upon great bundles of letters addressed to Casanova, and so carefully preserved that little scraps of paper on which postscripts are written are still in their places. One still sees the seals on the backs of many of the letters, on paper which has slightly yellowed with age, leaving the ink, however, almost

always fresh. They come from Venice, Paris, Rome, Prague, Bayreuth, The Hague, Genoa, Fiume, Trieste, &c., and are addressed to as many places, often "*poste restante*." Many are letters from women, some in beautiful handwriting, on thick paper; others on scraps of paper, in painful hands, ill-spelt. A Countess writes pitifully, imploring help; one protests her love, in spite of the "many chagrins" he has caused her; another asks "how they are to live together"; another laments that a report has gone about that she is secretly living with him, which may harm *his* reputation. Some are in French, more in Italian. "*Mon cher Giacometto*," writes one woman, in French; "*Carissimo e Amatissimo*," writes another, in Italian. These letters from women are in some confusion, and are in need of a good deal of sorting over and rearranging before their full extent can be realized. Thus I found letters in the same handwriting separated by letters in other handwritings; many are unsigned, or signed only by a single initial; many are undated, or dated only with the day of the week or month. There are a great many letters, dating from 1779 to 1786, signed

"Francesca Buschini," a name which I cannot identify; they are written in Italian, and one of them begins: "*Unico Mio vero Amico*" ("my only true friend"). Others are signed "Virginia B."; one of these is dated "Forli, October 15, 1773." There is also a "Theresa B.," who writes from Genoa. I was at first unable to identify the writer of a whole series of letters in French, very affectionate and intimate letters, usually unsigned, occasionally signed "B." She calls herself "*votre petite amie*"; or she ends with a half smiling, half reproachful "good-night, and sleep better than I." In one letter, sent from Paris in 1759, she writes: "Never believe me, but when I tell you that I love you, and that I shall love you always." In another letter, ill-spelt, as her letters often are, she writes: "Be assured that evil tongues, vapors, calumny, nothing can change my heart, which is yours entirely, and has no will to change its master." Now, it seems to me that these letters must be from Manon Baletti, and that they are the letters referred to in the sixth volume of the "Memoirs." We read there (page 60) how on Christmas day, 1759,

Casanova receives a letter from Manon in Paris, announcing her marriage with "M. Blondel, architect to the King, and member of his Academy"; she returns him his letters, and begs him to return hers, or burn them. Instead of doing so, he allows Esther to read them, intending to burn them afterwards. Esther begs to be allowed to keep the letters, promising to "preserve them religiously all her life." "These letters," he says, "numbered more than two hundred, and the shortest were of four pages." Certainly there are not two hundred of them at Dux, but it seems to me highly probable that Casanova made a final selection from Manon's letters, and that it is these which I have found.

But, however this may be, I was fortunate enough to find the set of letters which I was most anxious to find: the letters from Henriette, whose loss every writer on Casanova has lamented. Henriette, it will be remembered, makes her first appearance at Cesena, in the year 1748; after their meeting at Geneva, she reappears romantically *à propos*, twenty-two years later, at Aix in Provence; and she writes to Casanova pro-

posing "*un commerce épistolaire*," asking him what he has done since his escape from prison, and promising to do her best to tell him all that has happened to her during the long interval. After quoting her letter, he adds: "I replied to her, accepting the correspondence that she offered me, and telling her briefly all my vicissitudes. She related to me in turn, in some forty letters, all the history of her life. If she dies before me, I shall add these letters to these 'Memoirs;' but to-day she is still alive, and always happy, though now old." It has never been known what became of these letters, and why they were not added to the "Memoirs." I have found a great quantity of them, some signed with her married name in full, "Henriette de Schnetzmann," and I am inclined to think that she survived Casanova, for one of the letters is dated Bayreuth, 1798, the year of Casanova's death. They are remarkably charming, written with a mixture of piquancy and distinction; and I will quote the characteristic beginning and end of the last letter I was able to find. It begins: "No, it is impossible to be sulky with you!" and ends: "If I become vicious, it is you,

my Mentor, who make me so, and I cast my sins upon you. Even if I were damned I should still be your most devoted friend, Henriette de Schnetzmann." Casanova was twenty-three when he met Henriette; now, herself an old woman, she writes to him when he is seventy-three, as if the fifty years that had passed were blotted out in the faithful affection of her memory. How many more discreet and less changing lovers have had the quality of constancy in change, to which this life-long correspondence bears witness? Does it not suggest a view of Casanova not quite the view of all the world? To me it shows the real man, who perhaps of all others best understood what Shelley meant when he said:

> True love in this differs from gold or clay,
> That to divide is not to take away.

But, though the letters from women naturally interested me the most, they were only a certain proportion of the great mass of correspondence which I turned over. There were letters from Carlo Angiolini, who was afterwards to bring the manuscript of the "Memoirs" to Brockhaus; from Balbi, the monk with whom Casanova escaped from

the *Piombi;* from the Marquis Albergati, playwright, actor and eccentric, of whom there is some account in the "Memoirs"; from the Marquis Mosca, "a distinguished man of letters whom I was anxious to see," Casanova tells us in the same volume in which he describes his visit to the Moscas at Pesaro; from Zulian, brother of the Duchess of Fiano; from Richard Lorrain, "*bel homme, ayant de l'esprit, le ton et le goût de la bonne société,*" who came to settle at Gorizia in 1773, while Casanova was there; from the Procurator Morosini, whom he speaks of in the "Memoirs" as his "protector," and as one of those through whom he obtained permission to return to Venice. His other "protector," the *avogador* Zaguri, had, says Casanova, "since the affair of the Marquis Albergati, carried on a most interesting correspondence with me"; and in fact I found a bundle of no less than a hundred and thirty-eight letters from him, dating from 1784 to 1798. Another bundle contains one hundred and seventy-two letters from Count Lamberg. In the "Memoirs" Casanova says, referring to his visit to Augsburg at the end of 1761:

I used to spend my evenings in a very agreeable manner at the house of Count Max de Lamberg, who resided at the court of the Prince-Bishop with the title of Grand Marshal. What particularly attached me to Count Lamberg was his literary talent. A first-rate scholar, learned to a degree, he has published several much esteemed works. I carried on an exchange of letters with him which ended only with his death, four years ago, in 1792.

Casanova tells us that, at his second visit to Augsburg in the early part of 1767, he "supped with Count Lamberg two or three times a week," during the four months he was there. It is with this year that the letters I have found begin: they end with the year of his death, 1792. In his "*Mémorial d'un Mondain*," Lamberg refers to Casanova as "a man known in literature, a man of profound knowledge." In the first edition of 1774, he laments that "a man such as M. de S. Galt" should not yet have been taken back into favor by the Venetian government, and in the second edition, 1775, rejoices over Casanova's return to Venice. Then there are letters from Da Ponte, who tells the story of Casanova's curious relations with Mme. d'Urfé, in his "Memorie scritte da esso," 1829; from Pittoni, Bono, and others

mentioned in different parts of the "Memoirs," and from some dozen others who are not mentioned in them. The only letters in the whole collection that have been published are those from the Prince de Ligne and from Count Koenig.

IV.

Casanova tells us in his "Memoirs" that, during his later years at Dux, he had only been able to "hinder black melancholy from devouring his poor existence, or sending him out of his mind," by writing ten or twelve hours a day. The copious manuscripts at Dux show us how persistently he was at work on a singular variety of subjects, in addition to the "Memoirs" and to the various books which he published during those years. We see him jotting down everything that comes into his head, for his own amusement, and certainly without any thought of publication; engaging in learned controversies, writing treatises on abtruse mathematical problems, composing comedies to be acted before Count Waldstein's neighbors, practising verse-writing in two languages, indeed with more patience than success, writing philosophical dialogues in which God and himself are the speakers, and keeping up an extensive correspondence, both with distinguished men and with delightful women. His mental activity, up to the age of seventy-three, is as prodigious

as the activity which he had expended in living a multiform and incalculable life. As in life everything living had interested him, so in his retirement from life every idea makes its separate appeal to him; and he welcomes ideas with the same impartiality with which he had welcomed adventures. Passion has intellectualized itself, and remains not less passionate. He wishes to do everything, to compete with every one; and it is only after having spent seven years in heaping up miscellaneous learning, and exercising his faculties in many directions, that he turns to look back over his own past life, and to live it over again in memory, as he writes down the narrative of what had interested him most in it. "I write in the hope that my history will never see the broad daylight of publication," he tells us, scarcely meaning it, we may be sure, even in the moment of hesitancy which may naturally come to him. But if ever a book was written for the pleasure of writing it, it was this one; and an autobiography written for oneself is not likely to be anything but frank.

"Truth is the only God I have ever adored," he tells us; and we now know how

truthful he was in saying so. I have only summarized in this article the most important confirmations of his exact accuracy in facts and dates; the number could be extended indefinitely. In the manuscripts we find innumerable further confirmations; and their chief value as testimony is that they tell us nothing which we should not have already known, if we had merely taken Casanova at his word. But it is not always easy to take people at their own word, when they are writing about themselves; and the world has been very loth to believe in Casanova as he represents himself. It has been specially loth to believe that he is telling the truth when he tells us about his adventures with women. But the letters contained among these manuscripts show us the women of Casanova writing to him with all the fervor and all the fidelity which he attributes to them; and they show him to us in the character of as fervid and faithful a lover. In every fact, every detail, and in the whole mental impression which they convey, these manuscripts bring before us the Casanova of the "Memoirs." As I seemed to come upon Casanova at home, it

was as if I came upon an old friend, already perfectly known to me, before I had made my pilgrimage to Dux.

The Bibelot

THERE *are a few beautiful books in the world that never seem to find a wide acceptance until many other and ordinary productions have passed away. Among these take* Belcaro *by Vernon Lee which came out some thirty years ago in London and has ever remained a thing of beauty that can perish never. This is prefatory to our consideration of a work also issued thirty years ago; at first, privately printed at the author's expense in a limited edition of one hundred copies, and then, having been practically given away, attracted the attention of a few men and women whose approval was worth while. The result of this was* John Inglesant: A Romance *by John Henry Shorthouse found a publisher in Macmillan and thenceforth has not ceased to stand at the head of all later imaginatively beautiful work.*[1] *To be at once both truthful and beautiful is a rare accomplishment!*

Perhaps we should have overlooked Shorthouse if we had not come across George

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1 *See* Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse, edited by his wife. *2 vols. Crown 8vo. London, 1895.*

Gissing and, more particularly, if we had not read An Introductory Survey *of his work by Mr. Thomas Seccombe prefixed to* The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories, (*London, 1906*). *Mr. Seccombe had the rarely fine mind to recognise in Gissing "the magnificent quality of some of the writing, a quality of which he had as I guess no very definite promise." This reference was to the early novel* Thyrza (*1887*) *and, as an illustration of what he felt to be "a superb piece of imaginative prose, of which Shorthouse himself might have been proud," Mr. Seccombe gives the following passage in confirmation of what he means:*

"Do you know that music of the obscure ways, to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright you must stand in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for the moment be at one with those who dwell around, in the blear-eyed houses, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar clanging of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half revealed. The life of men who toil

without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labour and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigour, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen. It is the half-conscious striving of a nature which knows not what it would attain, which deforms a true thought by gross expression, which clutches at the beautiful and soils it with foul hands."

He not only cites this beautiful passage but directly invites us to a consideration of John Inglesant, *and it is by following his lead that we have brought together the passages he had in mind. It should be noted as well that a very strong bond of sympathy exists between John Henry Shorthouse and Vernon Lee,*[2] *which is referred to by the*

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2 *It is true the* Inglesant *period is earlier than that treated by Vernon Lee, but the affinity is none the less discoverable. See also* Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy, *(Second Edition, with a new Preface, Quarto. London, 1907,) where "the late Mr. Shorthouse's incomparable* Inglesant" *is mentioned.*

former in a Preface to the pathetic story of The Little Schoolmaster Mark, (*1883*).

Well, having already given some selections from Violet Paget, you are now going to get, possibly for the first time, some idea of Shorthouse at his splendid best when he undertook a revivification of the old world of Charles the First and the Second in England and produced a study of the Jesuit art of controlling men as practised at that period and for some years later.

It was one of Shorthouse's regrets that he knew nothing of music technically. It might have been one of our regrets as well, but we can safely dispense with this technical knowledge in view of the imaginative power displayed in his romance, which is not of yesterday alone but remains an inviolable work of art the years cannot lay waste.[3]

Our selections have especially to do with the love of music, the music that is not to be found on the programme of the hour. This old music has had a wonderful expositor in Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch who not only could

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3 *Readers of* The Bibelot *will not fail to recall* A Maker of Forgotten Tunes, *Vol. II, February, 1896. There is also* For Those Who Love Music *by Axel Munthe, Vol. XI, 1905; and* Chapelmaster Kreisler *by Vernon Lee issued in the Brocade Series is a little volume not to be neglected.*

play for us these forgotten tunes of yesteryear but who could remake the archaic instruments for which such bygone faded melodies were originally composed. If you think the interest in antique music is a far cry or a feeble echo from the world of dreams you have only to take up a book just issued of fascinating literary associations.[4]

Hence there is much to be said for bygone music even if it is not up to modern concert pitch. The shades of night, though they may have fallen thick and fast, have never entirely blotted the memory of Handel and Haydn or the other great eighteenth century composers of whom Dr. Charles Burney wrote and saw in the flesh considerably more than a century ago. Our main object then is to make John Inglesant *known to the present generation, for of the six published volumes by Shorthouse three are completely out of print and one has not seen a new edition for nearly twenty years.* Inglesant, *it is true, survives, as it could not escape the penalty of its greatness. Perhaps if one reads it they will have got all of the essential Shorthouse required; on the other hand you may decide as we do*

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4 *See* Six Lectures on the Recorder and other Flutes in Relation to Literature by Christopher Welch, M. A., Oxon. *Octavo. Cloth. London, 1911. Pp. xvi: 1-458.* (*10s. 6d. net.*)

that even his briefer stories are worth attention. It is a fleeting world at best and we are a busy people, but "the great Voices" cannot forever be set aside or silenced. Of these great Voices the romance of John Inglesant *stands solitary in its unique order of excellence.*

FOR AUGUST:

THREE POEMS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY.

I DRAKE'S DRUM
BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

II THE BURDEN OF THE ARMADA
BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

III "THE REVENGE:" A BALLAD OF THE FLEET
BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

TWO SELECTIONS FROM JOHN INGLESANT
By J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

IN A GONDOLA
By AUREOLUS PARACELSUS.

ON AN AIR OF RAMEAU.

TO ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

A melancholy desire of ancient things
Floats like a faded perfume out of the wires;
Pallid lovers, what unforgotten desires,
Whispered once, are retold in your whisperings?

Roses, roses, and lilies with hearts of gold,
These you plucked for her, these she wore in her breast;
Only Rameau's music remembers the rest,
The death of roses over a heart grown cold.

But these sighs? Can ghosts then sigh from the tomb?
Life then wept for you, sighed for you, chilled your breath?
It is the melancholy of ancient death
The harpsichord dreams of, sighing in the room.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

TWO SELECTIONS FROM *JOHN INGLESANT*.

I.

THE VIELLE-PLAYER'S STORY.

DURING the first part of his sojourn here, [at Fucecchio, a small town on the road to Lucca] there was brought to the house, as an inmate, a wandering minstrel, who, the first evening of his stay, attracted the whole of the gloomy society around him by his playing. He played upon a small and curiously shaped instrument called a vielle, somewhat like a child's toy, with four strings, and a kind of small wheel instead of a bow. It was commonly used by blind men and beggars in the streets, and was considered a contemptible instrument, though some of these itinerant performers attained to such skill upon it that they could make their hearers laugh and dance, and it was said even weep, as they stood around them in the crowded streets. Inglesant soon perceived that the man was no contemptible musician, and after his performance was over he entered into conversation with him, asking him why he, who could play so well,

was content with so poor an instrument. The man, who appeared to have a great deal of intelligence and humour, said that he was addicted to a wandering and unsettled life, among the poorer and disorderly classes in the low quarters of cities, in mountain villages, and in remote hostelries and forest inns; that the possession of a valuable viol, or other instrument, even if he should practise sufficient self-denial to enable him to save money to purchase such a one, would be a constant anxiety to him, and a source of danger among the wild companions with whom he often associated. "Besides, signore," he said, "I am attached to this poor little friend of mine, who will speak to me though to none else. I have learnt the secrets of its heart, and by what means it may be made to discourse eloquently of human life. You may despise my instrument, but I can assure you it is far superior to the guitar, though that is so high-bred and genteel a gentleman, found in all romances and ladies' bowers. For any music that depends upon the touch of a string, and is limited in the duration of the distinct sounds, is far inferior to this little fellow's voice."

"You seem trained to the profession of music," said Inglesant.

"I was serving-lad to an old musician in Rome, who not only played on several instruments, but gave a great deal of time to the study of the science of harmony, and of the mysteries of music. He was fond of me, and taught me the viol, as I was apt to learn."

"I have heard of musicians," said Inglesant, "who have written on the philosophy of sound. He was doubtless one of them."

"There are things concerning musical instruments," said the man, "very wonderful; such as the laws concerning the octaves of flutes, which, make them how you will, you can never alter, and which show how the principles of harmony prevail in the dead things of the world, which we think so blockish and stupid; and what is more wonderful still, the passions of men's souls, which are so wild and untamable, are all ruled and kept in a strict measure and mean, for they are all concerned in and wrought upon by music. And what can be more wonderful than that a maestro in the art can take delight in sound, though he does not hear

it; and when he looks at some black marks upon paper, he hears intellectually, and by the power of the soul alone?"

"You speak so well of these things," said Inglesant, "that I wonder you are content to wander about the world at village fairs and country weddings, and do not rather establish yourself in some great town, where you might follow your genius and earn a competence and fame."

"I have already told you," replied the man, "that I am wedded to this kind of life; and if you could accompany me for some months, with your viol d'amore, across the mountains, and through the deep valleys, and into the old towns, where no travellers ever come, and where all stands still from century to century, you would never leave it, any more than I shall. I could tell you of many strange sights I have witnessed, and if we stay long in this place, perhaps you will be glad to hear some tales to while away the time."

"You spoke but now," said Inglesant, "of the power that music has over the passions of men. I should like to hear somewhat more of this."

"I will tell you a curious tale of that also," said the man.

THE VIELLE-PLAYER'S STORY.

"Some twenty-five years ago there lived in Rome two friends, who were both musicians, and greatly attached to each other. The elder, whose name was Giacomo Andrea, was maestro di capella of one of the Churches, the other was an accomplished lutinist and singer. The elder was a cavaliere and a man of rank; the younger of respectable parentage, of the name of Vanneo. The style of music in which each was engaged was sufficiently different to allow of much friendly contention; and many lively debates took place as to the respective merits of 'Sonate da Chiesa' and 'Sonate da Camera.' Their respective instruments also afforded ground for friendly dispute. Vanneo was very desirous that his friend should introduce viols and other instruments into the service, in concert with the voices, in the Church in which Vanneo himself sang in the choir; but the Cavaliere, who considered this a practise derived from the theatre, refused to avail himself of any instrument save the organ.

Vanneo was more successful in inducing his friend to practise upon his favourite instrument the lute, though Andrea pretended at first to despise it as a ladies' toy, and liable to injure the shape of the performer. His friend, however, though devoted to secular music, brought to the performance and composition of it so much taste and correct feeling, that Andrea was ravished in spite of himself, and of his preference to the solemn music of the Church. Vanneo excelled in contrasting melancholy and pensive music with bright and lively chords, mingling weeping and laughter in some of the sweetest melodies that imagination ever suggested. He accompanied his own voice on the lute, or he composed pieces for a single voice with accompaniment for violins. In a word, he won his friend over to this grave chamber music, in some respects more pathetic and serious than the more monotonous masses and sonatas of the Church composers. Vanneo composed expressly for this purpose fantasies on the chamber organ, interposed, now and then, with stately and sweet dance music, such as Pavins (so named from the walk of a peacock), Almains, and other

delightful airs, upon the violins and lute. In these fancies he blended, as it were, pathetic stories, gay festivities, and sublime and subtle ideas, all appealing to the secret and intellectual faculties, so that the music became not only an exponent of life but a divine influence. After these delightful meetings had continued for several years, circumstances obliged Vanneo to accompany a patron to France, and from thence he went over into England, to the great King of that nation, as one of his private musicians; for the Queen of England was a French Princess, and was fond of the lute. His departure was a great grief to the Cavaliere, who devoted himself more than ever to Church music and to the offices of religion. He was a man of very devout temper, and was distinguished for his benevolent disposition, and especially for his compassion for the poor, whom he daily relieved in crowds at his own door, and in the prisons of Rome, which he daily visited. From time to time he heard from his friend, to whom he continued strongly attached."

"I was brought up at the English Court," said Inglesant, "and have been trying to

recall such a man, but cannot recollect the name you mention, though I remember several lutinists and Italians."

"I tell the story as I heard it," replied the other. "The man may have changed his name in a foreign country. One day the Cavaliere had received a letter from his friend, brought to him by some English gentleman travelling to Rome. Having read it, and spent some time with the recollections that its perusal suggested to his mind, he set himself to the work in which he was engaged — the composition of a motet for some approaching festival of the Church; but although he attempted to fix his mind upon his occupation, and was very anxious to finish his work, he found himself unable to do so. The remembrance of his friend took complete possession of his mind; and his imagination, instead of dwelling on the solemn music of the motet, wandered perversely into the alluring world of phantasied melody which Vanneo had composed. Those sad and pensive adagios, passing imperceptibly into the light gaiety of a festival, never seemed so delightful as at that moment. He rose from time to time,

and walked to and fro in his chamber, and as he did so he involuntarily took up a lute which Vanneo had left with him as a parting gift, and which always lay within reach. As he carelessly touched the strings, something of his friend's spirit seemed to have inspired him, and the lute breathed again with something of the old familiar charm. Each time that he took it up, the notes formed themselves again under his hand into the same melody, and at last he took up a sheet of paper, intended for the motet, and scored down the air he had involuntarily composed. His fancy being pleased with the occurrence, he elaborated it into a lesson, and showed it to several of his associates. He gave it the name of 'gli amici,' and it became very popular among the masters in Rome as a lesson for their pupils on the lute. Among those who thus learnt it was a youth who afterwards became page to a Florentine gentleman, one Bernard Guasconi, who went into England and took service under the King of that country, who, as you doubtless know better than I do, was at war with his people."

"I know the Cavaliere Guasconi," said

Inglesant, "and saw him lately in Florence, where he is training running horses for the Grand Duke."

"This war," continued the man, "appears to have been the ruin of Vanneo; for the English people, besides hating their King, took to hating all kinds of music, and all Churches and choristers. Vanneo lost his place as one of the King's musicians, and not being able to earn his living by teaching music where so few cared to learn, he was forced to enlist as a soldier in one of the King's armies, and was several times near losing his life. He escaped these dangers, however; but the army in which he served being defeated and dispersed, he wandered about the country, wounded, and suffering from sickness and want of food. He supported himself miserably, partly by charity, especially among the Loyalist families, and partly by giving singing lessons to such as desired them. He was without friends, or any means of procuring money to enable him to return to Italy. As he was walking in this manner one day in the streets of London, without any hope, and with scarcely any life, he heard the sound of music. It

was long since the melody of a lute, once so familiar, had fallen on his ear; and as he stopped to listen, the notes came to him through the thick moist air like an angelic and divine murmur from another world. The music seemed to come from a small room on the ground-floor of a poor inn, and Vanneo opened the door and went in. He found a young man, plainly dressed, playing on a double-necked theorbo-lute, which, from the number of its strings, enables, as you know, the skilful lutinist to play part music, with all the varieties of fugues and other graces and ornaments of the Italian manner. The piece which the young man was playing consisted of an allegro and yet sweet movement on the tenor strings, with a sustained harmony in thorough bass. The melody, being carefully distributed through the parts, spoke to Vanneo of gaiety and cheerfulness, as of his old Italian life, strangely combined at the same time with a soothing and pathetic melancholy, like a corpse carried through the streets of a gay city, strewn with flowers and accompanied with tapers and singing of boys. The whole piece finished with a pastorale, or strain of

low and sweet notes. As Vanneo listened he was transported out of himself. It was not alone the beauty of the music which ravished him, but he was conscious that a mysterious presence, as of his friend the Cavaliere, was with him, and that at last the perfect sympathy which he had sought so long was established; and that in the music he had heard a common existence and sphere of life was at last created, in which they both lived, not any longer separate from each other, but enjoying as it were one common being of melody and ecstatic life of sound. When the music ceased Vanneo accosted the lutinist and inquired the name of the composer; but this the young man could not tell him. He only knew it was a favourite lesson for skilful pupils among the music-masters in Rome, and as such he had learnt it. Vanneo was confident the piece had been written by Andrea, and by none other, and told the young man so. By this time they had discovered that they were fellow-countrymen, and the lutinist sent for refreshments, of which Vanneo stood very much in need. He also told him that his name was Scacchi, and that he was page

to the Signore Bernard Guasconi, who was then in arms for the King, and was besieged in some town of which I have forgotten the English name."

"It was Colchester," said Inglesant; "I was in prison at the time of the siege; but I know the history of it and its sad ending."

"Becoming very familiar with Vanneo, he advised him to accompany him to Colchester. His master, he said, would doubtless be set at liberty immediately as a foreigner and a friend of the Grand Duke's, and he could accompany him home to Italy as a domestic. As no better prospect was open to Vanneo of returning to his native country, he gladly accepted the page's offer, and agreed to accompany him next day. The besiegers of the town which you call Colchester were engaging persons from all parts of the country to work their trenches, and the town not being far from London, many persons went from that place to earn the wages offered. Many of the Loyalists also took advantage of this pretext, intending to join the besieged if a favourable opportunity offered. To one of these parties Vanneo and the page joined themselves. You may

wonder that I know so much of these matters, but I have heard the story several times repeated by the page himself. The weather was very cold and wet, and the companions underwent much hardship on their march. They travelled through a flat and marshy country, full of woods and groves of trees, and crossed with dykes and streams. Vanneo, however, who had endured so much privation and suffering, began to sink under his fatigues. After travelling for more than two days they arrived at the leaguer. They were told that the besieged were expected every day to surrender at discretion; but they were sent into the trenches with several other volunteers to relieve those already there, many of whom were exhausted with the work, and were deserting. As they arrived at the extreme limit of the lines the besiegers had planted four great pieces of battering cannon against the town, and fired great shot all the forenoon, without, however, doing much damage. The Royalists mustered all their troops upon the line, intending, as it afterwards appeared, to break out at night and force their way through the leaguer. The lines were so close that the

soldiers could throw stones at each other as they lay in the trenches; and Vanneo and the page could see the King's officers plainly upon the city walls. The Royalists did not fire, being short of ammunition, and in the night a mutiny took place among some of the foot-soldiers, which prevented the project of cutting their way out from taking effect. The soldiers of both armies were now already mixed on many places upon the line, and no fire was given on either side, as though the Royalists were already prisoners. The page left Vanneo, who was worn-out and ill, and easily made his way into the town, where he found his master. When he returned to the trenches he found Vanneo very ill, and a physician with him, a doctor of the town, named Gibson, as I remember, who told the page that he thought his companion was dying. Vanneo, in fact, appeared to be insensible, his eyes were closed, and he was perfectly pale. He lay in a small house, just within the lines, which had been deserted by its inhabitants, who were weavers. The gentlemen were under arrest in the town, and it was reported that several were to be immediately shot, of whom it was whis-

pered the Signore Guasconi was to be one. About two in the afternoon the general of the besieging army entered the town, and a great rabble of the soldiers with him. The latter broke into many houses to search for plunder, and among them into that in which Vanneo was lying. As they came into the room and saw the dying man, they stopped and began to question the page as to who he was. Before he could reply Vanneo opened his eyes with a smile, raised himself suddenly from the straw on which he lay, and, stretching out his hand eagerly as one who welcomes a friend, exclaimed in Italian, 'Cavaliere, the consonance is complete;' and having said this he fell back upon the straw again, and, the smile still upon his face, he died."

The musician stopped a moment, and then glancing at Inglesant with a curious look said, "It is confidently said that about that very moment the Cavaliere Andrea died at Rome; at any rate, when the page returned to Italy and inquired for him at Rome, he was dead. He caught a fever in one of his visits to the prisons, and died in a few days."

"Did the page tell you of the two gentlemen who were shot at Colchester?" said Inglesant.

"Yes, he told me that Guasconi stood by with his doublet off expecting his turn; but when the others were shot he was taken back to his prison. They only found out he was an Italian by his asking leave to write to the Grand Duke."

"I have been told," he continued, "that this poor King was a great lover of music, and played the bass viol himself."

"He was a great admirer of Church music," said Inglesant; "I have often seen him appoint the service and anthems himself."

As the conversation of this man was a great entertainment to Inglesant, so his sudden and unexpected death was a great shock to him.

II.

OLD DANCE MUSIC.

It is probable that the life of Rome was working its effect upon Inglesant himself. Under its influence, and that of the Cardinal, his tone of thought became considerably modified. In a strange and unexpected way, in the midst of so much religion, his attention was diverted from the religious side of life, and his views of what was philosophically important underwent considerable change. He read Lucretius less, and Terence and Aristophanes more. Human life, as he saw it existing around him, became more interesting to him than theories and opinions. Life in all its forms, the Cardinal assured him, was the only study worthy of man; and though Inglesant saw that such a general assertion only encouraged the study of human thought, yet it seemed to him that it directed him to a truth which he had hitherto perhaps overlooked, and taught him to despise and condemn nothing in the common path of men in which he walked. If this were true, the more carefully he studied this common

life, and the more narrowly he watched it, the more worthy it would appear of regard; the dull and narrow streets, the crowded dwellings, the base and vulgar life, the poverty and distress of the poorer classes, would assume an interest unknown to him before.

"This life and interest," the Cardinal would say, "finds its best exponent in the old pantomime and burlesque music of Italy. The real, everyday, commonplace, human life, which originates absolutely among the people themselves, speaks in their own music and street airs; but when these are touched by a master's hand, it becomes revealed to us in its essence, refined and idealized, with all its human features, which, from their very familiarity, escape our recognition as we walk the streets. In the peculiarity of this music, its graceful delicacy and lively frolic and grotesqueness, I think I find the most perfect presentment, to the ear and heart, of human life, especially as the slightest variation of time or setting reveals in the most lively of these airs depths of pathos and melodious sorrow, completing thus the analogy of life, beneath the gayest

phases of which lie unnoticed the saddest realities."

"I have often felt," said Inglesant, "that old dance music has an inexpressible pathos; as I listen to it I seem to be present at long-past festivities, whose very haunts are swept away and forgotten; at evenings in the distant past, looked forward to as all important, upon whose short and fleeting hours the hopes and enjoyments of a lifetime were staked, now lost in an undistinguished oblivion and dust of death. The young and the beautiful who danced to these quaint measures, in a year or two had passed away, and other forms equally graceful took their place. Fancies and figures that live in sound, and pass before the eyes only when evoked by such melodies, float down the shadowy way and pass into the future, where other gay and brilliant hours await the young, to be followed as heretofore by pale and disappointed hopes and sad realities, and the grave."

"What do you mean," said the Cardinal, "by figures that live in sound?"

"It seems to me," said Inglesant, "that the explanation of the power of music upon

the mind is, that many things are elements which are not reckoned so, and that sound is one of them. As the air and fire are said to be peopled by fairy inhabitants, as the spiritual man lives in the element of faith, so I believe that there are creatures which live in sound. Every lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth, or which, already existing, is beautified and hallowed by music, does not die. Such as these become fairy existences, spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressibly delicate grace and beauty, which live in melody, and float and throng before the sense whenever the harmony that gave and maintains their life exists again in sound. They are children of the earth, and yet above it; they recall the human needs and hopes from which they sprang. They have shadowy sex and rank, and diversity of bearing, as of the different actors' parts that fill the stage of life. Poverty and want are there, but, as in an allegory or morality, purified and released from suffering. The pleasures and delights of past ages thus live again in sound, the sorrows and disappoint-

ments of other days and of other men mingle with our own, and soften and subdue our hearts. Apollo and Orpheus tamed the savage beasts; music will soften our rugged nature, and kindle in us a love of our kind and a tolerance of the petty failings and the shortcomings of men."

AFTER some talk . . . . we settled ourselves to our music and to tune our instruments. Mr. Inglesant's violin was inscribed "Jacobus Stainer in Absam propé Œnipontem 1647"; Œnipons is the Latin name of Inspruck in Germany, the chief city of the Tyrol, where this maker lived. As soon as Mr. Inglesant drew his bow across the strings I was astonished at the full and piercing tone, which seemed to me to exceed even that of the Cremonas.

We played a concert or two, with a double bass part for the violone, which had a noble effect; and Mr. Inglesant being pressed to oblige the company, played a descant upon a ground bass in the Italian manner. I should fail were I to attempt to describe to

you what I felt during the performance of this piece. It seemed to me as though thoughts, which I had long sought and seemed ever and anon on the point of realizing, were at last given me, as I listened to chords of plaintive sweetness broken now and again by cruel and bitter discords — a theme into which were wrought street and tavern music and people's songs, which lively airs and catches, upon the mere pressure of the string, trembled into pathetic and melancholy cadences. In these dying falls and closes all the several parts were gathered up and brought together, yet so that what before was joy was now translated into sorrow, and the sorrowful transfigured to peace, as indeed the many shifting scenes of life vary upon the stage of men's affairs.

IN A GONDOLA.[1]

(SUGGESTED BY MENDELSSOHN'S ANDANTE IN G MINOR, BOOK I, LIED 6, OF THE "LIEDER OHNE WORTEN.")

I.

IN Venice! This night so delicious — its air
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,
And quick cries, and perfume of romances, which throng
To my brain, as I steal down this marble sea-stair,
And my gondola comes.
And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the oar
Drawing near and more near — and the noise of the prow —
And the sharp, sudden splash of her stoppage — and now
I step in; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,
As my gondola glides
Away, past these palaces silent and dark,
Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases, where clings
Rank seaweed that gleams flecked with light as it swings
To the plash of the waves, where they reach the tide-mark
On the porphyry blocks — with a song full of dole,
A forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

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1 Who the author of *In a Gondola* was we have never been able to find out. The poem was first printed in *The Cornhill Magazine* and promptly found its way into *Every Saturday* for November 24, 1866.

ED. THE BIBELOT.

II.

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice rust-gnawn
A low dirge for the past: the sweet past when it played
In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who stayed
But one shrinking half-minute — her mantle close-drawn
O'er the swell of her bosom and cheeks passion-pale,
Ere her lover came by, and they kissed. "They are clay,
Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play;
They are dust!" sighs the wind with its whisper of wail:
"Those women snow-pure, flower-sweet, passion-pale!"
And the waves make reply with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

III.

Dust — those lovers! But Love ever lives, ever new,
Still the same: so we shoot into bustle and light,
And lamps from the festal casinos stream bright
On the ripples — and here 's the Rialto in view;
And black gondolas, spirit-like, cross or slide past,
And the gondoliers cry to each other: a song
Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies along
The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast
Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes leap
Through chill gloom from the marble; then moonlight once more,
And laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,

And sonorous bass-music of bells booming deep
From St. Mark's. Still those waves with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

IV.

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs
From verandas o'erstarred with dim jessamine flowers,
Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous showers
Of a nightingale's notes as his song swells and dies —
While my gondola glides.

V.

Dust — those lovers! — who floated and dreamed long ago,
Gazed and languished and loved, on these waters, — where I
Float and dream and gaze up in the still summer sky
Whence the great stars look down — as they did long ago;
Where the moon seems to dream with my dreaming — disc-hid
In a gossamer veil of white cirrhus — then breaks
The dream-spell with a pensive half-smile, as she wakes
To new splendor. But lo! while I mused we have slid
From the open — the stir — down a lonely lane-way
Into hush and dark shadow: fresh smells of the sea
Come cool from beyond; a faint lamp mistily
Hints fair shafts and quaint arches, in crumbling decay;
And the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

VI.

Then the silent lagune stretched away through the night,
And the stars, — and the fairy-like city behind,
Domes and spires rising spectral and dim: till the mind
Becomes tranced in a vague, subtle maze of delight;
And I float in a dream, lose the present — or seem
To have lived it before. Then a sense of deep bliss,
Just to breathe — to exist — in a night such as this:
Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But the gleam
Of the lights, as we turn to the city once more,
And the music, and clangor of bells booming slow,
And this consummate vision, St. Mark's! — the star-glow
For a background — crowns all. Then I step out on shore:
The Piazzetta! my life-dream accomplished at last,
(As my gondola goes.)
I am *here:* here alone with the ghost of the Past!
But the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola goes;
And the pulse of the oar swept through silvery spray
Dies away in the gloom, dies away, dies away —
Dies away —— dies away ——!

AUREOLUS PARACELSUS.

The Bibelot

THE songs of England's glory began at an early period with Michael Drayton's Ballad of Agincourt, which battle was fought in October, 1415; and from that time onward there has been a constant relay of singers whose best work culminates in such splendid outbursts of national fervour as seen in the three selections we have chosen from poets of our own age. The Ter-centenary of the Armada brought into being not only Swinburne's magnificent Ode but much else the world will not willingly let die. If, on the other hand, you want the appeal of prose then Raleigh's Last Fight of the Revenge, or, better still, Froude's historical pageant, as it deploys in the final volume of his History of England, should not be overlooked.[1] For our present purpose we are mainly concerned with three poems by Henry Newbolt, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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1 Froude's essay contributed as long ago as 1852 to The Westminster Review, is to be found in a very convenient edition of Short Studies on Great Subjects, 5 vols., (London, 1907.) From this essay, entitled England's Forgotten Worthies, which we may reprint later on, two notes are given at the close of this issue of THE BIBELOT.

It is a curious fact that a book may be written dealing with the genesis of a poet's mind and yet preserve absolute silence upon what would seem to be the forerunner of his later work. We have in mind Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic, by James Douglas, (*1904*). *In this professedly authorised biography much is rightly given concerning the origin of* The Coming of Love and Other Poems, (*1898*), *but there is no remotest hint of* The Burden of the Armada *which ten years earlier preceded* Christmas at the Mermaid. *This unquestionably is a more dramatic recital, a genuine* tour de force *in itself, but one as it seems to us having a history. Buried in the pages of* The Athenæum *for August 18, 1888, and practically out of reach, there lurks a very genuine ballad of England's glory with a refrain which for dynamic utterance even Rossetti never excelled. It is this poem we now take out of its hiding place after twenty-four years of undeserved neglect. One may well ask why Mr. Watts-Dunton felt that such a production had no rightful place beside that other poem which Swinburne had just printed in* The Fortnightly Review. *Was it, having decided on the publication of his first book of verse, he felt that* DAVID GWYNN'S STORY OF HOW HE AND THE

GOLDEN SKELETON CRIPPLED THE GREAT ARMADA SAILING OUT, *as imbedded in a perfected text of* Christmas at the Mermaid, *was the only shape he desired to be known as a writer of battle lyrics? If such is the case he was in error, and even the theory of the Renaissance of Wonder, which plays so important a part in his later work, is powerless to overrule our appreciation of the earlier, the simpler and, as we believe, the more potent presentation of the Spanish leaguer which, "in breeze and brine," was to inflict its final blow upon Protestant England. But, assuming such to have been Mr. Watts-Dunton's point of view, what shall be said of a biographer who suppresses a fact like this?*

Our readers will now be able to decide whether there is the right epic flavour, the genuine clangour of an old world sea-fight in this earlier Armada poem which, despite Swinburne's acknowledged supremacy, will hold its own when David Gwynn's story may possibly be forgotten.

If Mr. Watts-Dunton is still so little known that both of these poems have been missed out in the general run of Anthologies, it is far otherwise with the two lyrics we have grouped about him. Drake's Drum *first appeared in book form in 1897*

while The Revenge[2] *was originally printed in* The Nineteenth Century *for March, 1878. Mr. Newbolt has made a name for himself in the fifteen years that are gone but nothing can surpass the lyric beauty of his ballad in Devonshire dialect. As for* The Revenge *it is a triumphant example of what old age can do at its splendid best. What Raleigh said in his undying Elizabethan prose is restated by Tennyson in language raised to the nth power. And the final word of competent criticism must be made to say that for simple dignity this* Ballad of the Fleet *can only be compared with the laconic glories of the greatest Greek epigraphs, such for example as Simonides on the heroes who died at Platæa and at the pass of Thermopylæ:*

O passerby, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here obeying their orders.—MACKAIL.

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2 *A very beautiful edition of one hundred and twenty numbered copies entitled* Two Poems of Sea-fights with Spain, *Quarto, blue wrappers, pp. 40, was issued by Mr. Frank E. Hopkins, (Jamaica, N. Y., 1898,) with a folding photogravure of Seymour Lucas' painting,* Surrender of Don Pedro de Valdez to Sir Francis Drake.

FOR SEPTEMBER:
TWO STORIES
BY ERNEST DOWSON.

THREE POEMS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY.

I DRAKE'S DRUM
By HENRY NEWBOLT.

II THE BURDEN OF THE ARMADA
By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

III THE REVENGE: A BALLAD OF THE FLEET
By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

And God said: "This is thine estate!"
And gave the sea.

CHORUS.

The sea!
Thus did England fight;
And shall not England smite
With Drake's strong stroke in battles yet to be?
And while the winds have power
Shall England lose the dower
She won in that great hour —
The sea?

DRAKE'S DRUM.

DRAKE he 's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I 'll quit the port of Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade 's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE BURDEN OF THE ARMADA.

I.

SAITH Philip to Medina: "Go
And sack me London for the love of God:
The Church lends ducats when we show
Good usance for her gold in Lutheran blood.
Parma with chiefs of holiest names —
Camping in Dunkirk flats — would fain recline
In carnal halls of bann'd St. James,
But first must Parma reach the sinful Thames
By breeze and brine.

"In breeze and brine strike England down —
Strike England down!
With Parma's saints strike England down in breeze and brine!

II.

"Yet sack in prayer such fair dominions:
Go first to Calais, and command the Strait;
From Thames to Dunkirk spread your pinions
Where Parma's troops in boats and barges wait.
Dutch ships are holding them in tether:
Burn me those ships: with Parma then combine:
To Valdez, wise in Channel-weather,—
To Holy Church and him we leave together
The breeze and brine."

III.

So Philip speaks, and as he speaks
Our Angel of the Channel stirs his wings:
From Bryer to Guernsey's faëry creeks,
Right on by Deal, a glittering laughter springs —
Laughter from all his billowy host,
Round granite scarp, round chalky cliff and chine.
Then, hark! along the guardian coast
Our Angel of the Channel's song is tossed
By breeze and brine: —

"By breeze and brine I strike you down —
I strike you down!
My flashing squadrons strike you down by breeze and brine!

IV.

"O King and Pontiff, when I fight
The foemen's axes shiver in their helves;
Ye waste the world with blood and blight,
And while the peoples kill and kill themselves
My squadrons roll with varying flags,
Purple and green and rose and sapphirine,
And streamers wov'n of golden jags
From every mirror'd cloud that flies or drags
By breeze and brine."

V.

Galleys and galleon-citadels,
With dizened turrets vouched for musket proof,
Caracks and hulks and caravels —
Two leagues of ships sail out for Christ's behoof;
For Christ and Grand Inquisitor
He comes — a hundred sail and forty-nine —
The Don, invincible for war!
Crown'd in advance for Freedom's conqueror
By breeze and brine!

By breeze and brine to strike us down —
To strike us down!
He comes to strike Man's freedom down by breeze and brine!

VI.

See how the four queen-galleys ride
With beaks made long to pierce our light-wing'd craft,
And oars by stoutest captives plied,
And swivel guns for raking fore and aft!
Galleon and galley and galeass,
A glancing, shifting radiance serpentine
Of gilded poops and guns of brass
And trucks with blazoned flags — to doom they pass
By breeze and brine!

VII.

Yea, snake with wings that puff and swell
Through leagues of shine and shade — of sun and mist!
O many-colour'd snake of hell
Full six miles long, to doom you coil and twist.
To doom, O yellow flag of Spain —
Flag steeped in tears from many a golden mine
And many an Indian treasure-train —
To doom you fly, scourge of the Spanish Main,
By breeze and brine!

By breeze and brine to strike you down —
To strike you down!
Doom whispers now to strike you down by breeze and brine!

VIII.

She whispers first off Finisterre!
The serpent hears not — feels no sleeping storms;
But in the great Vasana there
The slave-gang smiles upon the galley-forms,
All waiting by the rebel plan
Till Gwynn, the pallid Welshman, make the sign
To rise each man and strike his man —
Strike home as only galley-captives can
By breeze and brine!

IX.

By Ferrol Bay those galleys stoop
To blasts more dire than breath of Orkney blizzard:
Down goes a prow — a gaudy poop!
The swift Diana ne'er shall turn the Lizard!
The Princess, the Vasana wallow
Through purple trough — through cavern crystalline;
And see the Royal, reeling, follow
By many a glimmering crest and shimmering hollow
In breeze and brine.

In breeze and brine to strike them down —
To strike them down!
God help the slaves to strike them down in breeze and brine!

X.

And now, amid the tempest's din,
Each Spaniard in the strained Vasana pales;
For, hark! the voice of David Gwynn:
"Ho, teach the Don the way we grip in Wales!"
Oar-benches gleam with smoking glaives.
"When captives hold the whip let drivers whine,"
Says Gwynn as Spaniards fight the waves,
And slaves are lords, and lords are drowning slaves
In breeze and brine.

XI.

The Royal's captain sees the strife:
He sees his captives see as Gwynn comes on;
Then hand to hand and life for life!
His slave-gang shout to see their lords atone.
The Welshman's voice they hear uplift:
"'T is God hath given us freedom, comrades mine!
Oh, show Him how we are worth the gift!" . . .
And soon the captured Royal rides adrift
By breeze and brine.

In breeze and brine they struck them down —
They struck them down!
They struck the great queen-galleys down in breeze and brine!

XII.

Round Lizard Point the Armada floats,
And Fleming's sails fly big with glorious news.
What cheers are they from Plymouth throats?
The Plymouth landsmen rush to join the crews,
And Papists meet with English laughter
The Church's bans and messages malign,
And Papist halls, from rush to rafter,
Echo with "Queen's men first and Pope's men after
By breeze and brine!"

XIII.

The long west wind is blowing in;
Out warps the little fleet of forty sail!
Saith Drake: "The game will soon begin,
The game between the swordfish and the whale,
And Hawkins, Frobisher, and Howard
Will show how freemen fight for Freedom's shrine
From craft too light to ship one coward —
From craft whose flag no Don hath ever lower'd
By breeze and brine!

"*In breeze and brine to strike them down —*
To strike them down!
The wind is ours to strike them down in breeze and brine!"

XIV.

Out warp the ships the Spaniard knew
When Drake sailed out to "singe King Philip's beard,"
With flags that under Cadiz flew
As 'tween the Spanish keels Drake's helmsmen steered.
Out warp the ships John Hawkins built,
Of longer keel than Drake's and finer line:
For these may God forgive such guilt
As slavers wrought when blood was sold or spilt
By breeze and brine!

XV.

While beacons flame from Devon cliffs,
All Plymouth gazes. There, beyond those sails,
Beyond the farthest English skiffs,
They see within the offing's hazy veils
Dim corners of an arc more dim,
Where clouds of eve in rosy flakes recline,
Till up the rounded water's rim
They see the crescent's shadowy centre swim
By breeze and brine.

By breeze and brine to strike it down —
To strike it down!
Our dead would rise to strike it down by breeze and brine!

XVI.

Off Plymouth Sound the Sabbath smiles
When whale and swordfish meet in deadly play,
When up the Channel miles on miles
The swordfish stabs and stabs and glides away.
Saith Drake: "The Don hath oar and sail:
What witchcraft baffles him? Can priests divine?
What race 'twixt butterfly and snail
Like this between the swordfish and the whale
By breeze and brine?"

* * * * *

XVII.

But, like a playful hound released,
From opening portals of the kindled day,
At last the wind from out the east
Tosses the vapours over Weymouth Bay.
Medina has the wind, he sees;
He bears down on bold Howard's line;
But Drake knows how our Channel breeze
Will follow all day the summer sun's decrees
For breeze and brine!

In breeze and brine to strike them down —
To strike them down!
Howard waits the wind to strike them down in breeze and brine!

XVIII.

And now from bays and creeks and coves,
Through all the Channel's path, from farthest Scillies
To that sweet bay where whispering groves
Stretch on to many a dell of Jersey lilies —
From Lyme to Wight's beloved home
Of nightingale and rose and eglantine,
In smacks, in sloops, in skiffs they come
To vex the wounded whale of Spain and Rome
By breeze and brine.

XIX.

Yes, day by day 't is England goads:
Valdez is captured: weather-saints are dumb;
And Spain lays to in Calais Roads,
Praying thus to saints: "Oh, let great Parma come —
Parma, the chief of God's campaign —
The Church's Michael of the Meuse and Rhine!
Oh, where is Parma, Friend of Spain,
For whom was forged this golden galleon-chain
By breeze and brine?

"*In breeze and brine to strike him down —*
To strike him down —
Who dares to strike our Michael down in breeze and brine?

XX.

"Where be his rafts, his palisades?
Portable bridges for their streams and moats?
And where his Spanish cavalcades —
His plumed Italians bright in damasked coats?
Where be our chiefs of holiest names
Who came to sack and pray — who came to dine
In Philip's halls of fair St. James,
Leaving behind two Lutheran fleets in flames
By breeze and brine?"

XXI.

O Spain, he stands in Dunkirk camp,
Bullet in mouth, finger on graven hilt,
Matches that burn, horses that stamp
And whinny, impatient for the promised tilt —
Ready to come, our conqueror,
In barge, or hoy, or sloop, or brigantine,
If Warmond, Nassau, and Joost de Moor
Will only let the conqueror leave the shore
By breeze and brine.

In breeze and brine to strike him down —
To strike him down!
Dutch heroes wait to strike him down in breeze and brine.

XXII.

By Calais shoal the galleons lie
Safe as the hunted wolf within his den:
Must England drive them out or die?
She scarce may wait a day with starving men.
Though poor in battle-gear, she waits —
Though empty of bread, her men for fight repine
Till Wynter's wit illuminates
At last the twilight of her sons' debates
By breeze and brine.

XXIII.

Saith he: "O' nights the tide sets down
To where the Spaniard's gaudy castles lie
So close they seem like Plymouth town
Save for those lanterns swaying there on high:
When midnight sounds by Spanish bells,
To-morrow night, before the moon shall shine,
Send fireships round their citadels;
The Don will deem them Antwerp's floating hells
By breeze and brine.

"*In breeze and brine to strike them down —*
To strike them down!
Send fireships out to strike them down in breeze and brine!"

XXIV.

In many a clumsy floating house
The Spaniard sleeps in strength, but battle-thinned;
No dreams hath he of Young and Prowse,
There stealing with the fireships down the wind,
Till smoke upcurls and flames devour,
And Night's black wings are glowing incarnadine
From Dover cliffs to Gravelines tower
With sparks — with fiery flakes, a ruddy shower
On breeze and brine!

XXV.

Troops, priests, and sailors dance with dread
As 'wildered horses dance in burning stables;
Sails open in the steaming red;
The Fleet Invincible has slipped its cables,
With shoutings as it makes to sea
"The Antwerp fire, the Mantuan's floating mine!"
While on the Vanguard stands in glee
Our Wynter, gazing towards the ruddy lee
By breeze and brine.

In breeze and brine he struck them down —
He struck them down!
His fireships struck the galleons down in breeze and brine!

XXVI.

"Six miles from shore lies mighty Spain,
Dreaming of Calais Roads and Flushing sands,"
Says Drake at dawn, "and ne'er again
Must Parma with the Golden Duke shake hands."
The south-west wind has never shifted,
And there, while eyes of morn o'er Gravelines shine,
While Spain lies shattered, scattered, drifted,
See, both the fleets, as by a hand, are lifted
On breeze and brine!

XXVII.

While morning blossoms o'er the waves,
Gilding those ships, those Spaniards sallow-skinned,
Those cruel oars, those weary slaves,
Drake starts: "What signs are these on sea and wind?"
O Drake, 't is he, 't is even he,
The shepherd of thy pastures hyaline,
Who nursed thee — king for every sea! —
'T is the Angel of the Channel speaks to thee
By breeze and brine.

By breeze and brine to strike them down —
To strike them down!
His bosom heaves to strike them down by breeze and brine!

XXVIII.

Smiting with might of angry breath
The foes of her, the lovely land he loves —
Stronger than navies, swift as death —
He moves — the shepherd of thy meadow moves —
Nerves England's arms for gun and pike,
Gives her to drink his breath — the sea-queen's wine —
His breath that lends her strength to strike
Such strokes no Spaniard ever saw the like
By breeze and brine.

XXIX.

From Calais comes the matin song,
When down falls Seymour on the Spaniard's right.
He drives the wing — a huddled throng —
Back on the centre ships, that steer for flight.
See galleon hurtle galeass,
Till helm and oar and cable intertwine!
Drake closes on the writhing mass,
Wherethrough the balls, at closest ranges, pass
In breeze and brine!

In breeze and brine they strike them down —
They strike them down!
The Channel-children strike them down in breeze and brine!

XXX.

The Don fights well, but fights not now
The cozened Indian whom he kissed for friend
To pluck the gold from off the brow,
Then fling the flesh to priests to burn and rend;
He hunts not now the Indian maid
With bloodhounds from her bower of flower and vine,
Who saw his god-like cavalcade
And worshipped, while he planned Pizarro's trade
For breeze and brine.

XXXI.

His fight is now with Drake and Wynter,
Hawkins and Frobisher and English fire,
Bullet and cannon-ball and splinter,
Till every deck gleams greased with bloody mire.
Heaven smiles to see that battle wage —
Close battle of cannon, musket, carabine!
Vainly, O Spaniard, dost thou rage!
'T is English sails can win the weather gage
In breeze and brine!

In breeze and brine, oh, strike him down!
Oh, strike him down!
For Indian mothers strike him down in breeze and brine!

XXXII.

Fiercely do galley and galeass fight,
Running from ship to ship like living things,
With oars like legs, with beaks that smite —
Winged centipedes they seem with tattered wings.
And see their captains, mail-encased,
Now golden through the smoke, now argentine;
See, see the slaves within each waist,
Their bleeding backs by Spanish scourges laced,
In breeze and brine.

XXXIII.

Their troops, superfluous as their gold,
Outnumbering all their seamen two to one,
Are packed away in every hold—
Targets of flesh for every English gun,
Till like Pizarro's halls of blood,
Or slaughter-pens where oxen bleed or swine,
Lee-scuppers pour a crimson flood
As eastward, eastward still the galleons scud
In breeze and brine.

In breeze and brine, oh, strike them down!
Oh, strike them down!
Strike, strike Pizarro's children down in breeze and brine.

XXXIV.

Never, O Parma, wilt thou join
The "deathless fleet" that holds four thousand dead,
The "deathless fleet" that ne'er will win the Groyne
If cannon-gear should come and sailors' bread;
For down sweep Raleigh and Cumberland,
To drive like shuddering herds of hunted kine,
With privateers on every hand,
Right out to sea the Pope's anointed band
In breeze and brine.

XXXV.

Thy king, Medina, bade thee lie
At anchor by the mouth of captured Thames.
O Duke, to pass that river by
What warriors hast thou given — what gold and gems!
As, driven along the tempest's path,
From Thames to Yar thou flyest — from Yar to Tyne —
Round Scotland, round the rocks of Wrath
Each creaking mainmast tottering as a lath
By breeze and brine!

In breeze and brine to strike thee down —
To strike thee down!
No need for guns to strike thee down in breeze and brine!

XXXVI.

The cloudy crown of Scotland's head
They pass: no foe dares follow but the Storm!
I see a sunset fierce and red
That scares the sable petrels' homeward swarm;
The tempest stirs an angry froth —
A reek like blood from caverns opaline —
Where sinks the sun as scared and loth
To see such wrathful play or jubilant wrath
Of breeze and brine.

* * * * *

XXXVII.

With pain and toil the cape was passed,
But faster and faster still the billows come
To curl and boil, till every mast
Is flecked with snowy flakes of flying foam;
And while the helpless galleons pitch
What faëry lights along the billows shine,
Flushing each emerald scarp and ditch?
'T is "Mother Carey's candle" — Orkney's witch
Of breeze and brine!

By breeze and brine who strikes them down?
Who strikes them down?
Do heaven and hell both strike them down by breeze and brine?

XXXVIII.

Behold the cliffs of Orkney Isles
Shine yellow and red. Ah, see the billows dash,
Foaming right up the sandstone piles!
And see the galleons hurled! And hear the crash!
Yea, hear, amid that tempest's roar,
Cracking of spars, snapping of ropes like twine,
And cries of those who strike for shore,
And prayers of priests whose breath shall foul no more
The breeze and brine!

* * * * *

XXXIX.

From Lisbon town to the open sea—
Red crosses flaunting to the trumpet's bray—
Two leagues of ships in holy glee
Come sailing on a sunny morn of May.
Where are those ships—the golden ships,
Freighted with love, the Church's love divine,
Thumbscrews and racks and loving whips,
And priests who prayed for blood with loving lips
By breeze and brine?

By breeze and brine who struck them down?
Who struck them down?
God strikes the foes of England down by breeze and brine!

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I 've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I.

AT that time, all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those three hundred Spartans who in the summer morning sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.

II.

Such was the fight at Flores, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely

equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the "Vengeur." Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all one hundred and forty sail; and of these one hundred and forty, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the "Revenge" herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her two hundred prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

J. A. FROUDE.

The Bibelot

ALTHOUGH Ernest Dowson has been dead a little over twelve years, outside of one exquisite interpretive essay, nothing of moment has come to widen our knowledge of his life and work that was not already made use of by Arthur Symons. Presumably the little known can never be largely expanded beyond what a few associates, (as Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Moore, and even Symons,) may care to impart.[1]

There is one aspect of Dowson's case, however, that we may at once grapple and have done with. Considerable rubbish

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[1] *Our hopes concerning Mr. Symons are based on more reliable information than was available when the Foreword to the January* Bibelot *was written. It is tolerably certain that he is on the thrice welcome road to a restoration of health and literary activity. The severe breakdown, due from overwork in connection with his book on the* Romantic Movement in Poetry, *which entailed an enormous amount of reading all done by Symons himself, who sometimes read a dozen volumes for the purpose of writing three pages of criticism, appears to be at an end. Complete recovery is indeed slow but we believe his admirers will yet have the pleasure of reading new contributions from his pen: in fact some of his later work has already appeared in* The English Review.

at all times has been printed on the literary genius gone wrong. It was reserved for the author of The Gorgeous Isle, *to rake in the ashes of the poet's lamentable life and seek, as it would seem, to justify her ways; assuredly not of God to man, but rather of the enterprising novelist keen for sensational advertising "copy."*[2]

To return to Dowson: having printed The Dying of Francis Donne *in our March issue, we now give the two earlier stories in* The Savoy (*1896*) *and so come to the end of his uncollected prose work.*

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2 *In an interview graciously granted the New York Times reporter, December 12, 1908, we see this lady "sitting in her apartment at the Hotel Wellington," giving an absurd theory of the sources of inspiration of the poor little wretch of a poet who was only at white heat when drunk. The "Warner" whose experience in her book "is wholly founded on fact" seems to have been two persons in one; Dowson and another whose name is not given, but whom we may confidently take to have been no less a personage than the late Algernon Charles Swinburne. We can safely leave the dead Swinburne to his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and we can just as safely affirm that the notion of a man being able to write anything worth while when under the influence of drink is, at least, a very doubtful assertion. It certainly was not so with Rossetti or Poe. Do you believe it likely to have been so with Francis Thompson or Ernest Dowson?*

A new edition of the five studies and stories in sentiment entitled Dilemmas (*1895*) *has been announced in a second edition, not yet ready. It is doubtful if* A Comedy of Masks (*1893*) *and* Adrian Rome (*1899*) *will find their reappearance. But whatever estimate is placed upon these volumes and the tales taken from* The Savoy, *it is evident that Dowson's mentality was not in a literary* cul de sac. *His books require neither explanation nor apology. And personally he is to be judged by the interpretation of his life for which Symons has laid us under lasting obligation.*

To those who were once in touch and sympathy with "the Renaissance of the Nineties" what a world of spent lights and fallen fames it would now seem. How some of the names of these men and women recede farther and farther into the wastes of time! And yet what wondrous gifts they brought to us and with what wondrous light they were endowed! "We are all souls of fire and children of the sun" — let us thank Mrs. Atherton for this quotation from the physicist Helmholtz. Souls of fire and children of the sun they were and will remain.

Francis Adams, Hubert Crackenthorpe, John Davidson, Henry Harland, Amy Levy,

Rosamund Watson; and of artists, Charles Conder and Aubrey Beardsley — all fallen upon silence. Of the eight names chosen at random, (and others could be cited,) seven at least keep their hold upon an ever widening little clan. And of them Ernest Dowson is by many odds the writer who will most likely retain his audience, fit though few. Do you think there was vast waste of spirit in these lives that went their way, not always the primrose path, and who now are dust? If you do there is a verse in Dowson's Amantium Iræ *that offers a point of view for himself and his confrères and constitutes the only* apologia *required of him or of them:*

> *"When this our rose is faded,*
> *And these, our days, are done,*
> *In lands profoundly shaded*
> *From tempest and from sun:*
> *Ah, once more come together,*
> *Shall we forgive the past,*
> *And safe from worldly weather*
> *Possess our souls at last?"*

FOR OCTOBER:
TWO CHAPTERS FROM
MARIUS THE EPICUREAN
BY WALTER PATER.

TWO STORIES
By
ERNEST DOWSON

THE EYES OF PRIDE.

TO A. F.

> Pluck out the eyes of pride; thy lips to mine?
> Never, though I die thirsting! Go thy ways!
>
> GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

"Do as you please — it 's all one to me: yet I think you will live to regret it."

He spoke sullenly, with well-affected indifference, standing on the hearth-rug, his hands in his pockets, looking down at her; and yet there was a note of irresolution, of potential suffering in his voice, which was absent from her reply:

"If I do, I will tell you."

"That is just what you will never do."

"Perhaps not." She was actually indifferent, or her dissimulation was more profound than his, for the blank coldness of her speech lit a spark of irritation in him.

"And, all the same, I think you will regret it — every day of your life. . . . By God! you are making a great mistake, Rosalind!"

"Is it all coming over again?" murmured the girl, wearily. "And, after all, it's your own choice."

He flushed angrily. He was in evening dress, and he fidgeted with his tie for a moment, before he held out his hand with stiff courtesy.

"Good-bye," he said; and "Good-bye, Mr. Seefang!" the girl answered, listlessly. He dropped her impassive hand, and went slowly towards the door. Then he remembered he had brought his hat with him into the drawing-room, and he came back again, and placed it mechanically under his arm. "Well, good-bye, Rosalind!" he said again. This time she made no response, and he was really gone when she raised her eyes again. . . .

When he opened the hall door, emerged into the square, he paused to light a cigar before he plunged into the fog, rank and yellow and raw, which engulfed him. A clock struck eleven. It was actually so late; and he began to look round, vaguely, for a hansom, reflecting that their rapid talk — certainly, it had been fruitful in momentous consequences — had lasted for over an

hour. He decided that all the cabs would have disappeared; the square railings, ten yards in front of him, were invisible; he shrugged his shoulders — a gesture habitual with him, in which, just now, lassitude and a certain relief were mingled — and, doggedly and resolutely, he set his face eastwards, to accomplish on foot his return journey to the Temple. . . . As he went, his mind was recasting his past life, and more especially the last six months of it, during which he had been engaged to Rosalind Lingard. Well! that was over at last, and he was unable to add that it had been pleasant while it lasted. Pleasant? Well, no! but it had been an intoxicating experience — a delirious torture. Now he was a free man, and he tried to congratulate himself, reminding himself of all the phrase implied. Yes; he was free again — free to his old pleasures and his old haunts, to his friends and his former wandering life, if he chose; above all, free to his art — his better passion. . . . And, suddenly, into his meditation there floated the face of the girl on the sofa, impassively beautiful and sullen, as it had been framed to his vision when he last held her

hand, and he ground his teeth and cursed aloud.

He began to remember how, all along, he had forecasted this end of his wooing. What an ill-omened affair it had been from the first! He was yet uncertain whether he loved or hated her most. That he had loved her at all was the miracle. But, even now, he knew that he had loved her, with a love that was not child's-play — it had come too late for that — but, like his genius, faulty yet tremendous.

There was a great deal of Seefang; even the critics of his pictures admitted it; and everything about him was on a large scale. So that when he had fallen in love with Rosalind Lingard, after three days' acquaintance, he had done so supremely, carried away by a strange hurricane of sensual fascination and spiritual rapture. Meeting her first at a sparsely-attended *table d'hôte* in a primitive Breton village where he was painting, he had promptly disliked her, thought her capricious and ill-tempered. Grudgingly, he had admitted that she was beautiful, but it was a beauty which repelled him in a girl of his own class, although he would have liked it

well enough in women of less title to respect, with whom he was far too well acquainted.

If he had ever thought of marriage — and it must have been remotely — during his fifteen years of manhood, spent so pleasantly in the practice of an art in which his proficiency had met recognition and in the frank and unashamed satisfaction of his vigorous appetites, he had dreamed of a girl most unlike Rosalind Lingard; a girl with the ambered paleness and the vaguely virginal air of an early Tuscan painting, who would cure him of his grossness and reform him. For he had, still, intervals of depression — generally when he had spoiled a canvas — in which he accused himself of living like a beast, and hankered, sentimentally, for the love of a good woman. And yet, Rosalind Lingard, with her ambiguous charm, her adorable imperfection, had been this woman — the first to dominate him by something more than the mere rose and white of her flesh. Masterful as he had been with the others, he was her slave, if it was still his masterfulness which bound her to him, for a pliant man would have repelled her, and she had dreamed of being loved tyrannically. A few

days had sufficed. A juxtaposition somewhat out of the common — a slight illness of her aunt, Mrs. Sartorys, with whom she was travelling — having thrown them together, a discovery which he made suddenly, that if she was capricious she could yet be charming, and that her audacity was really the perfection of her innocence — these were the material agents of his subjection. To the lovers, as they became speedily, inevitable fate and the god who watches over little lovers were held alone responsible. The best of Seefang's character, in which the fine and the gross were so strangely mingled, leapt to meet the promise in her eyes. Their vows were exchanged. . . .

He crossed Piccadilly Circus, debating whether he should go home at once or turn into his club and have an hour's poker; finally, he decided to make for the Temple. . . . And he told himself again that it was over. In retrospect, their love seemed like a long quarrel, with a few intervals of reconciliation. But there had been a time, at the very beginning, when life was like Eden; when he was so buoyant that he felt as if his head must touch the sky. He left his

easel and wandered with them through Morbihan; his knowledge of the country, so sad and cold and poor, and yet so pictorial, made him their *cicerone* to nooks which elude the ordinary tourist. Actually, they were not betrothed, but they anticipated the official sanction; and, indeed, no opposition was expected even by Mrs. Sartorys; though, formally, Rosalind's guardian, a learned lawyer — an abstract idea, even, to his ward — was to be consulted. Seefang had his fame, his kinship with the peerage, to set off against the girl's fortune, which was considerable. Had he been less eligible, Mrs. Sartorys, a weak, placid woman, professionally an invalid, would have been equally submissive. As it was, she allowed them the license of an engagement, stipulating merely for a postponement which was nominal. They rambled alone together over the ruddy moorland as it pleased them. Once he said to her:

"If your guardian damns me, will you make a curtsy and dismiss me, Rosalind?"

They had come to a pause in their walk; the sun was merciless, and they had wandered off the road to seek shade; the girl

had seated herself on a bank under a silver-birch tree, Seefang was standing over her. She shook her head.

"No! if I've ever wanted anything since I was a child, I've cried and stormed till I got it."

"You give yourself a fine character."

"I'm not a nice girl, I've told you so before."

"Nice!" he looked at her gravely. "I don't care about niceness."

"What do you care for?"

"You as you are," he said deliberately; "proud, capricious, not very sweet of temper, and — I suspect ——"

Her eyes challenged him, he completed his phrase: "A bit of a flirt!"

"And yet you ——"

"And yet I love you; good God! what am I myself?"

She glanced at him with a sort of mocking tenderness.

"You are very proud," she said; "capricious, I don't know; but stubborn and headstrong; I think you can be very cruel, and I am sure you have been very wicked."

"And yet?——" he imitated her phrase softly. They were quite alone with the trees and the birds, and instinctively their lips met. Presently she resumed, a trifle sadly, her eyes contemplating vaguely the distant valley.

"I 'm only a girl—not twenty. You are thirty-eight, thirty-eight! You must have kissed so many, many women before me."

He touched her hand very softly, held it while he went on: "Never mind the past, Rosalind. I 've lived as other men. If I 've been stupid, it was because I had never known you. When a man has been in heaven he is in no hurry to get back anywhere else. I 'm yours, and you know it—body and soul—and they are a poor bargain, my child! ever since—since Ploumariel." She flushed and her head drooped towards him; at Ploumariel they crossed the great climacteric. When she looked up, the sun, moving westwards, lit up the valley opposite them, illuminated the white stones of a village cemetery. Her eyes rested upon it. Presently she said:

"Oh, my dear, let us be kind to each other, bear and forbear . . . . That 's the end of it all."

For a moment he was silent; then he leant over and kissed her hair.

"Rosalind, my darling, I wish we were dead together, you and I, lying there quietly, out of the worry of things."

It was a fantastic utterance, an odd and omnious mood to interrupt their foolish talk of plighted lovers; it never recurred. But just now it came back to him like an intuition. It is so much easier to die for the woman you love than to live with her. They could talk of bearing and forbearing, but much tolerance was in the nature of neither. They were capable of generosity, but even to themselves they could not be just. Both had known speedily how it must end. He was impatient, tyrannical; she, capricious and utterly a woman; their pride was a great Juggernaut, beneath whose car they threw, one by one, their dearest hopes, their happiness and all that they cared most for in life. Was she a coquette? At least she cared for admiration, encouraged it, declined to live her life as he would have it. His conviction that small sacrifices which he asked of her she refused, not from any abiding joy the possession gave her, but

in sheer perverseness, setting her will against his own, heightened his estimation of the offence. That his anger was out of all proportion to her wrongdoing he knew, and his knowledge merely inflamed his passionate resentment. She, on her side, was exacting, jealous of his past life; he was faithfully her lover, and he felt aggrieved, perhaps unjustly, that woman-like she took constancy too much for granted, was not more grateful that he did not lapse. And neither could make concessions: they hardened their hearts, were cold of eye and tongue when a seasonable softening would have flung them each in the other's arms. When they were most divided, each was secretly aware that life without the other would be but a savourless dish. For all that, they had ended it. She had flung him back his liberty, and he had accepted it with a bitter word of thanks. They had said, if they had not done, irrevocable things . . . .

Seefang let himself into his chambers and slammed the oak behind him; the room smelt of fog, the fire had gone out, and, just then, the lack of it seemed the most intolerable thing in life. But he sat down,

still in his ulster, lighting the candle to dispel the gloom, and faced his freedom more deliberately than he had done before. He began to think of his work, and he was surprised at discovering how utterly he had neglected it during the last six months. There is nothing so disorganising as a great passion, nothing so enervating as a virtuous one. He went to bed, vowing that he would make amends. His art! that he should ever have forgotten it! None of the other women had interfered with that, the women who had amused him, satisfied the animal in him, but whom he had not loved. She alone had made him forget it. He had a sense of ingratitude towards his art, as to a person who has always stood by one, whom at times one has not valued, and whom one finds, after some calamity, steadfast and unchanged. His art should stand him in good stead now; it should help him to endure his life, to forget her and be strong. Strength! that was the great thing; and he knew that it appertained to him. He fell asleep murmuring that he was glad he was strong . . . . strong . . . . Two months later Seefang went abroad; he had made

arrangements for a prolonged absence. He had not seen Miss Lingard; if an acquaintance, who was ignorant of the rupture, asked after her, he looked vacant, seemed to search his memory to give the name a connotation. Then he remarked indifferently that he believed Mrs. Sartorys was out of town. He was working hard, contemplated work more arduous still. Every now and then he drew himself up and reminded himself that he had forgotten her.

For two years he was hardly heard of: he was believed to be travelling in Spain, living in some secluded village. Then he was in London for a month: he exhibited, and critics were unanimous in their opinion that he had never done better work — at which he smiled. They declared he had not been in vain to the land of Velasquez and Goya. It was at this time that he heard of Miss Lingard's marriage with Lord Dagenham; that nobleman had carried away his bride to an obscure Scandinavian capital, where he was diplomatically engaged. Seefang was curious enough to turn over the pages of Debrett, and discovered that the bridegroom was sixty; it enabled him to

credit the current rumour that he was dull. He went on smiling and was abroad for another three years.

II.

He had known they would meet when he first heard that the Dagenhams were in town. Lord Dagenham had abandoned diplomacy with stays and any semblance of being young; he was partly paralysed, and was constantly to be seen in a bath-chair in Kensington Gardens. But the lady went everywhere, and Seefang made much the same round; their encounter was merely a question of time. He faced it with equanimity, or its tolerable imitation; he neither feared it nor hoped for it. And the season was but a few weeks old when it came about. At the dinner-table he faced her almost directly.

Five years! Her beauty was richer, perhaps; it had acquired sombre tones like an old picture; but she was not perceptibly altered, hardly older. She was straight and tall, had retained something of her slim, girlish figure; and, as of old, her beauty had a sullen stain on it; in the languid depths

of her dark eyes their fate was written; her full mouth in repose was scornful. He finished his soup, talked to his neighbour, mingled in the conversation; one of his remarks sent a little ripple of well-bred laughter down the table, and he noticed that she joined in it. But her eyes avoided him, as they had done when she bowed to him formally in the drawing-room. They had not spoken. A vague feeling of irritation invaded him. Was there another woman in the world with hair like that, so dark and multitudinous? He had promised himself to forget her, and it seemed to him that the promise had been kept. Life had been amusing, full of experience, lavish and expansive. If one supreme delight were impossible, that had not seemed to him a reason for denying himself any lesser joys which offered — joys, distractions. How successful he had been! And the tide of his irritation rose higher. His mind went back to the days when he had first known her. She had forgotten them, no doubt, but they were good while they lasted — yes, they were good. But what a life they would have led! — how thankful he should have been for his escape! From

time to time he fidgeted nervously with his tie. Like a great wave of anguish his old desire swept over him.

To Lady Dagenham, if she had not seemed to notice him, his presence there, facing her, was the one fact which possessed her mind during that interminable dinner-party. She had to perfection the gift of being rude urbanely, and she had begun by repressing any intentions of her neighbour on the right to be conversational. Her neighbour on the left talked for three; she preserved appearances by throwing him smiles, and at mechanical intervals an icy monosyllable. "Yes," and "Yes," said her lips, and her eyes, which looked everywhere else — above, below, beside him — saw only Seefang. . . . He was changed; older, coarser, bigger, she thought. Large he had always been; but to-night he loomed stupendous. Every now and then his deep voice was borne across to her — that remained the same, his voice was always pleasant. And she missed no detail — his hair was thinner, it was streaked, like his moustache, with gray; his eyes were clouded, a trifle blood-shot; his laugh was cynical and easy. She noticed the one ring

he wore, a curious, absinthe-coloured opal, when he moved his left hand, large, but well-shaped and white. She remembered the ring and his affection for opals. Had that been the secret of his luck — their luck? He was not noticeably pitiable, but instinctively she fell to pitying him, and her compassion included herself. Skeleton fingers groped out of the past and throttled her. At a familiar gesture, when his hand went up to his tie, a rush of memories made her giddy. Was the past never done with? And why wish things undone or altered? He was a cross, brutal fellow; stupid and self-indulgent. Why had they ever met? They were too much alike. And she was sorry for him, sorry if he still cared, and sorrier if, as was more likely, he had forgotten; for she was aware that the strength which puts away suffering is more costly than acquiescence in unhappiness. A sudden tenderness came over her for him; it was not with the man she was angry, but with fate, the powers which had made them what they were, self-tormentors, the instruments of their own evil. As she rose from the table with the other women, she dropped

one glance at him from her sombre, black eyes. And they met his in a flash which was electric.

When he came upstairs, rather tardily, it was with a certain relief that he failed to discover in either of the two large rooms, which opened into one another, the face which he sought. In the first of them, a young Hungarian musician of note was just taking his seat at the piano. The air was heavy with the smell of flowers, full of soft vibrations — the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, the rustle of posturing fans. He moved into the second room. It was a parched, hot night, and the windows had been left open; the thin lace curtains protecting them were stirred imperceptibly. With a strange, nervous dread on him that was also an intuition, he pushed them aside and stepped on to the spacious balcony. Half-a-dozen people were sitting or standing there, and he distinguished her profile, marble white and strangely cold, in the subdued shine of the electric lights. An elderly-looking young man with a blonde moustache was talking with her. He took his station by them, joined mechanically in the conversation,

looking not at her, but at the long, low line of the park in front of them with its background of mysterious trees. Presently a crash of chords came from within — the Hungarian had begun his performance. People began to drift inside again; Lady Dagenham and the blonde young man — a little anxious, for he was due in the House, concerned for a division — were the last loiterers. For the second time their eyes met, and there was a note of appeal in them.

"Please don't let me keep you, Mr. Rose . . . Mr. Seefang . . . We are old friends, and I have n't seen him for years . . . Mr. Seefang will look after me."

When they were alone together he came over to her side, and they stood so for a moment or two in silence; he was so close to her that he could smell the misty fragrance of her hair, hear the sighing of her bosom. The tense silence preyed on them; to break it at any cost, he said, at last: "Rosalind!" Her white face was turned towards him, and he read the passion in it as in a book. And, "Rosalind!" he said again, with a new accent, more strenuously.

"So you have come back" — her rich

voice was under control, but there was a vibration in it which spoke of effort — "come back to England? Your fame preceded you long ago. I have often heard of you, and wondered if we should ever meet."

"Did you ever wish it?"

"It is always pleasant to meet old friends," she answered, mechanically.

"Pleasant!" He laughed harshly. "There is no pleasure in it, Lady Dagenham." She glanced at him uneasily, for, unconsciously, he had raised his voice. "And friends, are we friends — how can we be friends, you and I?"

"At least — not enemies," she murmured.

He was silent for a moment, looking out at the blurred mass of the park, but seeing only her face, the face of her youth, softened and idealised, so that five years seemed as yesterday, and the anger and bitterness, which had driven them apart, chimeras.

"At Ploumariel, up the hill to Sainte-Barbe;" he spoke softly, as it were to himself, and the natural harshness of his voice was modulated. "Do you remember the wood, the smell of pines and wild thyme? The pine-needles crackled under your little

feet. How warm it was! You were tired at the end of the climb; you sat on a boulder to rest, while I fetched you milk from the cottage by the chapel — fresh milk in a big, yellow bowl, too big for your little fingers to cling to. You laughed; and I held it to your mouth, and you made me drink too, and I drank where the print of your lips had been, and your lips were sweet and fresh ——"

"Seefang!" she laid a white finger on his mouth, beseechingly, and he trembled; then let her hand rest on his with something of a caress. "What is the use, Seefang? — what is the use? Do you think I have forgotten? . . . That was over and done with years and years ago. It is no use maddening ourselves. We have so little, little time. Even now, someone may interrupt us at any moment; we may not meet again — tell me about yourself, your life, all these years. I know you are a great artist; have you been happy?"

"I have made a name," he said, shortly, "in more than one sense. If I were to speak, my voice might lie to you. Look me in the face — that will answer you."

Almost childishly she obeyed him, scrutinised the dark, strong face, harsh and proud,

with engrained lines of bitterness and ill-temper set upon it even in repose.

"You have answered me," she said, with a little moan.

"I have always longed for you, Rosalind, even when it seemed I had forgotten you most . . . And you ——?"

She cut him short quickly.

"I have not been over happy," she said.

"Then your husband ——?"

"My husband has been kind to me. I have done — tried to do my duty to him."

A fresh silence intervened, nervous and uneasy: each feared to dissipate it, for each was instinctively conscious of what gulfs of passion lay beneath it, irretrievable chasms into which one unstudied phrase, one word at random, might hurl them both. She was the first to make the venture.

"Can we not be friends, you and I?" And, innocently as she had spoken, the words had not fallen before she was conscious of her error; and his arms were round her, crushing the frail lace of her bodice, and their lips had joined, and the thrill in her blood had belied her protest.

"Oh, why did we do it, what was the good

of it, why did we ever meet?" she moaned, when the passionate moment had passed, and they were left face to face together, stupefied, yet with the mask of convention upon them once more, if set a little awry.

"Because, —— because ——" he faltered. "Oh, my darling, how can we ever be friends? Oh, my love, my one love, anything but that! . . . There is only one end of it — or two — one of two, and you know that, Rosalind! My clever, cross darling, you were always clever — always understood. That is why I liked you."

She stood free of him again; her hands deftly, nervously restored one of her black, ruffled tresses.

"How little you liked me, after all!" she said at last.

And she saw, with a keen delight in her power to hurt him, with more pain at the hurt she did herself, the harsh and sneering lines round his mouth and nostrils darken into prominence, the latent brute in his face accentuate.

"There was little enough to like in you, was there, Rosalind? But, by God! I did — I loved you, yes, I love you . . . Look at

the park, Rosalind! It 's a mist, and dark; you can guess at the trees, believe in the grass; perhaps it 's soft — and new there, — it 's vague and strange . . . would you plunge into it now with me, darling — into the darkness? How this music and people tire me since I 've seen you . . . would you? Cool and vague and strange! . . . No, you would n't — nor would I, even if it were possible. You need not answer. It would not do. There, or here, we should hurt each other as we always have — and shall, this side of the grave. That is why I said there was only one end of it, or two, and *this* is the one you choose."

Once more, she laid her hand on his, and went on, her fingers caressing, absently, the opal of his ring.

"Don't be angry, Seefang, we have so little time — if it must be so. Life is so short. Besides, we 've changed, grown older; we might be kinder to each other now. What are you going to do?"

"I shall live as I have done — go abroad, perhaps, a little sooner — what else?"

"Oh, why?" she cried instinctively. "What is the good?"

"Would you have me come and see you? When are you at home? What is your day?" he asked, with an inflection, the irony of which escaped her.

"If you are reasonable, why not?" she queried.

He took up her hand and kissed it very gently, and, as it might have been a child's, retained it in his own.

"Because I am not that kind of man," he said; "because I know myself, and the world, and the world's view of me; because of my other name, out of paint; because ——"

She pulled herself away, petulantly; withdrew from him with a sullen gesture.

"How little you must respect me! You need not have told me that your reputation is infamous: I have heard of it: is it true, then?"

"It is true that I love you. As for what they say ——" he broke off with a little suppressed laugh. "You see we are beginning to quarrel, we are generating a misunderstanding — and, as you said, there is so little time. The music is quite over, and we may be invaded any moment."

"And I begin to feel chill," she said.

He helped to arrange her cloak around her, lifted aside the curtain to allow her passage.

"So this is the end?" she said, lightly; and her subtile voice had grown expressionless.

"Yes," he replied, dully; "this is the very end."

COUNTESS MARIE OF THE ANGELS.

À JEAN DE TINAN.

I.

As he turned out of his hotel in the Avenue de l'Opéra, comparatively obscure at that hour, and emerged into the *grands boulevards*, Paris flashed upon him, all at once, her brightest illumination: row upon row of lamps tapering away in a double file to meet in a single point of light far away in the direction of the Place de la République. If it was winter by the calendar, the languid mellowness of a fine autumn lingered in the air. The Boulevard des Italiens was massed with wayfarers, sauntering, lounging with aimless and amiable nonchalance, while a gay Sunday crowd monopolised all the little tables outside the small and large cafés.

Colonel Mallory searched for a vacant place at one of them, then abandoned the search and moved slowly along, joining the rest of the throng with steps as aimless, but with sentiments somewhat remote from theirs.

Fifty, perhaps, of middle stature, his white moustache was in striking contrast with his

short, crisp hair which had retained its original darkness. Obviously English, with his keen, blue eyes; obviously a soldier too, in gait and bearing, and in a certain sternness which comes of command, of high responsibility in perilous places, even when that command is kindly. An Anglo-Indian, to judge by his complexion, and the lines, tell-tale of the tropics, which scored his long, lean face, the colour of parchment. Less obviously English, and hardly military, was a certain grace, almost exotic, in his manner. He had emerged into the Boulevard Montmartre before a café, less frequented than the others, caught his eye, and with a certain relief he could possess himself of a vacant chair on the *terrasse*. He ordered a drink, lit a cigar, and settled himself to watch with an interest which was not so much present as retrospective, the crowd of passers-by. And as he watched his eyes softened into sadness.

He had arrived from England that morning — he had not so very long arrived from India — and this crowd, these lights, the hard, bright gaiety of the boulevards was at once fantastically strange to him and strangely familiar; for, twenty, or was it

nearer thirty years ago, Paris had been to him not merely the city of cities, but that one of them which most represented old associations, his adolescence, boyhood, childhood. True, there had been Les Rochers, the dilapidated château, half ruin to his recollection, and now wholly a ruin, or perhaps demolished — Les Rochers in the Vendée, where he had been born, where he had spent his summer holidays, where — how many years ago? — being at home on leave, just after he had obtained his company, he had closed the eyes of his mother.

But Paris! It was his best remembered boyhood; the interrupted studies in the Quartier, the Lycée, the boyish friendships, long since obliterated, the days of *congé* spent in the little hotel in the Rue de Varennes, where, more often than at Les Rochers, his mother, on her perpetual couch, economised her delicate days — days even then so clearly defined — as it were in an half twilight. Yes, until death and estrangement and the stern hand of circumstance had cast away that old life into the limbo of the dear irrevocable, that old life had been — Paris! Episodes the rest: the occasional

visits to the relations of his English father; and later, episodes too, London, murky London, the days at Wren's, the month or so with an army-coach at Bonn, the course at Woolwich; almost episodical too the first year of his soldiering. Quartered at Dover, what leave fell to him, he had spent in Paris — at Les Rochers sometimes, but more often at Paris — in those strangely silent rooms in the Rue de Varennes.

Looking out now, the phantasmagoria of the boulevards was obliterated and those old days floated up before him. Long before Woolwich: that time when he was a Lycéen, in the winter holidays. A vision so distinct! His mother's *salon*, the ancient, withered furniture, the faded silk of the Louis XV chairs, the worn carpet: his mother's refined and suffering face, the quaint bird-like features of the two old Mesdemoiselles de la Touche — the near neighbours of his mother and the most intimate gossips round her couch — two ancient sisters, very noble and very withered, dating from Charles X, absorbed in good works, in the merits of their confessor, and in the exile of Frohsdorf. Very shadowy figures, more

shadowy even than that of himself, in the trim uniform of his Lycée; a grave and rather silent boy, saddened by the twilight of that house, the atmosphere of his invalid mother.

More distinct was the dainty figure of a little girl, a child of fifteen, but seeming younger, united to him by a certain cousinship, remote enough to be valued, who, on her days of exit from the Sacré Cœur (his mother's constant visitor), talked with him sedately, softly — for there was a sort of hush always in that house — in an alcove of the sombre room. This child with her fragility, her face of a youthful Madonna, the decorous plaits in which her silken hair was gathered, losing thereby some of its lustre — the child seemed incongruous with and somewhat crushed and awed beneath the weight of her sonorous names: Marie-Joseph-Angèle de la Tour de Boiserie.

What did they converse of on those long and really isolated afternoons — isolated, for their elders, if they were present, and their presence overshadowed them, were really so remote, with their lives in the past, in lost things; their so little hold on, or care of, the future?

But these were young, and if some of the freshness of youth had been sacrificed a little to what was oppressive in their surroundings, yet they were young things, with certain common interests, and a future before them, if not of boundless possibilities, still a future.

Yet it was hardly of love which they could speak, though their kindness for each other, fostered by somewhat similar conditions, had ripened into that feeling. Of love there could be no question: for Sebastian Mallory, as for his little companion, their life, as it should be, had been already somewhat arranged. For Angèle, had not the iron-featured old grandmother, in her stately but penurious retreat near Les Rochers, resolved long ago that the shattered fortunes of a great house, so poor in all but name, were to be retrieved by a rich marriage? And for Sebastian, was not all hope of fortune centred in his adhesion to the plan which had so long been made for him: the course at Woolwich, the military career — with its prosperous probabilities beneath the protection of an influential relative — the exile, as it sometimes seemed to him then, in England? . . .

Certainly, there was much affection between these two, an affection maintained on the strength of the ambiguous cousinship, in a correspondence, scanty, but on each side sincere, for at least a few years after their roads had diverged. And there were other memories, later and more poignant, and as distinct, which surged up before his eyes; and the actual life of the boulevards grew vaguer. Had life been too much arranged for them? Had it been happier, perhaps, for him, for her, if they had been less acquiescent to circumstance, had interpreted duty, necessity — words early familiar to them — more leniently?

Colonel Mallory, at fifty, with his prosperous life behind him — and it had not been without its meed of glory — wondered to-night whether, after all, it had not been with prophetic foresight, that once, writing, in a sudden mood of despondency, more frankly than usual, to that charming friend of his boyhood, he had said, years ago:

"*I feel all this is a mistake;*" and, lower down in the same letter: "*Paris haunts me like a regret. I feel, as we say here, 'out of it.' And I fear I shall never make a good*

soldier. Not that I mean that I am lacking in physical courage, nor that I should disgrace myself under fire. But there is a difference between that and possession of the military vocation, and nature never designed me to be a man of action. . . . My mother, you, yourself, my dear, grave cousin and councillor, think much of duty, and I shall always endeavour to do mine — as circumstances have set it down for me — but there is a duty one owes to oneself, to one's character, and in that, perhaps, I have failed."

A letter, dated "Simla," the last he would ever write to Mademoiselle de la Tour de Boiserie, actually, at that time, though of this fact he was ignorant, betrothed to a certain Comte Raoul des Anges. The news of the marriage reached him months later, just fresh from the excitement and tumult of a little border war, from which he had returned with a name already associated with gallantry, and a somewhat ugly wound from a Pathan spear.

In hospital, in the long nights and days, in the grievous heats, he had leisure for thought, and it is to be presumed he exercised it in a more strict analysis of his

feelings, and it was certainly from this date that a somewhat stern reticence and reserve, which had always characterised his manner, became ingrained and inveterate.

And it was reticently, incidentally, and with little obvious feeling that he touched on the news in a letter to his mother:

"*Et ce M. des Anges, dont je ne connais que le nom, est-il digne de notre enfant? His name at least is propitious. Tell la petite cousine — or tell her not, as you think fit, that to me she will always be 'Marie of the Angels.'*"

II.

That had seemed the end of it, of their vaguely tender and now so incongruous relation; as it was inevitably the end of their correspondence. And he set himself, buoyed up by a certain vein of austerity in his nature, to conquer that instinctive distaste which, from time to time, still exercised him towards his profession, to throw himself into its practice and theory, if not with ardour, at least with an earnestness that was its creditable imitation. And in due time he reaped his reward. . . .

But there was another memory — for the

past will so very rarely bury its dead — a memory intense and incandescent, and, for all its bitterness, one which he could ill have spared.

That was five years later: invalided home, on a long leave, with a fine aroma of distinction attaching to him, it was after the funeral of his mother, after all the sad and wearisome arrangements for the disposition of Les Rochers that Colonel — then Captain — Mallory heard in Paris the loud and scandalous rumours which were associated with the figure of the Comte Raoul des Anges. There was pity mingled with the contempt with which his name was more often mentioned, for the man was young — it was his redeeming feature — but an *insensé!* It was weakness of character (some whispered weakness of intellect) and not natural vice: so the world spoke most frequently. But his head had been turned, it had not been strong enough to support the sudden weight of his immense fortune. A great name and a colossal fortune, and (*bon garçon* though he was) the intelligence of a rabbit!

In Paris, to go no further, is there not a whole army of the shrewd, the needy, and

the plausible, ready to exploit such a conjunction? And to this army of well-dressed pimps and parasites, Raoul had been an easy victim. The great name had been dragged in the mire, the colossal fortune was rapidly evaporating in the same direction, what was left of the little intelligence was debased and ruined. A marriage too early, before the lad had time to collect himself, for old Madame des Anges had kept him very tight, perhaps that had been largely responsible for the collapse. And it was said the Comtesse des Anges was little congenial, a prude, at least a *dévote*, who could hardly be expected to manage *ce pauvre Raoul*. She was little known in Paris. They were separated of course, had been for a year or more; she was living with her baby, very quietly, in some old house, which belonged to her family, at Sceaux — or was it at Fontenay-aux-Roses? — on the remnants of her own fortune.

All this, and much more, Mallory heard in club and in café during that memorable sojourn in Paris. He said nothing, but he raged inwardly; and one day, moved by an immense impulse of pity and tenderness, he

went down to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to visit Madame des Anges.

His visit was only for a week; that was the memory which he could not spare, and which was yet so surpassingly bitter. He had stopped at Sceaux, at an unpretending inn, but each day he had walked over to Fontenay, and each day had spent many hours with her, chiefly in the old-fashioned garden which surrounded her house. She had changed, but she had always the same indefinable charm for him; and the virginal purity of her noble beauty, marriage had not assailed, if it had saddened. And if, at first, she was a little strange, gradually the recollection of their old alliance, her consciousness of the profundity of his kindness for her, melted the ice of their estrangement.

At last she spoke to him freely, though it had needed no speech of hers for him to discern that she was a woman who had suffered; and in the light of her great unhappiness, he only then saw all that she was to him, and how much he himself had suffered.

They were very much alone. It was late in the year; the gay crowd of the *endimanchés* had long ceased to make their weekly pil-

grimages to the enchanting suburbs which surround Paris with a veritable garden of delight; and the smart villas on the hill-side, at Sceaux and Fontenay, were shut up and abandoned to caretakers. So that Captain Mallory could visit the Châlet des Rosiers without exciting undue remark, or remark that was to be accounted.

And one afternoon, as was inevitable, the flood-gates were broken down, and their two souls looked one another in the face. But if, for one moment, she abandoned herself, weeping pitiably on his shoulders, carried away, terrified almost by the vehemence of his passion; for the volcanoes, which were hidden beneath the fine crust of his reticence, his self-restraint, she had but dimly suspected; it was only for a moment. The reaction was swift and bitter; her whole life, her education, her tradition, were stronger than his protestations, stronger than their love, their extreme sympathy, stronger than her misery. And before she had answered him — calm now, although the tears were in her voice — he knew instinctively that she was once more far away from him, that she was not heeding his arguments, that what

he had proposed was impossible; life was too strong for them. "Leave me, my friend, my good and old friend! I was wrong — God forgive me — even to listen to you! The one thing you can do to help me, the one thing I ask of you, for the sake of our old kindness, is — to leave me."

He had obeyed her, for the compassion, with which his love was mingled, had purged passion in him of its baser concomitants. And when the next day he had called, hardly knowing himself the object of his visit, but ready, if she still so willed it, that it should be a final one, she had not received him. . . . He was once more in India, when a packet of his old letters to her, some of them in a quite boyish handwriting, were returned to him. That she had kept them at all touched him strangely; that she should have returned them now gave him a very clear and cruel vision of how ruthlessly she would expiate the most momentary deviation from her terrible sense of duty. And the tide of his tenderness rose higher; and with his tenderness, from time to time, a certain hope, a hope which he tried to suppress, as being somewhat of a *lâcheté*, began to be mingled.

III.

"*Paris haunts me like a regret!*" That old phrase, in his last letter to Mademoiselle de la Tour de Boiserie, returned to him with irony, as he sat on the boulevard, and he smiled sadly, for the charm of Paris seemed to him now like a long disused habit. Yet, after all, had he given reminiscence a chance? For it was hardly Paris of the *grands boulevards*, with its crude illumination, its hard brilliancy, its cosmopolitan life of strangers and sojourners, which his regret had implied. The Paris of his memories, the other more intimate Paris, from the Faubourg Saint Germain to the quarter of ancient, intricate streets behind the Panthéon: — there was time to visit that, to wander vaguely in the fine evening, and recall the old landmarks, if it was hardly the hour to call on Madame des Anges.

He dined at an adjacent restaurant, hastily, for time had slipped by him — then hailed a cab, which he dismissed at the Louvre, for, after the lassitude of his meditation, a feverish impulse to walk had seized him. He traversed the Place de Carrousel,

that stateliest of all squares, now gaunt and cold and bare, in its white brilliance of electricity, crossed the bridge, and then striking along the Quai, found himself almost instinctively turning into the Rue du Bac. Before a certain number he came to a halt, and stood gazing up at the inexpressive windows. . . .

More than a year ago that which he had dimly hoped, and had hated himself for hoping, had befallen. The paralytic imbecile, who had dragged out an apology for a life, which at its very best would hardly have been missed, and which had been for fifteen years a burden to himself and others, the Comte Raoul des Anges, that gilded calf of a season, whose scandalous fame had long since been forgotten, was gathered to his forefathers. That news reached Colonel Mallory in India, and mechanically, and with no very definite object in his mind, yet with a distinct sense that this course was an inevitable corollary, he had handed in his papers. But some nine months later, when, relieved of his command, and gazetted as no longer of Her Majesty's service, he was once more in possession of his freedom, it was a

very different man to that youthful one who had made such broken and impassioned utterances in the garden of the Châlet des Rosiers, who ultimately embarked in England.

The life, the service, for which he had retained, to the last, something of his old aversion, for which he had possessed, however well he had acquitted himself, perhaps little real capacity: all that had left its mark on him. He had looked on the face of Death, and affronted him so often, had missed him so narrowly, had seen him amid bloodshed and the clash of arms, and, with the same equanimity, in times of peace, when, yet more terribly, his angel, Cholera, devasted whole companies in a night, that life had come to have few terrors for him, and less importance.

Yet what was left of the old Sebastian Mallory was his abiding memory, a continual sense (as it were of a spiritual presence cheering and supporting him) of the one woman whom he had loved, whom he still loved, if not with his youth's original ardour, yet with a great tenderness and pity, partaking of the nature of the theological charity.

"Marie of the Angels," as he had once in

whimsical sadness called her. Yes! He could feel now, after all those years of separation, that she had been to him in some sort a genius actually *angelic*, affording him just that salutary ideal, which a man needs, to carry him honourably, or, at least, without too much self-disgust, through the miry ways of life. And that was why, past fifty, a grim, kindly, soldierly man, he had given up soldiering and returned to find her. That was why he stood now in the Rue du Bac — for it was from there, on hearing of his intention, she had addressed him — gazing up in a sentimentality almost boyish, at those blank, unlit windows.

IV.

Those windows, so cold and irresponsive, he could explain, when, returning to his hotel, he found a note from her. It was dated from the Châlet des Rosiers. She was so little in Paris, that she had thoughts of letting her house; but, to meet an old and valued friend, she would gladly have awaited him there — only, her daughter (she was still at the Sacré Cœur, although it was her last term) had been ailing. Paris did not agree

with the child, and, perforce, she had been obliged to go down to Fontenay to prepare for her reception. There, at any time, was was it necessary to say it? she would be glad, oh, so glad, to receive him! There was sincerity in this letter, which spoke of other things, of his life, and his great success — had she not read of him in the papers? There was affection, too, between the somewhat formal lines, reticent but real; so much was plain to him. But the little note struck chill to him; it caused him to spend a night more troubled and painful than was his wont — for he slept as a rule the sleep of the old campaigner, and his trouble was the greater because of his growing suspicion, that, after all, the note which Madame des Anges had struck was the true one, for both of them; that a response to it in any other key would be factitious, and that his pilgrimage was a self-deception. And this impression was only heightened when, on the morrow, he made his way to the station of the Luxembourg, which had been erected long since his day, when the facilities of travel were less frequent, and took his ticket for Fontenay. So many thousand miles he had come

to see her, and already a certain vague terror of his approaching interview was invading him. Ah! if it had been Paris! . . . But here, at Fontenay-aux-Roses there was no fortunate omen. It represented no common memories, but rather their separate lives and histories, except, indeed, for one brief and unhappy moment which could hardly be called propitious. . . .

Yet it was a really kind and friendly reception which she gave him; and his heart went out to her, when, after *déjeuner*, they talked of quite trivial things, and he sat watching her, her fine hands folded in her lap, in the little faded *salon*, which smelt of flowers. She had always her noble charm, and something of her old beauty, although that was but the pale ghost of what it had once been, and her soft hair, upon which she wore no insincere symbols of widowhood, was but little streaked with gray. She had proposed a stroll in the garden, where a few of its famed roses still lingered, but he made a quick gesture of refusal, and a slight flush, which suffused her pale face, told him that she comprehended his instinctive reluctance.

He fell into a brooding reverie, from which, presently, she softly interrupted him.

"You look remote and sad," she murmured; "that is wrong — the sadness! It is a pleasant day, this, for me, and I had hoped it would be the same for you too."

"I was thinking, thinking," he said, — "that I have always missed my happiness."

Then abruptly, before she could interrupt him, rising and standing before her, his head a little bowed:

"It is late in the day, but, Angèle, will you marry me?"

She was silent for a few minutes, gazing steadily with her calm and melancholy gaze into his eyes, which presently avoided it. Then she said:

"I was afraid that some such notion was in your mind. Yet I am not sorry you have spoken, for it gives me an opportunity, — an occasion of being quite sincere with you, of reasoning."

"Oh, I am very reasonable," he said, sadly.

"Yes," she threw back, quickly. "And that is why I can speak. No," she went on, after a moment, "there is no need to

reason with you. My dear old friend, you see yourself as clearly as I do, — examine your heart honestly — you had no real faith in your project, you knew that it was impossible."

He made no attempt to contradict her.

"You may be right," he said; "yes, very likely, you are right. There is a season for all things, for one's happiness as for the rest, and missing it once, one misses it for ever. . . . But if things had been different. Oh, Angèle, I have loved you very well!"

She rose in her turn, made a step towards him, and there were tears in her eyes.

"My good and kind old friend! Believe me, I know it, I have always known it. How much it has helped me — through what dark and difficult days — I can say that now: the knowledge of how you felt, how loyal and staunch you were. You were never far away, even in India; and only once it hurt me." She broke off abruptly, as with a sudden transition of thought; she caught hold of both his hands, and, unresistingly, he followed her into the garden. "I will not have you take away any bitter memories of this place," she said, with a smile.

"Here, where you once made a great mistake, I should like to have a recantation from your own lips, to hear that you are glad, grateful, to have escaped a great madness, a certain misery."

"There are some miseries which are like happiness."

"There are some renunciations which are better than happiness."

After a while he resumed, reluctantly:

"You are different to other women, you always knew best the needs of your own life. I see now that you would have been miserable."

"And you?" she asked, quickly.

"I may think your ideal of conduct too high, too hard for poor human flesh. I dare not say you are wrong. . . . But, no, to have known always that I had been the cause of your failing in that ideal, of lowering yourself in your own eyes — that would not have been happiness."

"That was what I wanted," she said, quickly.

Later, as he was leaving her — and there had been only vague talk of any further meeting — he said, suddenly:

"I hate to think of your days here; they stretch out with a sort of grayness. How will you live?"

"You forget I have my child, Ursule," she said. "She must necessarily occupy me very much now that she is leaving the convent. And you — you have ——"

"I have given up my profession."

"Yes, so much I knew. But you have inherited an estate, have you not?"

"My uncle's place. Yes, I have Beauchamp. I suppose I shall live there. I believe it has been very much neglected."

"Yes, that is right. There is always something to do. I shall like to think of you as a model landlord."

"Think of me rather as a model friend," he said, bowing to kiss her hand as he said good-bye to her.

Paris — Pont-Aven, 1896.

The Bibelot

IMMEDIATELY *following* The Story of Cupid and Psyche, *taken from that Golden Book of Apuleius which Walter Pater so exquisitely translated into English prose, are the two chapters of his* Marius, *entitled* Euphuism *and* Pagan Death, *giving an imaginative account of what might almost be taken literally as the origin of a poem which has baffled the critical mind for many generations. It was a happy thought when Mr. Cecil Clementi published a Latin text embodying the latest research concerning* The Vigil of Venus,[1] *and that in the Introduction to this edition he should open with the following remark:*

"*A leaf lost from the closing manuscript of Roman poetry, date and authorship alike unknown, the* Pervigilium Veneris — *the Vigil or 'Nocturn' of Venus — found at last a setting in the 'winter's dream' of a scholar, whose midnight fancy lent a new charm to the poem by the thought that it*

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1 *See* Pervigilium Veneris, The Vigil of Venus, *edited with facsimiles of the Codex Salmasianus and Codex Thuaneus, an introduction, translation, apparatus criticus, and explanatory notes by Cecil Clementi, M. A., London, 1911.*

was the work of one who should symbolize in his dying the death of the old mythology, and who in his last hour passed despairing from the joy of spring, of love, and of song, into the silence to come."

Mr. Clementi goes on to say that this "conjecture is so attractive that, before applying those methods of criticism which during analysis destroy temporarily the charm and even the life of poetry, I venture to give as far as possible in his own words the vivid description he has offered of the genesis and nature of the Pervigilium Veneris." *What Mr. Clementi ventured to do in part we have accomplished in full; that is, have printed entire Chapters* VI *and* VII, *Part* I, *of* Marius the Epicurean; *thus bringing back again, as we believe, the old Roman atmosphere of White Nights and of youth that sought beneath the silence of the stars the* via sacra *of Beauty and found no answer to the quest save in beatings of its own heart. Read then this charming and lifelike presentment of the antique Pagan world at its brightest and best, which Walter Pater has limned for us, before the period had arrived of Roman decadence and tarnished glory.*

TWO CHAPTERS FROM
MARIUS THE EPICUREAN
By
WALTER PATER.

I.

EUPHUISM.

So the famous story composed itself in the memory of Marius, with an expression changed in some ways from the original and on the whole graver. The petulant, boyish Cupid of Apuleius had become something more like that "Lord, of terrible aspect," who stood at Dante's bedside and wept; or at least he had grown to the manly earnestness of the so-called *Eros* of Praxiteles. Set in relief amid the coarser matter of the book, this episode of Cupid and Psyche served to combine many lines of meditation, already familiar to Marius, into the ideal of a perfect imaginative love, centered upon a type of beauty entirely flawless and clean — an ideal which never wholly faded out of his thoughts, though he valued it at various times in different degrees. The human body in its beauty, as the highest potency of all beauty in material objects, seemed to him just then to be matter no longer; but, having taken celestial fire, to assert itself as indeed the true, though visible, soul or spirit in things. In contrast with that ideal, in all the pure brilliancy and, as it were, in the

happy light of youth and morning and the springtide, men's real loves, with which at many points the book brings one into close contact, appeared to him, like the actual tenour of their lives for the most part, somewhat mean and sordid. The *hiddenness* of perfect things; a shrinking delicacy and mysticism of sentiment of the kind so well expressed in Psyche's tremulous hope concerning the child to be born of the husband she has never yet seen — in the face of this little child, at the least, shall I apprehend thine — *in hoc saltem parvulo cognoscam faciem tuam;* the fatality which seems to haunt any signal beauty, whether moral or physical, as if it were in itself something illicit and isolating; the suspicion and hatred it so often excites in the vulgar — these were some of the impressions, forming, as they do, a constant tradition of somewhat cynical pagan sentiment, from Medusa and Helen downwards, which the old story enforced on him. A book, like a person, has its fortunes with one; is lucky or unlucky in the precise moment of its falling in our way, and often by some happy accident ranks with us for something more than its independent value.

The *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, coming to Marius just then, figured for him as indeed *The golden book;* he felt a sort of personal gratitude to its writer, and saw in it doubtless far more than was really there for any other reader. It occupied always a peculiar place in his remembrance, never quite losing its power in repeated returns to it for the revival of that first glowing impression.

Its effect upon the elder youth was a more practical one: it stimulated the literary ambition, already so strong a motive with him, by a signal example of success, and made him more than ever an ardent, indefatigable student of words, of the means or instrument of the literary art. The secrets of utterance, of expression itself, of that through which alone any intellectual or spiritual power within one can actually take effect upon others, to over-awe or charm them to one's side, presented themselves to this ambitious lad in immediate connexion with that same desire for predominance, for the satisfaction of which another might have relied on the acquisition and display of brilliant military qualities. In him, a fine instinctive sentiment of the exact value and

power of words was connate with the eager longing for sway over others. He saw himself already a gallant and effective leader, innovating or conservative as occasion might require, in the rehabilitation of the mother-tongue, then fallen so tarnished and languid; yet the sole object, as he mused within himself, of the only sort of patriotic feeling proper, or possible, for one born of slaves. The popular speech was gradually departing from the form and rule of literary language, a language always and increasingly somewhat artificial. While the learned dialect was yearly becoming more and more barbarously pedantic, the colloquial idiom, on the other hand, offered a thousand chance-tost gems of racy or picturesque expression, rejected or at least ungathered by what claimed to be classical Latin. The time was coming when neither the pedants nor the people would really understand Cicero: though there were some indeed, like this new writer Apuleius, who, departing from the custom of writing in Greek, which had been a fashionable affectation among the sprightlier wits since the days of Hadrian, had written in the vernacular.

The literary programme which Flavian had already designed for himself would be a work, then, partly conservative or reactionary, in its dealing with the instrument of the literary art; partly popular and revolutionary, asserting, so to term them, the rights of the *proletariate* of speech. More than fifty years before, the younger Pliny, himself an effective witness for the delicate power of the Latin tongue, had said, "I am one of those who admire the ancients, yet I do not, like some others, underrate certain instances of genius which our own times afford. For it is not true that nature, as if weary and effete, no longer produces what is admirable." And he, Flavian, would prove himself the true master of the opportunity thus indicated. In his desire for a not too distant fame, he dreamed over all that, as the young Cæsar may have dreamed of campaigns. Others might brutalise or neglect the native speech, that true "open field" for charm and sway over men: — he would make of it a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word, as though it were precious metal, going back to the original and native sense of each,

disentangling its later associations, restoring to full significance all its wealth of latent figurative expression, reviving or replacing its outworn or tarnished images. Latin literature and the Latin tongue were dying of routine and languor; and what was necessary, first of all, was to re-establish the natural and direct relationship between thought and expression, between the sensation and the term; and restore to words their primitive power.

For words, after all, words manipulated with all his delicate force, were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcibly impressed, in the first place; and in the second, to find means of making visible to others that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of lively interest to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or but half-true even to him — this scrupulousness of literary art actually awoke in Flavian, for the first time, a sort of chivalrous conscience. What care for style! what patience of execution! what research for the significant tones of ancient idiom — *sonantia verba et antiqua!* What stately and regular word-building — *gravis et decora*

constructio! He felt the whole meaning of the sceptical Pliny's somewhat melancholy advice to one of his friends — to seek in literature deliverance from mortality — *ut studiis se literarum a mortalitate vindicet.* And there was everything in the nature and the training of Marius to make him a full participator in the hopes of such a new literary school, with Flavian for its leader. In those refinements of his curious spirit, in that horror of profanities, in that fastidious sense of a correctness in external form, there was something which ministered to the old ritual interest, still surviving in him; as if here indeed were involved a kind of sacred service to the mother-tongue.

It was the principle of Euphuism, as manifested in every age in which the literary conscience has been awakened to forgotten duties towards language, towards the instruments of expression; and in reality does but modify a little the principles of all effective expression at all times. 'T is art's function to conceal itself: *ars est celare artem* — is a saying, which, exaggerated by inexact quotation, has perhaps been oftenest and most confidently quoted by those who have

had little literary or other art to conceal; and from the very beginning of professional literature, the "labour of the file"—a labour in the case of Plato, for instance, or Virgil, like that of the oldest of goldsmiths as described by Apuleius, enriching the work by far more than the weight of the precious metal it removed—has always had its function. Sometimes, of course, as in later examples of it, this Roman Euphuism, with its determination at any cost to aim at beauty in writing—ἐς κάλλος γράφειν—lapsed into its characteristic fopperies or mannerisms, really the mere "defects of its qualities," indeed; not wholly unpleasing perhaps, or at least excusable, when looked at as but the toys—as Cicero called them—the strictly congenial and appropriate toys—of an assiduously cultivated age, which could not help being polite, critical, self-conscious. A mere love of novelty also had doubtless its part there; as with the Euphuism of the Elizabethan age, and of the modern French romanticists, its *neologies* formed the subject of one of the charges against it; though indeed, as regards these tricks of taste also, there is nothing new,

but a quaint family likeness rather, between the Euphuists of successive ages. Here, as elsewhere, the power of "fashion," as it is called, is but one minor form, slight enough it may be, yet distinctly symptomatic, of that deeper yearning of human nature towards an ideal perfection, which is a continuous force in it; and since here too human nature is limited, such fashions must necessarily reproduce themselves. Among other resemblances to later growths of Euphuism, its archaisms on the one hand, and its neologies on the other, the Euphuism of the days of Marcus Aurelius had, in the composition of verse, its fancy for the *refrain*. It was a snatch from a popular chorus, something he had heard sounding all over the town of Pisa one April night, one of the first bland and summer-like nights of the year, that Flavian had chosen for the refrain of a poem he was then pondering — the *Pervigilium Veneris* — the vigil, or "nocturn" of Venus.

Certain elderly counsellors, filling what is a constant part in the little tragi-comedy which literature and its votaries are playing in all ages, would ask, suspecting some

unreality or affectation in that minute culture of form: — Cannot those who have anything to say, say it directly? Why not be broad and simple, like the old writers of Greece? And that challenge at least set his thoughts at work on the intellectual situation, as it lay between the children of the present and those earliest masters. Certainly, the most wonderful, the unique point, about the Greek genius, in literature as in everything else, had been the utter absence of imitation in its productions. How had the burden of precedent, laid upon every artist, increased since then! It was all around one — that smoothly built world of old classical taste, an accomplished fact, with an overwhelming authority on every point of the conduct of one's work. With no fardel on its own back, yet so imperious to those who laboured after it, *Hellas*, in its early freshness, looked as distant from him even then, as it does from ourselves. There might seem to be no place left for novelty or originality; place only for a patient, infinite faultlessness. On this point too Flavian passed through a world of curious art-casuistries and even self-tormentings, at

the threshold of his work. Was poetic beauty a thing ever one and the same, and an absolute type; or, changing always with the soul of time itself, did it depend upon the taste, the peculiar trick of apprehension, the fashion, as we say, of every successive age? Might one recover the earlier manner and sense of it, by a masterly effort to recall all the complexities of the life, moral and intellectual, of an earlier age? Had there been really bad ages in art and literature? Were all ages — even those earliest, adventurous, matutinal days — in themselves equally poetical or unpoetical; and poetry, the literary beauty, the poetic ideal, always but a borrowed light upon men's actual life?

Homer had said —

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
Ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νηῒ μελαίνῃ . .
Ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥ' ἠγμῖνι θαλάσσης.

And how poetic the simple incident seemed, told just thus! Homer was always telling things in this manner. And one might think there had been no effort there; that it was but the almost mechanical transcript of a time intrinsically and naturally poetic

in itself, in which one could hardly have spoken at all without ideal effect, or the sailors have pulled down their boat without making a picture in "the great style," against a sky charged with marvels. Must not an age, itself thus ideal, have counted for more than half of the whole work? Or might the closer reader discover even here, even in Homer, a really mediatorial function of the poet between the reader and the actual matter of his experience; the poet waiting, as it were, in an age which really felt itself trite and commonplace enough, on his opportunity for the touch of "golden alchemy," or at least for the lighted side of the things themselves? Might not another, in one's own prosaic and used-up time, so uneventful as it had been through the long reign of those quiet Antonines, in like manner, discover his ideal, by a due waiting upon it? Would not a generation to come, looking back upon this, under the power of the enchanted-distance fallacy, find it ideal to view, in contrast with its own languor — the languor that for some reason (concerning which Augustine will one day have his view) seemed to haunt men always? Had

Homer, even, appeared unreal and affected in his poetic flight, to some of the people of his day; as seemed to happen with every new literature in turn? In any case, the intellectual conditions of early Greece had been — how different from these! — and a true literary tact would accept that difference, in forming the primary conception of the literary function, in a later time. Perhaps the utmost one could get by conscious effort, in the way of a reaction or return to the conditions of an earlier and fresher age, would be but *novitas* — artificial artlessness — *naïveté;* and that quality too might have its measure of euphuistic charm, direct and sensible enough; though it must count, in comparison with the genuine early Greek newness at the beginning, not as the freshness of the open fields, but only of a bunch of field-flowers in a heated room.

Meantime, there was all this: on the one side, the pagan world — for us but a fragment, for him an accomplished but present fact; still a living, united, organic whole, in the entirety of its art, its religions, its thoughts, its sagacious forms of polity; that so weighty authority it exercised on every

point, being, really, only the measure of its charm for every one — on the other side, the actual world in all its ardent self-assertion: and Flavian himself, with all his abounding animation, there, in the midst of the situation. From the natural defects, the littlenesses which may appear connate with the euphuistic scheme which just then so strongly influenced him, he was saved by the consciousness that he had a matter to present, very real, at least to himself. His dilettantism, his assiduous preoccupation with what might seem but the details of mere form or manner, was, after all, bent upon the function of bringing to the surface, sincerely and in their integrity, certain strong personal intuitions, certain visions or apprehensions of things as being, with important results, in this way rather than in that — apprehensions which the artistic or literary expression was called upon to follow, with the exactness of wax or clay, clothing the model within it. Flavian too, with his fine, clear mastery of the practically effective, had early laid hold of the principle, as axiomatic in literature — That to know when one's self is interested, is the first condition of inter-

esting other people. It was a principle, the forcible apprehension of which made him jealous and fastidious in the selection of his intellectual food; often listless while others read or gazed diligently; never pretending to be moved out of mere complaisance to other people's emotions: it served to foster in him a very scrupulous literary sincerity with himself. And it was that uncompromising demand for a matter in all art, of immediate derivation from lively personal intuition, that constant appeal to individual judgment, which kept his Euphuism, at its weakest, from sinking into a mere artifice.

Was the magnificent *exordium* of Lucretius, addressed to the goddess Venus, the work of his earlier manhood, and designed originally to open an argument less persistently sombre than that protest against the whole pagan heaven which actually follows it? Certainly it is the most typical expression of a mood, which still, with little modification, comes over the young poet, and as something peculiar to his youth, when he feels the sentimental current set so forcibly through his veins, and so much as a matter of purely physical excitement, that

he can hardly distinguish it from the animation of external nature, the up-swelling of the seed in the earth, and of the sap through the trees. Flavian, to whom, again, as to his later euphuistic kinsmen, old mythology seemed as full of untried, unexpressed motives and interests as human life itself, had long been occupied with a kind of mystic hymn to the vernal principle of life in things; a composition shaping itself, little by little, out of a thousand dim perceptions, into singularly definite form (definite and firm as fine-art in metal, thought Marius) for which, as I said, he had caught his "refrain," from the lips of the young men singing, because they could not help it, in the streets of Pisa. And as it oftenest happens also, with natures of genuinely poetic quality, those piecemeal beginnings came suddenly to harmonious completeness among the fortunate incidents, the physical heat and light, of one singularly happy day.

It was one of the first hot days of March — the sacred day — on which from Pisa, as from many another harbour on the Mediterranean, the Ship of Isis went to sea, and every one walked down to the shore-side to

witness the freighting and launching of the vessel, and its final abandonment by the mariners among the waves, as an object really devoted to the great goddess; the new rival or double of ancient Venus, and like her a favourite patroness of sailors. On the preceding night, all the world had been abroad to view the illumination of the river; the stately lines of houses on its shores being festooned with hundreds of many-coloured lamps. The young men had been pouring out their chorus —

> Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
> Quique amavit cras amet —

as they carried their torches through the yielding crowd, or rowed their lanterned boats up and down the stream, till far into the night, when heavy raindrops had driven all lingerers within doors. Morning broke, however, smiling and serene; and the great procession started betimes. The slightly curving river, with the smoothly paved streets on either side of it, between the low marble parapet and the fair dwelling houses, formed together the main highway of the city; and the pageant, accompanied throughout by innumerable lanterns and wax tapers,

took its course up one of these streets (crossing the water by a bridge, up-stream) and down the other, to the haven; every possible standing-place, out of doors and within, being crowded with sight-seers, of whom Marius was one of the most eager, deeply interested in finding the spectacle much as Apuleius had described it in his book, though on a scale less grand.

First of all, the master of ceremonies and his marshals, quietly waving back the crowd, made way for a number of women, who scattered flowers and perfumes. They were followed by a company of musicians, twanging and piping, on instruments the strangest Marius had ever beheld, the notes of a hymn, narrating the first origin of this votive ceremony, to a choir of white-vested youths, who marched behind them singing it. The tire-women and other personal attendants of the great goddess came next, bearing the instruments of their ministry, and various articles of her attire, wrought in the most precious material; some of them with long ivory combs, plying their hands and decking their hair, in wild yet graceful concert of movement, as they went, in sacred mimicry

of her toilet. Placed in their rear were the mirror-bearers of the goddess, carrying large mirrors of beaten-brass or silver, turned in such a way as to reflect to the great body of worshippers, who immediately followed them, the face of the sacred image, as it advanced on its way; and their faces to it, as though they were really coming to meet the divine presence. They comprehended a multitude of both sexes and all ages, who had been initiated into the divine mysteries, clad in fair linen; the females veiled, the males with shining tonsures; every one carrying a *sistrum*, the richer sort of silver, a few very dainty persons of fine gold, rattling the reeds as they proceeded, with a noise like the jargon of innumerable insects and chattering birds, just awakened out of torpor and come abroad in the spring sun. Then, borne upon a kind of platform, came the goddess herself, swaying up and down above the heads of the multitude as the bearers walked, in her mystic robe embroidered with the moon and stars, bordered gracefully with a fringe of real fruit and flowers, and with a glittering crown upon her head. The train of the procession consisted of the

priests in long white vestments, close from head to foot, and composed into groups; each of which bore exposed aloft one of the sacred symbols of Isis — the corn-fan, the golden asp, the ivory hand of Equity — and among them Marius saw the votive ship itself, carved and gilt, and adorned bravely with flags flying. Last of all walked the high priest; the people kneeling as he passed, to kiss his hand, in which he carried those well-remembered roses.

Marius followed with the rest to the harbour, where the ship, lowered from the shoulders of the priests, was loaded with as much as it could carry of the rich spices and other costly gifts, offered in great profusion by the worshippers. And so, launched at last upon the water, the mystic vessel left the shore; crossing the harbour-bar in the wake of a much stouter vessel than itself, manned by a crew of white-robed mariners, whose function it was, at the appointed moment, finally to desert it on the open sea.

The remainder of the day was spent by most in parties on the water; and Marius and Flavian sailed further than they had ever done before to a wild spot on the bay,

the traditional site of a little Greek colony, which, having had its eager, stirring life in the days when Etruria was still a power in Italy, had perished in the time of the civil wars. In the absolute transparency of the air on this gracious day, an infinitude of detail from sea and shore reached the eye with sparkling clearness, as the two lads sped rapidly over the waves — Flavian at work suddenly, from time to time, with his tablets. They reached land at last. The coral-fishers had spread their nets on the sands, with a tumble-down of quaint, many-hued treasures, below a little shrine of Venus, fluttering and gay with the scarves and napkins and gilded shells, which these people had offered to the image. Flavian and Marius sat down under the shade of a mass of grey rock or ruin, where had been the sea-gate of the Greek town, and talked of life in those old Greek colonies. Of this place, all that remained, besides those rude stones, was — a handful of silver coins, each with a head of pure and archaic beauty, though a little cruel, supposed to represent the Siren Ligeia, whose tomb was formerly shown here — only those — and a song; the

very strain which Flavian had caught back in those last months. They were records which spoke, certainly, of the charm of life within those walls. How strong must have been the tide of men's existence in that little old republican town, so small that this circle of grey stones, of service now only by the moisture they gathered for the blue-flowering gentians among them, had been the line of its rampart; yet concentrating within it an epitome of all that was liveliest, most animated and adventurous, in the old Greek people of which it was a graft; and enhancing it, by concentration of all its many motives into smaller space. The band of "devoted youth"—*ἱερά νεότης*—of the younger brothers, devoted to the gods and whatever luck they might afford, because there was no room for them at home—went forth, bearing the sacred flame from the mother-hearth; itself a flame, of power to consume the whole material of existence in clear heat and light, and leave no smouldering residue. The life of those vanished townsmen, so brilliant and revolutionary, applying so abundantly the personal qualities which alone just then Marius seemed to

value, associated itself with the actual figure of his companion, standing there before him, his face enthusiastic with the sudden thought of all that; and struck him vividly as what would have been precisely the fitting opportunity for a nature like his, so hungry for control, for personal ascendency, over men.

Marius noticed also, however, as high spirits flagged at last, on the way home through the heavy dew of the evening, more than physical fatigue, as he thought, in Flavian, who seemed to find no refreshment in the coolness. There had been something feverish, perhaps, and like the beginning of sickness, about his almost forced gaiety, in this sudden heat of spring; and by the evening of the next day he was lying with a burning spot on his forehead, stricken, as was thought from the first, by the terrible new disease.

II.

PAGAN DEATH.

FOR the fantastical colleague of the philosophic emperor Marcus Aurelius, returning in triumph from the East, had brought in his train, among the enemies of Rome, one by no means a captive. People actually sickened, stricken by a sudden touch of the unsuspected foe, as they watched in dense crowds the grotesque or pathetic imagery of failure and success, in the triumphal procession. And as usual, the plague brought with it a power to develop all preëxistent germs of superstition. It was through a dishonour done to Apollo himself — said popular rumour — to Apollo, the old titular divinity of pestilence, that the poisonous thing had come abroad. Pent up in a golden coffer, consecrated to the god, it had escaped in the sacrilegious plundering of his temple at Seleucia by Verus's soldiers, after a traitorous surprise of that town and a cruel massacre. Certainly there was something which baffled all imaginable precautions, and all medical science, in the suddenness with which the disease broke out simultaneously, here and there, among

both soldiers and citizens, even in places far remote from the main line of its grand march, in the rear of the victorious army. It seemed to have invaded the whole empire, and some have even thought that, in a mitigated form, it permanently remained there. In Rome itself many thousands perished; and old authorities tell of farmsteads, whole towns, and even entire neighbourhoods, which from that time continued without inhabitants and lapsed into wildness or ruin.

Flavian lay at the open window of his lodging, with a burning pain in the head, fancying no covering light and thin enough to be applied to his body. His head being relieved after a time, there was distress at the chest. It was but the fatal course of the strange new sickness, under many disguises; travelling from the brain to the feet, like a material resident, weakening one after another of the organic centres; often, when it did not kill, depositing various degrees of life-long infirmity in this member or that; and after that descent, returning upwards again, now as a mortal coldness, leaving the entrenchments of the fortress of life overturned, one by one, behind it.

Flavian lay there, with the enemy at his breast now in a painful cough, but relieved from that burning fever in the brain, amid the rich-scented flowers — rare Pæstum roses, and the like — procured by Marius for his solace, in a fancied convalescence; and would, at intervals, return to work at his verses, with a great eagerness to complete and transcribe the poem, while Marius sat and wrote at his dictation, one of the latest but not the poorest specimens of genuine Latin poetry.

It was in truth a kind of nuptial hymn, which, taking its start from the thought of nature as the universal mother, celebrated the preliminary pairing, and mating together, of all fresh things, in the hot and genial spring-time — the immemorial nuptials of the soul of spring itself and the brown earth; and was full of a delighted, mystic sense of what passed between them in that fantastic marriage. And its mystic burden was relieved, at intervals, by the familiar playfulness of the Latin verse-writer in dealing with mythology, which, coming at so late a day, had still a wonderful freshness in its old age — "*Amor* has put his

weapons by and will keep holiday. He has been bidden to go unclad, that none may be wounded by his bow and arrows. But take care! In truth he is none the less armed than usual, though he be all unclad."

In the expression of all this Flavian seemed, while making it his chief aim to retain the opulent, many-syllabled vocabulary of the Latin genius, at some points even to have advanced beyond it, in anticipation of wholly new laws of taste as regards sound — of a new range of sound itself; the note of which, associating itself with certain other fancies or experiences of his, was to Marius like the foretaste of an entirely novel world of poetic beauty to come. Flavian had caught, in fact, something of the rhyming cadence, the sonorous organ-music of the medieval Latin, and therewithal something of its unction and mysticity of spirit. There was in his work, along with the last splendour of the classical language, a touch, almost prophetic, of that transformed life it was to have in the rhyming middle age, just about to dawn. The impression thus forced upon Marius connected itself with a feeling,

the precise inverse of that, known to every one, which seems to say — *You have been just here, just thus, before!* — a feeling, in his case, not reminiscent but prescient, which passed over him many times afterwards, coming across certain people and places; as if he detected there the process of actual change to a wholly undreamed of and renewed condition of human body and soul. It was as if he saw the heavy, yet decrepit old Roman architecture about him, rebuilding on an intrinsically better pattern. — Could it have been actually on a new musical instrument that Flavian had first heard those novel accents of his verse? And still Marius noticed there, amid all that richness of impression and imagery, the firmness of outline he had always relished so much, in the composition of Flavian — Yes! a firmness like that of some master of noble metal-work, manipulating tenacious bronze or gold. Even then, the haunting refrain, with its *impromptu* variations, from the throats of those strong young men, floated in at the window.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit!
Quique amavit cras amet!

— repeated Flavian, tremulously dictating yet one stanza more.

What he was losing, his freehold of a soul and a body so fortunately endowed, the mere liberty of life itself above-ground, "those sunny mornings in the cornfields, by the sea," as he recollected them one day, when the window was thrown open upon the early freshness — his sense of all that, was from the first very sharp and clear, yet still rather as of something he was but deprived of for a time than finally bidding farewell to. That was while he was still with no very grave misgiving as to the issue of his sickness, and felt the sources of life still springing essentially unadulterate within him. From time to time, indeed, Marius, working eagerly at the poem from his dictation, was haunted by a feeling of the triviality of such work just then. The recurrent sense of some obscure danger beyond the mere danger of death, vaguer than that and by so much the more terrible, like the menace of some shadowy adversary in the dark with whose mode of attack they were unacquainted, confused him now and again, through those hours of excited attention to his manuscript,

and to the merely physical wants of Flavian. Still, for those three days there was much hope and cheerfulness, and even jesting. Half-consciously Marius tried to prolong one or another relieving circumstance of the day, the preparations for rest and for morning refreshment, for instance; somewhat sadly making the most of the little luxury of this or that, with something of the feigned cheer of the mother who sets her last morsels before her famished child as for a feast, but really that he "may eat it and die."

It was on the afternoon of the seventh day that he allowed Marius finally to put the unfinished manuscript aside. For the enemy, leaving the chest quiet at last though exhausted, had made itself felt with full power again in a painful vomiting, which seemed to shake his body asunder, with great consequent prostration. From that time the distress increased rapidly downwards — *omnia tum vero vitai claustra lababant* — and soon the cold was mounting, with sure pace, from the dead feet to the head.

And now Marius began more than to suspect what the issue must be, and hence-

forward could but watch with a sort of agonised fascination the rapid but systematic work of the destroyer, faintly relieving a little the mere accidents of the sharper forms of the suffering. Flavian himself seemed, with full consciousness at last — with a clear, concentrated, jealous estimate of the actual crisis — to be doing battle with his enemy. His mind surveyed, with great distinctness, the various suggested modes of relief. He would certainly get better, he fancied, could he be removed to a certain place on the hills where as a child he had once recovered from sickness; but found that he could scarcely raise his head from the pillow without giddiness. And then, as if now clearly foreseeing the end, he would set himself, with an eager effort, and with that eager and angry look, which is noted as one of the premonitions of death in this disease, to fashion out, without formal dictation, still a few more broken verses of his unfinished work, in hard-set determination, defiant of pain, to arrest this or that little drop at least, from the river of sensuous imagery rushing so quickly past him.

But at length *delirium* — symptom that

the enemy's work was done, and the last resort of life yielding to the plague — broke the coherent order of words and thoughts; and Marius, dwelling intently on the coming agony, found his best hope in the increasing dimness of the patient's mind. In intervals of clearer consciousness the visible signs of cold, of sorrow and desolation, were very painful. No longer battling with the disease, he seemed to be yielding himself, as it were, to the disposal of the victorious foe, and dying passively, like some dumb creature, in hopeless acquiescence at last. That old, half-pleading peevishness, actually unamiable, yet seeming only to need conditions of life a little happier than they had been, to become refinement of affection, and a delicate grace in its demand on the sympathy of others, had changed in those moments of full intelligence to a tremulous, clinging gentleness, as he lay — "on the very threshold of death" — with his sharply contracted hand in that of Marius, to his almost surprised happiness, winning him now to an absolutely self-forgetful devotion. There was a new sort of pleading in the misty eyes, just because they took such

unsteady note of him, which made Marius feel as if *guilty;* anticipating a form of self-reproach which surprises sometimes even the tenderest ministrant, when, at death, the sudden cessation of affectionate labour gives time for the suspicion of some failure of love, perhaps, at one or another minute point in it. Marius almost longed to take his share in the suffering, that he might understand so the better how to relieve it.

It seemed that the light of the lamp distressed the patient, and Marius extinguished it. The thunder which had sounded all day among the hills, with a heat not unwelcome to Flavian, had given way at nightfall to steady rain; and in the darkness Marius lay down beside him, faintly shivering now in the sudden cold, to lend him his own warmth, undeterred by the fear of contagion which had kept other people from passing near the house. At length about daybreak he perceived that the last effort had come with a restoration of mental clearness which recognised him (Marius understood this in the contact, light as it was) there, beside him. "Is it a comfort," he whispered then, "that I shall often come and weep over

you?"—"Not unless I be aware of you there, and hear you weeping!"

The sun shone out on the people going to work for a long hot day, and Marius was standing by the dead, watching, with the deliberate purpose of fixing in his memory every detail, that he might have that picture in reserve, should any day of forgetfulness ever hereafter come to him with the temptation to feel completely happy again. A blind feeling of outrage, of resentment against nature itself, mingled with an agony of pity, as he noted on the now placid features a certain touching look of humility, almost of abjectness, like the expression of a smitten child or animal, as of one, fallen at last, after a bewildering struggle, wholly under the power of a remorseless adversary. Out of mere tenderness he would not forget one circumstance of all that; as a man might piously stamp on his memory the death-scene of a brother wrongfully condemned, against a time that may come.

The fear of the corpse, which surprised him at last in his effort to watch by it at night, was a hint of his own failing strength, just in time. The first night after the

washing of the body, he bore stoutly enough the tax which affection seemed to demand, throwing the incense from time to time on the little altar placed beside the bier. It was the recurrence of the thing — that unchanged outline below the coverlet, amid a silence in which the faintest rustle seemed to speak — that finally overcame his determination. Surely here, in this alienation, in this sense of distance between them, which had come over him before in a minor degree when the mind of Flavian had wandered in his sickness, was another of the pains of death. Yet he was able to make all due preparations, and go through the ceremonies, shortened a little because of the infection, when, on a cloudless evening, the funeral procession went forth; himself, when the flames of the pyre had done their work, carrying away the urn of the deceased, in the folds of his toga, to its last resting-place in the cemetery beside the highway —

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis? —

and so turning home to sleep in his own lonely lodging.

The Bibelot

THERE was once a child whose actual knowledge of solitude began one Sabbath afternoon when left to himself in what might be called an elderly house — it was not really old, belonging as it did to the period of 1830–1840 — built adjoining the Calvinist Baptist church (a forlorn example still standing amidst the squalor and ignominy of progress) at the corner of Harvard Street and Harrison Avenue in Boston. His first inkling of the solemnity lying at the heart of silence may have arisen from a casual glance out the window of a narrow back-sitting-room into an even narrower walled area where against the farther side a grapevine clung and put forth leaves and, miracle of birth! bore fruit. For fifty years the sound of the organ, a faint murmur through the dead wall separating house and church, combined with the dark little close and its solitary vine are associated after a fashion never to be forgotten. Possibly without some such spiritual adventure one would feel slight interest in an essay on A Mood without a Moral, *but, granted the experience, there follows inevitably, "the difference to me."*

Hence there is something that touches the lonely heart of man in the contemplation of a great city's relics, and the remains of what were once green fields and rows of patriarchal trees, now reduced to secluded squares, or isolated little grass-plots fast vanishing before the modern rush to improve them out of existence. When one thinks of the Temple, or of Lincoln's Inn Fields, it is to recall their seclusion and quiet — haunts of ancient peace — surrounded by streets of traffic and the never-ceasing roar of human life.[1]

Just here a writer like our author reaches usward and interprets his plane-tree; a tree which Amy Levy before him had at her sad heart as well as in one of her last poems concerning London summers dead and gone. Who, then, is Mr. James Douglas? In the introduction to Theodore Watts-Dunton, *he speaks incidentally of his Irish home, which may account for the Celtic glamour*

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[1] *Arthur Symons who lived for ten years in Fountain Court, one of the loveliest old world corners of the Inner Temple, has left an exquisite appreciation of his sojourn there, known as yet only to the fortunate few who possess a copy of his privately printed* London: A Book of Aspects, (1909). *Charles Lamb had previously said some unforgettable things concerning* The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

so clearly discernible in Magic in Kensington Gardens, *most beautifully brought to a dying close in* An Autumnal Idyll, *the third and last of these Nature essays. And in the English* Who's Who *we find, with due regard to essential facts, that he is a young journalist and critic, age not stated, likewise Assistant Editor and Literary Critic of the* Star; *who has contributed critical articles to Chambers'* Cyclopædia of English Literature, The Athenæum, The Bookman, *and many other journals; that he also contributes* Things I Think About, *a weekly* causerie, *to* M. A. P., *and an article every Monday to the* Morning Leader. *He has besides published a* Biography of Theodore Watts-Dunton, (*1904*); The Man in the Pulpit, (*1905*); The Unpardonable Sin: a novel, (*1907*); *and* An Adventure in London, (*1909*).

What is not set forth here or elsewhere is the abiding charm lying in wait for those who have had the weekly privilege of reading his Morning Leader *articles. From these essays three specimens chosen for their felicity of style and subject are brought together. And in this fashion we would introduce Mr. James Douglas to our readers confident that he is heir to a future which will more than copy fair his past.*

FOR DECEMBER:

THE THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS: AN ESSAY

BY HERBERT P. HORNE.

THREE NATURE ESSAYS:

I A MOOD WITHOUT A MORAL
II MAGIC IN KENSINGTON GARDENS
III AN AUTUMNAL IDYLL

By

JAMES DOUGLAS.

A LONDON PLANE-TREE.

Green is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dim fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listened to the voice
On city breezes borne.

AMY LEVY.

I.

A MOOD WITHOUT A MORAL.

Out of my window as I write, when I lift my eyes I can see a grey square of London sky. Through the lower right-hand corner I can see the top of a plane tree with its tired dusty branches dandling its dim green leaves in the weary airs that are trying to blow the smoke from the chimney-pots. The plane tree wears that look of quiet patience which seems to belong to all London trees. Its springs and summers and autumns and winters are spent in town. There is a beneficent Fresh Air Fund for our London children, but there is no Fresh Air Fund for our London trees. How they live is a mystery, but I like to fancy that they revive during the cool sweet nights and the slow unregarded dawns. It pleases me to believe that they are like the lover in Matthew Arnold's lyric, who cries:

> Come to me in my dreams, and then
> By day I shall be well again!
> For then the night will more than pay
> The hopeless longing of the day.

These lonely London trees, endungeoned in wastes of brick, are very far away from

Nature, their worshipped mistress, the Lady of their Dreams. But in the hushed noon of night their beloved breathes and sighs across the miles of stony desolation, and they feel the freshness of the dewy downs and the tenderness of the leafy lanes in their withered hearts. And when the trouble of sunrise begins to shake the clouds the London trees smile a faded little smile with a wan ecstasy in its groping remembrance.

My plane tree is a friend in exile, for we have the same longings and yearnings. The same dust is on our souls. The same disharmony afflicts our senses. We were made for an ampler ether and a diviner air. Together we grow weary of the tap of bootheels on pavements, of the tintinnabulation of milkcans, of the tinkle of telephone bells. We hunger for the broad silence of the unmanly hills and the rapturous solitude of the uncivilised woods. Together we shall shed our leaves during the lagging autumnal days, until we are bare and dry and unassuaged. But we shall not despair, for all through the winter we shall watch together for spring, with its stealing sap and its tiny horns of miraculous green.

I do not know whether I help my plane tree, but I do know that my plane tree helps me. It has healing in its crucified leaves. One glance at its gentle gestures opens up the vista and the vision of the great company of green angels far away. Somewhere is a paradise where the sky is not slashed and wounded by the sharp edges of roofs. I can see the little woods sleeping on the breast of the little hills. I can follow the flight of the old rooks as they come home at sunset. I can see the brown water sliding under the thirsty willows. I can watch the long, delicious shudder of the lake of corn as the wings of the wind caress it wistfully while it sleeps in the arms of the sunshine. I can lose all sense of time as the shadows crawl out and fade away, for I love the shadows that are the faithful ghosts of reality, shadows of hills and woods and trees and flowers and men.

One ought to hoard one's moods for the empty days when no moods come. After the retreat or vigil which a true holiday ought to be one ought to have a store of garnered emotions hidden in a hollow of the memory. It is not easy to play the miser

with Nature. How little we can capture of all the gold she flings at us while we pursue her! I always look back on a holiday with an ache of humiliation, mourning over wasted hours lavished on violent follies. Too late I discover that I spent most of my energy in flying from the spirits of healing and consolation that offer gifts of peace and rest to the mind of man. It is not easy to worship Nature. One must possess one's soul utterly so as to be in tune with her soul, which she always possesses and guards with jealous pride. One must be at ease in her presence, with no canker in the imagination, no vulgar discontent in the heart. A certain mobility and simplicity of temper is the passport to her secret shrines. One must have the power of giving up mean nullities and casting out corroding devils in order to cast oneself into the arms of the great, clean, untarnished one.

We are not all Wordsworths. We are not all Thoreaus. Nature tortures us if we are not strong enough to bear her austere purity, and yet there is a pleasure in her pain that heals even while it hurts. The sense of alienation is grievous, but it is better than

gross indifference and swinish death. The love that writhes in anguish is sweeter than the love that is beyond a wound. The ways of Nature are very subtle, and she has an infinite capacity for giving pain. She has her ruses, her ambushes, her surprises, and she never repeats her sharp strokes. For days she will be invisible, showing no glint of spear or gleam of sword, and then, without warning, she will leap on the soul unawares and smite suddenly.

The other day I was tramping over the high Sussex downs, with the whole world in a trance below my feet, parcelled fields, ribands of white road, spires, towns, cottages, and misty sea all dreaming in the sun. I was steeped in loneliness, miles of loneliness, and before I took fright the loneliness started into life and began to whisper to me. Nature had trapped me, and I was her prisoner. Breathlessly I felt her enchantments closing round me, and I waited, wondering, for the blow that I foreknew. Then in a fold of the downs I caught a glimpse of a miracle that made me tremble. There in the glow of the sunlight lay a tiny tarn of blossoming heather, a pool of spilt purple, with

a bloom so rare that no epithet could match it. I stared at it in bewilderment, for it seemed so frail and so ephemeral that it looked like a fallen cloud melting in the cup of earth. Some spell had transfigured it, and made a colour that has no name, and its beauty seemed to have consciousness, so that its fragile dye looked like a blush on the cheek of Nature. It was as if I had intruded upon a mystical rite, and had stumbled upon earth in her dear privacy trying to look lovelier than she had ever looked before.

I hastened on my way, with many backward glances, and thrilling with the pain of sudden revelation, aching with the ecstasy of a lover who sees his mistress in a new light and hides the discovery from her in sheer idolatry. Nature had wounded me in her own wise fashion, and for days the bitter delight was in my blood. When I came back the spell had ebbed away, and I tried in vain to find the inexplicable hue of the faery heather in the magical cup of green. The heather was there but it was no longer

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

It may be that the heather was at the breathless summit of its bloom. It may be that the clouds and the sunlight and the shimmering air conspired to pour the hue of God into its loveliness. It may be that a veil was plucked from my eyes for a heavenly moment. All these miracles may have happened simultaneously. This I say, the wonder was wrought for me, through me, but not by me. It was never wrought before, and it will never be wrought again. Just as every true lover feels abashed by his unworthiness, so I felt abashed by mine, for when Nature flashes her soul upon a man's soul, he cowers and trembles before the "visionary gleam." But my plane tree gives me courage again to face the mood, to live the hour once more, and to be a Nature Worshipper in the London desert.

II.

MAGIC IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

MAN is a neat animal. He is addicted to the vice of order. He ties himself up in the knots of habit with the cord of will. For instance, he invented the iniquity of chopping time into little morsels and arranging these little morsels in tidy heaps. He started with a lump of time called a century. Then he cut the century into a hundred fragments called years. The year he minced into months, and the months into weeks, and the weeks into nights and days, and the nights and days into hours, and the hours into moments, and the moments into seconds. Then he made a stop-watch which splits the seconds. There never was on any planet so neat an animal as man.

The joke is that he expects the universe to be punctual. He wants the seasons to keep step with his calendar. If he had his way the earth would never indulge in a caprice. Spring would never be early and summer would never be late. Happily, earth knows better. She does not humour this punctual bore who dares to teach her

how to manage her ancient business. She takes an impish delight in teasing him. At this moment all the furriers have filled their windows with furs and all the woods are packed with fat pheasants. Earth ignores the furrier and the pheasant-breeder. She pins the yellowing leaves on the trees and she stretches her limbs lazily in the warm October sun. "A fig for the calendar," she says. "It amuses me to be late and lazy."

If the furriers and the sportsmen are annoyed, the children are delighted. The Babes in the Wood are revelling in the pleasaunce of dry leaves. For once the leaves are clean enough and dry enough to be played with. Kensington Gardens, for the first time within the memory of little men and little women, is a paradise of leaves. The old trees throw their leaves at the children like confetti, and the more they throw the more they seem to have left. For weeks they have been pelting the babes with crinkled gold and crumpled brown and crackling red, and still their branches are heavy with unsquandered hoards. The neat little animals toil from dawn till dark at their task of tidying earth's disorder. They pile

the leaves in little hills and carry them away in carts. They burn them diligently, and the smoke of their burning rises like the fumes of a shrine. But they cannot gather the leaves and burn them as quickly as they fall. The children go forth every morning and find their store of leaves replenished.

It is a pleasant sight, the brown-legged children among the brown leaves. The other day they were building castles of sand on the seashore. Now the spade and the pail are rusting in the nursery corner. The little tin box for making sand-bricks lies battered on the floor. The little tin shapes that made so many pies and puddings are neglected. The children are no longer artists in sand. They are artists in leaves. Instead of the spade, the rake. Yes, the rake is now the sceptre of childhood in Kensington Gardens. Every babe yearns for a toy rake. There has been a run on rakes. The shops have failed to meet the sudden demand for rakes. How could the manufacturers of toy rakes foresee an October that would ape the manners of August and parody the airs of July?

If you wish to discover the imaginative

genius of the babe, go and sit among the leaves in sackcloth and ashes. Hide behind a chestnut tree and watch the solemn little fairies weaving enchantments out of the magic carpet of autumn. Do not intrude upon the mystery. Do not shatter the spell with your clumsy sentiment or your hackneyed fancy. Hold your stupid breath and look on at the rites of youth. Imitate the wise nurses who are sewing soberly under the trees. They are the white-robed priestesses of the temple of infancy. They are too sensible to meddle with the innocent folly of childhood. They know the secret of liberty, the wonder of freedom. They carefully refrain from the impertinence of teaching youth how to be young and childhood how to be childish.

Steal on tiptoe towards that solitary child on whose honey-coloured hair the strange light is shining, the light that has been filtered by the yellow leaves. The light has been transmuted by the double enchantment of leaf and tress. The stained foliage stains the sunbeams with a tender loveliness that was not theirs as they volplaned down the abyss of space through the press

and throng of stars. The whole spring and the whole summer is squeezed into the shower of sifted gold that shimmers on the child's honey-coloured hair.

But hush! The child is not conscious, is not aware. She has no autumnal emotions. She is not touched by false pathos. She is not sighing over the bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang. She looks upon autumn as a playmate, and the leaves as a jolly substitute for sand. She stoops with her hair hanging round her grave little face and rakes the leaves into a circle. In the centre of the circle she deposits a treasure of chestnuts and acorns. If you could peep into her busy little brain you could see fancies and fantasies fluttering like white butterflies. That ampitheatre of leaves is her fairyland. She peoples it with living marvels and miracles. She dreams long dreams as she plies her rake, and they are happy dreams woven out of magical nothings.

If you are so rude as to ask her what she is doing, she will tell you that she is building a house of leaves. It is not in your opinion like any house that ever was built in any age on any soil under any sky. And

it is not. It is a house of dreams. It does not satisfy your imagination, but it satisfies hers. She prefers to believe in things that are hard to believe in, and her house of leaves is more real to her than her doll's house or her father's house or her house of coloured bricks. Don't argue with her. Let her build her house of leaves.

After all, what is life but a house of leaves? The house of lives is a house of leaves. The universe is but a tree with stars hanging on its branches, worlds that wax and wane, colour and discolour, flush and fade. The child with the honey-coloured hair builds her house of leaves out of summer's ruin. We, too, build our house of leaves and the wind whirls them away, and they vanish in faint spirals of smoke. But although we pass and the leaves pass, beauty and joy remain. This is the puzzle that baffles us — the persistence of beauty and the immortality of joy. If we could explain the rapture in the blood of the child as she builds her house of leaves we could explain the cosmos. But we cannot explain it, just as we cannot explain the rapture in the petals of a flower, that passion which fills roses with an almost

conscious life. It is the beauty and the joy lurking in the heart of things.

The child is nearer to this secret beauty and joy than we are. She has the gift of communion which we have lost. That is why she is mysteriously glad among the falling leaves, so utterly glad that the trees are half aware of her gladness, and look as if they were her playmates and companions. We who are old and wise frighten the spirit of the trees into stolid reserve, but she draws out their souls. They are not pillars in her presence. They are living creatures that whisper secrets in her ear. If we can catch her mood we can escape with her out of the prison of the mind and step across the charmed threshold of her house of leaves that is filled with the enduring glory of visionary bliss.

III.

AN AUTUMNAL IDYLL.

THERE is a cherry orchard in Buckinghamshire, and to me it seems as lyrical as Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," or Romsey Abbey, or Winchester Cathedral. Like these three living things, it is alive with something more than a physical life. It has a soul in its beauty at all times of the changing year, and the soul is always the same soul, although its moods shift and alter and veer with the months, and even with the days. It has ever an air of being conscious, of being aware, of being serenely poised in its regard. Just as one learns to know the look of a friend, so one learns to know the look of this cloister of trees hard by the old farmhouse with its towering stacks of hay.

It is a true cloister with an ordered solitude in its measured compass and with a formal quiet in its clear spaces of air and grass. There is always a sense of life in a cloister, not life in a fever of unrest, but life in profound solace and deep assuagement. The chilliest and saddest cloister in the world is the cloister hung high in the clouds

over the roof of Mont St. Michel, but although its life is almost polar in its reserve, yet one feels its poignancy in one's senses like a sharp sword in a wound. Between that frozen cloister with its almost inhuman stare of renunciation and my cherry orchard lies the whole path of human dreams. The path goes through all the intervening cloisters where the living stone crumbles and flakes into every kind of love and compassion, pardon and resignation, until at last it enters the cloister of the cherry trees. Here the wisdom of all the cloisters grows infinitely sweet. Here their vision becomes immeasurably charitable.

The cherry cloister does not shut out any pulse or breath of life. It achieves its joy by inclusion, not by exclusion, by drawing, not by withdrawal. It lets all the winds blow through its blooms. It lets all the stars shine through its branches. It opens its heart to the sunshine and the moonshine. It is a choir of singing birds. It offers its loveliness to every eye and its anodyne to every soul. There is health and healing in its steadfast sweetness. In springtide its petals peal a merry carillon of rapture in the

charmed air and on the enchanted grass which they endue with fading grace. All too brief is their coloured cry of delight in the splendour of being alive. Their birth is a swift death, a wild fierce charge out of the darkness into the dark, an insurrection of the sap which is the blood of earth.

When their lamps are put out the green leaves amid which they glowed are left singing through the sleepy summer days, singing while the cherries round and ripen for the birds and the children and the farmer's basket. Then come the misty autumnal hours that slowly stain their gay green with sad gold and brown and palest yellow. The song of the falling petals that made spring so sweet is answered across the months by the song of the falling leaves. Once more the air and the grass are thrilled with the cry of living hues that drink the pallid sunshine with exultation as they die.

The magic of the cherry cloister is now at its culmination. Every leaf is trembling with ecstasy as it goes joyously back to the bosom of the welcoming earth. There is no reluctance in this multi-coloured dance of death. Beauty holds high revel in the

branches and on the painted carpet where leaf on leaf burns its lyrical heart out in a saraband of joy. The leaves die in their thousands, but they die beautifully, as if they nursed in their thoughts the foreknowledge of all the leaves and all the blossoms that are to be. The floor of the little cloister is paved with whispering leaves that beckon to the whispering leaves in the sky above them. It is almost a profanation to set foot on these mysterious multitudes that make the ground holy. Better is it to lean on the fence and gaze at the magic carpet of tiny lives that are merrily hastening back to the hidden dreamland out of which they sprang. Surely no loom in Persia ever wove a carpet so fantastic for mortal feet to press. It is a carpet of all the pale colours that haunt the clouds at sunset, a carpet that seems to reflect the fading tints and tones of the flickering leaves above as moonlit waters reflect the silvery shimmer of the moon.

There is no melancholy or mourning in the cherry cloister as it robes itself for the grave. In its precincts the pathetic fallacy breaks down, and one tries in vain to cajole the spirit of the place to humour one's regrets

and disillusions. Death may be vulgar and coarse and loathsome when his benign handiwork is manipulated by the clumsy morbidity of man, but here he is an angel of beauty and a minister of grace. And if we steal upon him in the moonlight, we shall see him tricked out in the garments of Ariel, no grisly spectre, but a joyous sprite in league with all the elves of fairyland. This carpet of leaves is no cemetery. It is a faery floor spread with fading beauty, fit for the feet of joy. And all the spirits of joy are footing it merrily in the moonshine. They are playing hide and seek in the leaves that cling to the branches. They are tumbling over each other in the leaves that chuckle on the grass. And if you have ears to hear, you can catch the soft laughter of the leaves below as they call to the leaves above, while leaf after leaf responds to the call and rides down the moonbeams to join the jolly rout of leaves that are hurrying home.

Let us put away the stupid folly that sees nothing but gloom in the flight of the leaves and nothing but misery in the exodus of autumn. There is as much gaiety in the eyes of autumn as in the eyes of spring. It

is we who infect autumn with our despondency. It is we who deface autumn with our despair. The wise leaves rebuke us. Coleridge, being a poet, divined the rapture of the fading leaf. He has captured the mirth of autumn in the most wonderful lines of "Christabel":

> There is not wind enough to twirl
> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
> On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

The rhythm of these lines is the rhythm of ecstasy. It is the rhythm of the autumn at its supremest moment of defiant exultation. If any leaf might be expected to surrender to human pessimism it is the last leaf left to carry on the merry tradition of leafdom. But Coleridge knew that the last leaf is the merriest and the maddest of them all, and he depicts it as dancing as often as dance it can, as hanging so light and hanging so high on the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Therefore let us be done with the stale convention of autumnal sorrow. Life among the leaves goes down with all its flags flying,

all its fifes playing, all its drums beating. The laughter that broke out in April is not quelled in November. Rather it rings out in dauntless triumph across the wastes of winter to blend with the laughter of the advancing spring. That is why my cloister of cherry trees is more joyous than all the cloisters of wise and weary stones. It knows how to die beautifully because it knows that ere many days it will live more beautifully than ever.

The Bibelot

In choosing this essay out of a possible three on The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, *it was largely with the view of reprinting what would otherwise probably remain in the pages of the long extinct* Century Guild Hobby Horse, *which begun in 1886, and came to a not inglorious conclusion in 1892. The seven quarto volumes at that time represented the highest water-mark attained in England as to paper, letterpress and illustrations. A complete set with all the wrappers and the preliminary part issued in 1884, has now become almost as rare a possession as either* The Germ *or* The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine *respectively of 1850 and 1856; nor is it too much to say the* Hobby Horse *was the glorious termination of this illustrious triumvirate. The editor was Mr. Herbert P. Horne, who is also the author of the essay which we now reprint in preference to either that by Matthew Arnold or, later still, by Frederick Myers. Both of these are well known while the one now given has never gone farther in print than where it appeared in 1891. It may be thought that it is largely a little*

book of praise devoted to the translation by George Long. Whatever may be said of later versions Long's translation will remain one of the fixed forms destined to last when both earlier and later versions have passed away.

The special feature that interests us most is the taking of the splendid passage from the fourth book of the Meditations *wherein the world of man and of nature is conceived as the City of God, first giving it in the original Greek and then passing it through the various phases of editing and of translation down to and inclusive of Long's version originally published in 1848.*

One could not close this volume of The Bibelot *to better advantage than with the final words of the essay on Marcus Aurelius by the late F. W. H. Myers:*

"*Whatever winds of the spirit may sweep over the sea of souls, the life of Marcus will remain for ever as the normal high-water mark of the unassisted virtue of man. No one has shown more simply or more completely what man at any rate must do and be. No one has ever earned the right to say to himself with a more tranquil assurance — in the words which close the* Meditations — '*Depart thou then contented, for he that releaseth thee is content.*'"

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR
MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS
By
HERBERT P. HORNE

I am in harmony with all, that is a part of thy harmony, great Universe. For me nothing is early and nothing late, that is in season for thee. All is fruit for me, which thy seasons bear, O Nature! from thee, in thee, and unto thee are all things. "Dear City of Cecrops!" saith the poet: and wilt not thou say, "Dear City of God."

GERALD H. RENDALL.

NOTE.

THE latest version of the great passage cited by Mr. Horne is given on the preceding half-title. If any translation is likely to compete successfully with Long's it is this: *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself: An English Translation with Introductory Study on Stoicism and the Last of the Stoics* by Gerald H. Rendall, Crown octavo, London, 1898.

It is also well to point out that a *Bibliography of the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* by J. Wickham Legge is printed in *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society of London*, (Vol. X, pp. 15-81). It is the first and only bibliography in English, and its entries begin with the undated first edition (1559?) and continues down to 1908. Unfortunately in this shape it is practically unobtainable.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

IT is one of the boasts of our day, that we provide good literature for our people at an extraordinarily low price. And nobody, certainly, can deny this. Think, for example, what Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have been doing with their *Universal Library*, or Mr. Walter Scott with his *Camelot Classics*. In either series we have such books as Bacon's Essays, Butler's Analogy, the Poems of Keats, the Religio Medici, Reynold's Discourses. Could anything, one is inclined to say, be better; anything more full of encouragement? Here is experience proving to us, that people throughout the country are only too glad to read such books as these; and that the publishers are giving them, what they want, at the cost of but a few pence.

Charles Kingsley, as we all remember unmercifully lashed the wretched men, who provided us with things "cheap and nasty" nor could any castigation be too severe for them. But things cheap, and not nasty! To bring about this combination, to bring it about in so important a matter as literature, is to put society in your debt. Surely, it is not to look upon one's own day with too

partial an eye, if one says, that in so many of the books now brought out in a popular form this admirable combination may be found. They are not, it may be, very beautiful books; they are not handsome and sumptuous books, such as would be "an ornament to any gentleman's library:" but their type is good, their paper good enough, their covers simple: they are volumes we are not afraid to put in our pockets, and carry about with us; to "mark," as well as to "read, learn, and digest." And this is precisely what we want.

Not, indeed, that we want nothing else. The born booklover, I had almost said the born lover of literature, knows the fascination of a really fine edition; fine in its outer presentation, as well as in its scholarship. There are two kinds of books, preëminently, which seem to have, as it were, a natural claim on this grace: books of poetry, and books of devotion. The Hesperides of Herrick, the minor poems of Milton, the Confessions of St. Augustine, the Imitatio, the Book of Psalms, the Book of Job: these are some specimens of literature, which the sense of propriety in us longs to see sent

forth into the world, beautifully. Do not tell me, that the form of the characters, the spacing of the lines, the proportion of the margins, the surface of the paper, are of no concern, if I am once intent upon the thought and spirit of the things said. They induce in me a better temper for appreciating what is said: for they satisfy and attune more senses than one at the same moment. I confess, and have no desire to escape from, the magic influence of choice surroundings; an influence so delicate, subtile, potent, inexpressible, defying analysis. The Book of Psalms, the Book of Job: if somebody would take these, and publish them from the authorized version in separate volumes, with the nearest approach, of which we are at present capable, to the beauty, the completeness, of an Aldine; what gratitude some of us would have! There are practical difficulties of copyright in the way of publishing the Holy Scriptures: yet, surely, these are not insuperable. To carry a whole Bible about, when, at the moment, you want only a little, single, portion of it, is inconvenient. Moreover, the Bible as a whole is still waiting for a fine edition.

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius is one of those books of devotion, or of devout meditation, which, as Emerson has somewhere said, a man should read upon his knees. It is also one of those intimate books, which we will have, if we can get it, beautiful; as a devotee his Book of Hours. But the first thing, no doubt, was to obtain a correct English translation of the Emperor's crabbed and corrupt Greek. That was given us, now many years since, by an admirable scholar of the true order of scholars, George Long. It came forth pleasantly printed and bound: but this early edition has been long out of print, and unobtainable: and, for many a day, we have had to make shift with the translation, as it appears in Bohn's well-known series of classical authors. I do not hint any disparagement of this series: most of us, if we confess the truth, owe to it extraordinary obligations: and, considering its purpose, there is nothing to complain of, there is much to praise, in its form. But *Marcus Aurelius*, *Marcus Aurelius* translated as George Long translated it, was destined, ultimately, to come out and stand by itself. This long-expected edition has arrived at

last, printed at the Chiswick Press, and published by Messrs. Bell, of York Street, Covent Garden. Somebody, writing to me about it, commends it as being "in an entirely admirable form." I will echo that praise heartily. For there is, indeed, only one point in the form of the book, to which one feels any desire to make objection: it is the thickness of the paper. For a small book, such as this is, the paper is certainly too thick; from a practical point of view, it prevents the leaves turning over easily, and lying spread open. One of the characteristic excellencies of the smaller books, issued from the presses of Italy and France, for example, in old days, is the thinness of their paper: not that it is flimsy; it is tough, sufficiently opaque, and yet at the same time thin; as the vellum of the old manuscripts was in comparison with our modern vellum. As a consequence, how charming an Aldus, or a Colonaeus, is to handle, to turn the pages of! there is not a suspicion of clumsiness. But, perhaps, the secret lies in this, that paper-making is no longer what paper-making once was.

Everybody knows Matthew Arnold's

famous essay, in his volume entitled "Essays in Criticism," on Marcus Aurelius, called forth by this very translation of George Long's. He speaks there at great length, with the subtilty of insight and felicity of expression, which distinguished him from all other English critics, on the interest, which attaches itself to the memory of this great man, and the ethical value of his teaching. At the present moment, therefore, I shall not venture upon saying anything on these points. But it may be of some interest and use to give here a list, and some short account, of the translations of Marcus Aurelius, which have from time to time appeared during the last three hundred years or so: and in order to compare these together with the more point, we may choose out one particular, characteristic, passage, showing how it is rendered in each of them.

But, first of all, before giving these specimens of translation, I must call attention to a famous sixteenth century book, entitled, "The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and eloquent Oratour;" and make some few remarks on it.

The first edition of this curious work, which during the sixteenth century passed through at least some fourteen editions, and was rivalled in its popularity only by the Bible itself, appeared in the year 1534. The earliest impression, however, which I have been able to see, bears the imprint: "Londini in Aedibus Thomas B[e]rtheleti Regii Impressoris. Anno. M.D. xxxviii." It is of this work, that Meric Casaubon writes: "There hath beene many yeares agoe a certaine Booke, first written in Spanish; and since translated into Italian, French, English, and how many tongues more I know not." In the colophon of the copy I have just spoken of the circumstance of its translation into English is recorded with a charming *naïvelè* in the following words: "Thus endeth the volume of Marke Aurelie emperour, otherwise called the golden boke, translated oute of Frenche into Englyshe by John Bourchier knyghte lorde Barners, deputie general of the kynge's town of Caleis and marches of the same, at the instāt desire of his nephewe syr Francis Bryan knyghte, ended at Caleis the tenth day of Marche, in the yere of the Reygne of

our souerayn lorde kynge HENRY the . viii . the xxiii."

The author of this popular work was a certain Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Guadix; confessor and chronicler to the Emperor, Charles V. His book consists of an account of the Life and Sayings of Marcus Aurelius, with the addition of certain letters of the Emperor's: the whole, as Guevara gave out, being a translation of a manuscript preserved at Florence, among the books collected there by Cosmo de Medicis. As all the accounts, however, by English writers, of the circumstances attending the appearance of this work are, so far as they are known to me, very confused or imperfect, I will here venture upon a short digression, by way of attempting a somewhat clearer account of its origin and history.

The original manuscript at Florence was written in Greek: but Guevara had no pretensions to any knowledge of that language "I have drawen this," he therefore says, to use the words of an old translator, "out of greke throughe the helpe of my frends:" adding elsewhere: "I began to studye this woorke in the yeare, a thousande, five hun-

dred, and eyghtene, and untill the yeare, a thousande, five hundred, twentie and foure, I could neyther understand, nor knowe, wherein I was occupied. and albeit I kept it secreat . vi. yeres yet it was knowen abroade wherupon the Emperour his maiestie being with the feauer diseased, sent to me for it to passe the tyme away. And I (according to his commaundement) shewed him *Marcus Aurelius* that then was uncorrected, and humbly beseaching him sayde: that for recompence of all my trauaile, I desyred no other rewarde, but that no man in hys chamber myghte copye the booke. And I in the meane tyme proceded to accomplyshe the worke, Because I did not meane in suche maner to publyshe it." But this not unreasonable request of Guevara's was disregarded: we read therefore: "And thus when I hadde finyshed the woorke, and thought to have publyshed it, I perceaued that Marcus Aurelius was now imprinted at Ciuile."

Now the oldest edition of this work, in its original form, known to Brunet, was printed "en la triunfante villa de Enueres por Joannes Grapheus," in 1529. Of this

edition there is a mutilated copy in the British Museum, the title of which runs: "Libro Aureo de Marco Aurelio: emperador y eloquentissimo orador. Nueuamente Impresso." The use of the word "Nueuamente" obviously proves the existence of an earlier edition, than this of 1529: and, indeed, according to Guevara himself, the book had already been printed before this time in Portugal and Navarre, as well as at Seville.

But in this same year, 1529, the work appeared, greatly enlarged, and in an altered and completed form, under the title, "Relox de Principes," or The Dial for Princes. "It was not my minde," says Guevara of this new edition, "to translate *Marcus Aurelius*, but to make a dial for Prynces, whereby all christien people maye be gouerned and ruled." He proposed to himself, in short, little else in it than a kind of romance, founded on the imaginary life and character of Marcus Aurelius; and designed to place before the Emperor, Charles V, the portrait of a prince, in wisdom and in virtue the most perfect of antiquity.

It was not, however, in this later form as

"The Dial of Princes," but in its original form as "The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius," that Guevara's work attained its great, its extraordinary, reputation. Its popularity, indeed, was so immense, that we are told, as I have already mentioned, that no book, except the Bible, passed through so many editions during the sixteenth century, and was so many times translated into various languages. But we must by no means suppose, that it was popular attention alone, that was attracted by it; but the attention and criticism of scholars as well: so that, when in the year 1540 a clerk in the college at Soria pointed out, that this production of Guevara had really little or nothing in common with the authentic manuscripts of Marcus Aurelius, Guevara himself became the object of a severe and prolonged criticism. Now, it is the common thing to speak of this "Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius" as if it were a forgery. That there was fraud somewhere is, no doubt, certain: but on the other hand it must be remembered, that we have the frank acknowledgment of Guevara himself, that he was ignorant of the Greek language: and we know, that certain of

the most authentic manuscripts of Marcus Aurelius are preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. In the absence of proper evidence for coming at a judgment in the matter, any very serious conjecture on my part would be absurd: but, surely, it is not improbable, that the influences of the New Learning, like the fumes of old wine long buried in the earth, affected Guevara in a manner not altogether unlike that, in which the influences of our early poetry affected Chatterton. "Not forgery at all, but identification," exclaimed Rossetti of the poems of Rowley. And may we not, perhaps, exclaim in the same words of "The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius?" always remembering, however, that in Chatterton these elder influences produced a little incomparable verse; whereas in Guevara they produced only a very singular curiosity. I will finish these few remarks on the subject by adding, that of "The Dial of Princes" there exists an early translation into English made by one Thomas North: the first edition of which is in folio, and was published at London in the year 1568.

I need scarcely point out, that any attempt

to estimate accurately the respective value of our English translations of this famous work would be beyond the scope of a cursory essay, such as the present. I propose, therefore, to do no more than enumerate, as briefly as possible, the several versions; adding any account, which each translator may have left us, of his work. And that some clear idea may be formed of the character of each of these attempts, I will select one of the meditations, that famous meditation out of the fourth book, in which Marcus Aurelius conceives the world as the City of God; and will quote, in order, the several translations given of this passage. But, to start with, I will give it in the original Greek, according to the text edited by J. Stich, Leipsic, 1882, p. 38:

(1) Πᾶν μοι συναρμόξει, ὃ σοὶ εὐάρμοστόν ἐστιν, ὦ χόσμε. Οὐδέν μοι πρόωρον, οὐδὲ ὄψιμον τὸ σοὶ εὐχαιρον. Πᾶν μοι χαρπός, ὅ φέρουσιν αἱ σαὶ ὧραι, ὦ φύσις· ἐχ σοῦ πάντα, ἐν σοὶ πάντα, εἰς σὲ πάντα. Ἐχεῖνος μέν φησὶ· Πόλι φιλη Κέχροπος· οὐ δὲ οὐχ ἐρεῖς Ὦ πόλι φίλη Διός;

The first English translation of the Meditations was that done by Meric, the son of

Isaac Casaubon; and published by him at London, in the year 1634. The title-page of this translation runs thus: "Marcus Aurelius Antoninus the Roman Emperor, his Meditations concerning Himselfe: Treating of a Naturall Man's happinesse; Wherein it consisteth, and of the Meanes to attaine unto it. Translated out of the Originall Greeke; with Notes: by Meric Casaubon, B. of D. and Prebendarie of Christ Church, Canterbury," etc. "Twice it is true, within these 80 yeares," he says in his preface, this book "hath already beene set out in its owne originall Greeke: and set out both times with a Latin Translation, much revised and corrected in the latter edition. Yet such are those editions, both of them, so confused, and so corrupt; and such is the Translation in both the Editions, so imperfect often, and impertinent; that I say not so absurd and erroneous, as that it is not easie to determine whether it be harder to understand Antoninus his meaning by the Greek that is printed; or the Greeke that is printed, by the Translatiõ of it." Of these two editions, here referred to, the older was that published at Zürich in 1559, containing twelve books, to use the

phrase of the title, "Græcè et Latinè nunc primum æditi, Guilielmo Xylandro Augustano interprete: qui etiam annotationes adiecit."

A glance at Long's translation will show how often that sign is employed, which indicates a passage corrupt beyond the possibility of any plausible conjecture as to its original reading: and this, too, after the world of scholars, during the last three centuries, has been engaged upon the correction of the text. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the early state of a text, whose present condition has only been brought about by degrees, through the successive labours of its commentators. Meric Casaubon takes particular occasion, indeed, to speak of his own emendations and readings of the original Greek: "that," as he says, "whereas I take upon me to translate *Marcus Antoninus Augustus*, I may not be suspected to have translated *Guilielmus Xylander Augustanus*." But now, without more words, let us turn to his translation of the passage I have selected as our specimen: which, in the first edition of his work, occurs on page 46; iv, 19.

(2) "Whatsoever is expedient unto the[e], O World, is expedient unto me, nothing can either be unseasonable unto me, or out of date, which unto thee is seasonable. Whatsoever thy seasons beare, shall ever by me bee esteemed as happy fruit, and increase. O Nature! from thee are all things, in thee all things subsist, and to thee all tend. Could he say of Athens, *Thou lovely Citie of Cecrops;* and shalt not thou say of the World, *Thou lovely Citie of God?*"

An admirable rendering this, as it seems to me: not quite literal, no doubt, not giving the precise shade of meaning in every word of the original; but catching with singular felicity its spirit and manner, the noble style of the Emperor's thought and expression. Beside of this it will be of interest, I think, to set the Latin translation of the passage by Xylander, as it is found on page 46 of the Editio Princeps.

(3) "Quicquid tibi, ô Natura rerum, cõuenit, id omne mihi conuenit, nihilq mihi uel immaturum est, uel tardũ, quod tibi sit tẽpestiuum: oẽ id fructum meum puto, quod tuae ferunt horæ. Ex te sunt, & in una te omnia, ac in te unam omnia redeunt.

Quidam dixit, ô chara Cecropis urbs. ego autem de te cur non dicam, ô chara Dei urbs?"

In 1643 Meric Casaubon himself published at London an edition of the Greek text with a Latin translation and commentaries, which were, substantially, those of Xylander, but with considerable corrections and additions. The merits, however, of this edition were completely overshadowed by those of the famous edition of Thomas Gataker, which appeared at Cambridge a few years later, namely in 1652. "Gataker," says Long in the preface to his own translation, "made and suggested many good corrections, and he also made a new Latin version, which is not a very good specimen of Latin, but it generally expresses the sense of the original and often better than some of the more recent translations. He added in the margin opposite to each paragraph references to the other parallel passages; and he wrote a commentary, one of the most complete that has been written on any ancient author." "It is a wonderful monument of learning and labour, and certainly no Englishman has yet done anything like it. At the end of his preface

the editor says that he wrote it at Rotherhithe near London in a severe winter, when he was in the seventy-eighth year of his age, 1651." I will now quote Gataker's translation of the selected Meditation, which he numbers iv, 23; after that we will pass on to the other English translations.

(4) "Qicqid tibi convenit, ô Munde, convenit & mihi. nihil mihi immaturum vel serum est, qod est tibi tempestivum. fructûs instar id est omne mihi, qod tempestates tuae, ô Natura, ferunt. à te omnia sunt, in te consistunt, ad te redeunt. *O urbs amica Cecropis*, inqit ille: tu verò non dicturus es, *O urbs amica Jovis*."

"Most English people," writes Matthew Arnold in the essay we have already alluded to, "who knew Marcus Aurelius before Mr. Long appeared as his introducer, knew him through Jeremy Collier:" and "Jeremy Collier's version deserves respect for its genuine spirit and vigour, the spirit and vigour of the age of Dryden. Jeremy Collier too, like Mr. Long, regarded in Marcus Aurelius the living moralist, and not the dead classic; and his warmth of feeling gave to his style an impetuosity and rhythm

which from Mr. Long's style (I do not blame it on that account) are absent."

This well-known translation was published in London, in the year 1701, under the title, "The Emperor Marcus Antoninus his conversation with Himself . . . . Translated into English . . . by Jeremy Collier, M.A. . . . . ." The author states, that in the process of his work he made much use of the Quarto Edition, published in 1697: in which, besides Gataker's Annotations, he had the assistance of Monsieur Dacier's Remarks, turned into Latin by Dr. Stanhope: but that, as for the French translation itself, he never saw it until sometime after his own was finished, and part of it printed off; and that he made use of it only in explaining a single passage in the First Book. Of Casaubon, and his translation, Collier makes no mention at all. With reference to his own method he makes the remark, that as the Emperor's "way of expressing himself is extraordinarily Brief: His Words" being "sometimes overburthen'd with Thought," he has "in some few Places ventur'd to throw in a Word or two, to make the Text more Intelligible."

Collier's translation of our selected passage runs as follows; iv, 23:

(5) "Whatever is agreeable to you, O Universe, is so to me too. Your Things are never Mistim'd. Your Methods are acceptable, and your *Seasons* all *Spring* and *Summer* to me! From *You* all Things proceed, subsist in you, and Return to You. And if the Poet call'd *Athens* the *City Beloved* by Cecrops, why mayn't the *World* be styl'd the *Favourite Town of Jupiter?*"

In 1742 was issued from the press of Robert Foulis, at Glasgow, "The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Newly translated from the Greek: with Notes, and an Account of his Life." The name of the author, or authors, of this translation is not given: but some idea of what it aims at may be gathered from the statement made in the introduction to it; "The old English translation can scarce be agreeable to any reader; because of the intricate and antiquated stile. The late translation seems not to preserve sufficiently the grand simplicity of the original. This translation, therefore, is almost intirely new; according to Gataker's edition of the

original, and his Latin version." The passage we are comparing is rendered thus; iv, 23:

(6) "Whatever is agreeable to thee, shall be agreeable to me, O graceful universe! Nothing shall be to me too early, or too late, which is seasonable to thee; whatever thy seasons bear, shall be joyful fruits to me, O Nature! From thee are all things; in thee they subsist; to thee they return. Could one say, 'thou dearly beloved city of Cecrops!' and wilt thou not say, 'thou dearly beloved city of God!'"

The next translation appeared a few years later, in 1747, and was published in London under the title: "The Commentaries of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus . . . . Translated from the Original in Greek, By James Thomson, Gent. with a Short Preface by the Translator, which may serve for an Introduction to the Author's Sentiments, concerning the Harmony and Progress of Universal Nature, and the proper Virtues of Human Nature." In the British Museum catalogue our translator is referred to as James Thomson, Gentleman, to distinguish him from his more famous namesake the poet. Of the present work he himself writes; "The Book

is not altogether unknown to the Publick, and even very coarse Copies of an excellent Original have been well received, if one may judge from the repeated Editions of some former Translations. That of *Meric Casaubon* is every where rude and unpolished, often mistakes the Author's Meaning, and sometimes is unfair. That of *Jeremy Collier* bears so faint a Resemblance of the Original in a great many Places, that I cannot imagine how it could be copy'd from it. The Translation lately publish'd at *Glasgow* is an Improvement on Casaubon's, but comes far short of the Perfection I aimed at, and wherein I have failed, should be glad to see another attain." Here is Thomson's rendering of our passage; iv, 16:

(7) "Every Thing befits me, O Universe, that is conformable to thee. Nothing seasonable to thee is too early or too late for me. The Fruit of Thy Seasons is my Fruit, be what it will. O Nature from thee and in thee are all Things, and into thy Bosom it is that all Things do return. Does an *Athenian* speak with Rapture of his dear City of *Cecrops*, and wilt not thou say, O my dear City of *Jove*."

In 1792 "The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. A new Translation from the Greek Original; with a life, notes, etc. by R. Graves, M.A. . . . ." was published at Bath. Of former translations Graves seems only to have known Casaubon's, Collier's, and the Glasgow edition. To the first of these he merely alludes: in that of Collier he objects to the "many vulgarisms, anilities, and even ludicrous expressions:" while the Glasgow translation he speaks of as being "very faithful to the original in general; but often so unnecessarily *literal*, and with such a total neglect of elegance and harmony of style, that there is certainly room for improvement." "In short," he adds, "as I have endeavoured to steer between the *loose* translation of J. Collier, who often loses sight of his author; and the *dry* manner of the Glasgow translator, who generally sticks too close to him; I do not entirely despair of gaining more attention to one of the most curious, and in the opinion of M. Casaubon, one of the most *excellent* works of antiquity." Graves translates the passage before us thus; iv, 21:

(8) "Whatever is agreeable and consonant to thy system, O Universe! is so to me. Nothing is either premature or too late, in my apprehension of things, which is seasonable to nature, and conducive to the good of the whole. I esteem everything as advantageous to me which the seasons of nature produce. Everything is from her, subsists by her power, and returns into her again.—'O city beloved of Cecrops!' says the poet, speaking of Athens. And why may not we say, O thou favourite city of Jupiter! when we speak of the universe."

We pass over nearly fifty years, till in 1844 there was published at London, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, with the Manual of Epictetus, and a summary of Christian Morality. Freely Translated from the Original Greek, by Henry M'Cormac, M.D." This translator makes no mention of the previous renderings; and observes only that "the spirit rather than the letter has been adhered to." Our passage in this version is as follows, p. 23:

(9) "Whatever is agreeable to thee, O universe, is likewise so to me. Nothing is too early, nothing is too late which is timely

to thee. All which thou bearest in thy seasons, O nature, are fruits to me: for everything is from thee, and in thee, and to thee. As some would exclaim, O city, beloved of Cecrops; but wilt thou not rather say — O city, beloved of God!"

The next translation in order is that by George Long, the new edition of which has given occasion to the present article. Before, however, speaking of this I will mention, "The Fourth Book of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. A Revised Text with Translation and Commentary and an appendix on the Relations of the Emperor with Cornelius Fronto by Hastings Crossley, M.A." published at London in 1882. In this work reference is occasionally made to the versions of Meric Casaubon, Jeremy Collier, Thomson, and Schneider: the passage we are quoting from the fourth book is translated thus; iv, 23:

(10) "All that is in harmony with thee, O World, is in harmony with me. Nothing is early or late for me, which is in season for thee. All that thy seasons, O Nature, produce, is fruit for me. From thee, in thee, to thee, are all things. There is one who cries,

'Dear City of Cecrops!' and wilt thou not cry, 'Dear City of Zeus!'"

Of the characteristics and merits of George Long's translation, published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy in the year 1848, under the title of "The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus," I have no space now left me to speak. Nor is there much, that one would add, to what Matthew Arnold has already said upon this head in the well-known essay I have already referred to. I must be content, therefore, with giving our specimen passage as Long translates it, and so finish; iv, 23:

(11) "Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt not thou say, Dear city of Zeus?"

Yet I cannot finish without this last word. To one, whose inexpressibly good fortune it was to know George Long personally, as his master, it seems impossible, that any man

should rise more fitted than he to translate, to interpret, Marcus Aurelius. A scholar of the finest order of scholars; a philosopher, who looked out upon the world with the most searching eyes, with the kindest, most tender heart, imaginable; who ordered his own spirit and conduct by the noblest traditions of antient virtue; who took the pleasures of life without fear of enjoying them; who bore its ill fortunes and pains without a murmur; such, as I remember him years and years ago, was this great man: to whose memory, with tears and in reverent affection, I offer the tribute of these poor words.

HERE ends THE BIBELOT Volume Eighteen. Printed by Smith & Sale for Thomas B. Mosher and published by him at XLV Exchange Street Portland Maine. MDCCCCXII.

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